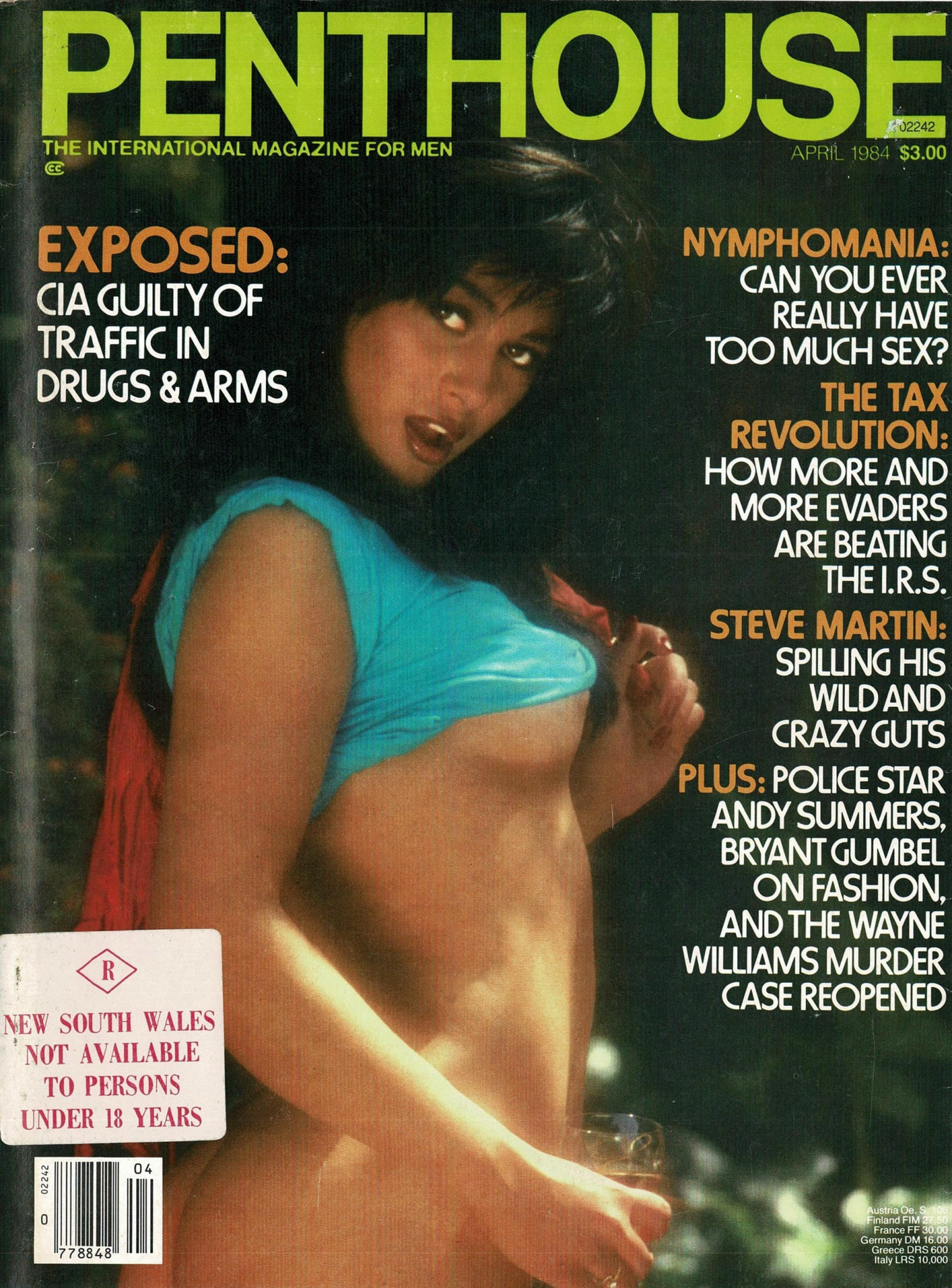
PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1984 $3.00



EXPOSED: CIA GUILTY OF TRAFFIC IN DRUGS & ARMS

NYMPHOMANIA: CAN YOU EVER REALLY HAVE TOO MUCH SEX?

THE TAX REVOLUTION: HOW MORE AND MORE EVADERS ARE BEATING THE I.R.S.

STEVE MARTIN: SPILLING HIS WILD AND CRAZY GUTS

PLUS: POLICE STAR ANDY SUMMERS, BRYANT GUMBEL ON FASHION, AND THE WAYNE WILLIAMS MURDER CASE REOPENED

R

NEW SOUTH WALES
NOT AVAILABLE
TO PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS

02242 04
0 778848

Austria Oe. S. 100
Finland FIM 27.50
France FF 30.00
Germany DM 16.00
Greece DRS 600
Italy LRS 10,000

GLEASON
HONDA
V65
SABRE
HONDA

THINK FAST.

Last year Honda's revolutionary V65 powered the world's first production motorcycle to break the 11 second quarter mile barrier.

Now think even faster.

Introducing the 1984 V65 Sabre.™

It goes from 0 to 50 in 2.31 seconds. It does the quarter mile in the mid-10's.

And just how did we get this performance?

With Honda technology of course.

With a liquid-cooled 1098cc V-4. Four large CV carbs. Five speeds plus an overdrive sixth. And 121 horsepower.† Yes, 121.

With shaft drive and Pro-Link™ rear suspension. Air-adjustable front forks and a self-adjusting hydraulic clutch.

With triple discs. Maintenance-free solid state ignition. Cast alloy wheels.

Now you've got power, acceleration and handling like you've never had before.

Power for getting you out of tight spots and up hills. Without downshifting.

Acceleration for getting you on freeways and around slow traffic. By just flicking your wrist.

Handling that adds a whole new dimension to the term "sport touring."

The V65 Sabre.

Think performance. Think Honda.

Think fast.

HONDA

FOLLOW THE LEADER

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. The V65 Sabre has a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. †SAE net taken at the crankshaft. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Rearview mirrors are standard equipment. © 1983 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 712-PH4, Box 9000, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

PENTHOUSE®

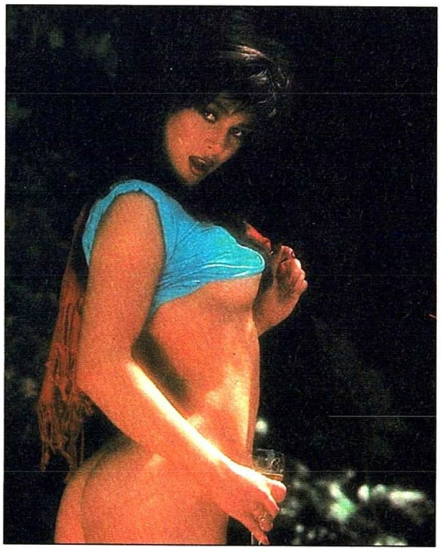
The International Magazine for Men/April 1984 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		22
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller	30
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	33
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	39
SCENES		Marilyn Stasio	42
COMPUTERS		Ken Uston	44
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	46
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	48
WORDS		Gerald Jonas	50
NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN	Article	John Cummings and Ernest Volkman	52
BEAU-TIDE BELLE	Pictorial	Photos by Steve Wayda	58
BLOOD MONEY	Article	Penny Lernoux	68
MARCIA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Stephen Hicks	73
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	92
WAYNE WILLIAMS IS INNOCENT	Essay	William Warren Northrup	94
GO FOR THE BROKER	Pictorial	Photos by Allan J. Wash	96
THE HYPERSEXUALS	Article	Patrick Owens	106
REVELATIONS	Portfolio	Paintings by Pierre Lacombe	109
STEVE MARTIN	Interview	Emily Prager	114
TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	117
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	122
THE COLOR OF LIGHT	Fiction	William Goldman	124
HARD TIMES	Humor		127
WHO RUNS YOUR LIFE?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	132
EVERY SHOT HE TAKES	Service	Lynn Kearcher	136
BLOODY MARY	Service	William Cole	142
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	146
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	158



This month's cover features Pet of the Month Marcia Ruks, who was photographed by Stephen Hicks with a Rollei SL 2000 camera. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 20.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020), U.S. Volume 15, Number 8.

© Copyright 1984 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved.

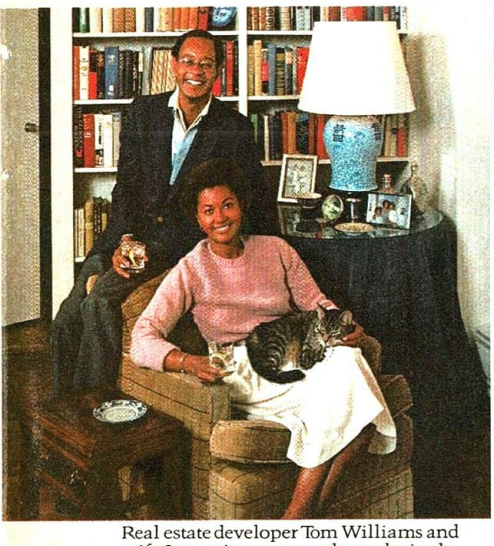
Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Penthouse Magazine, 80 Newbridge Road, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30.00 one year; Canada—$40.00 one year; and elsewhere—$40.00 one year. Single copies $3.00 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

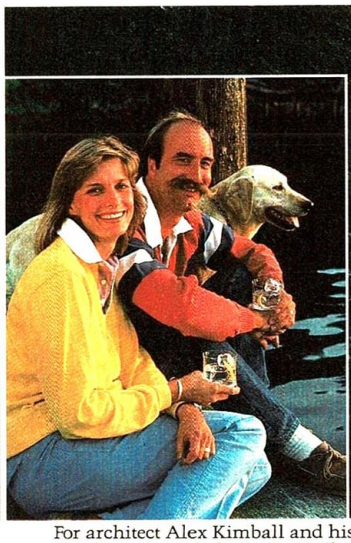
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

Rum on the Rocks. It's What's Happening.

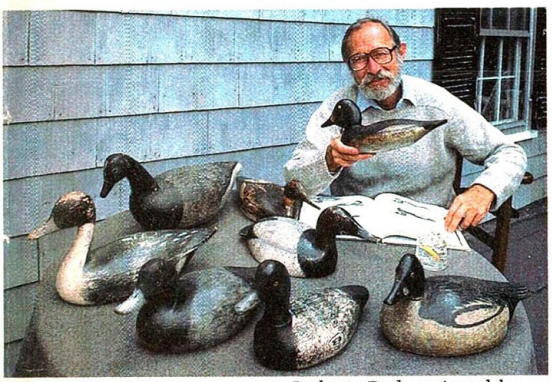
All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



Real estate developer Tom Williams and wife Lyn enjoy rum on the rocks in the comfort of their New York co-op.

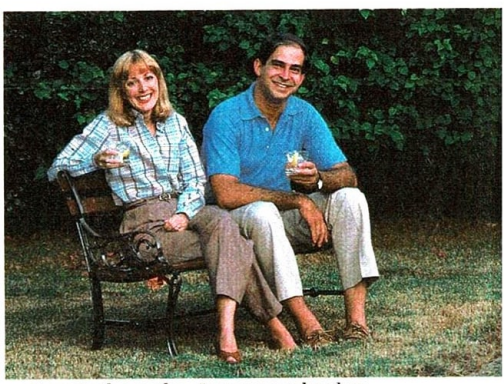


For architect Alex Kimball and his wife Jill, the serenity of their Bainbridge Island home is just a short ferry ride from Seattle's fast pace. With Puget Sound as their backyard, they enjoy the sunset with a Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks and a special friend.

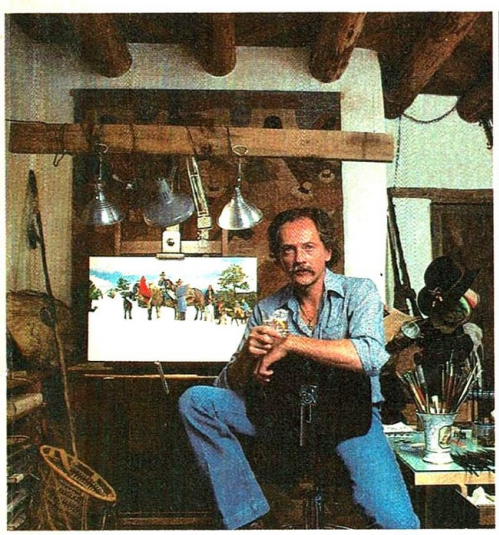


Americana expert Jackson Parker, ringed by rare decoys, enjoys a white rum on the deck of his Massachusetts home.

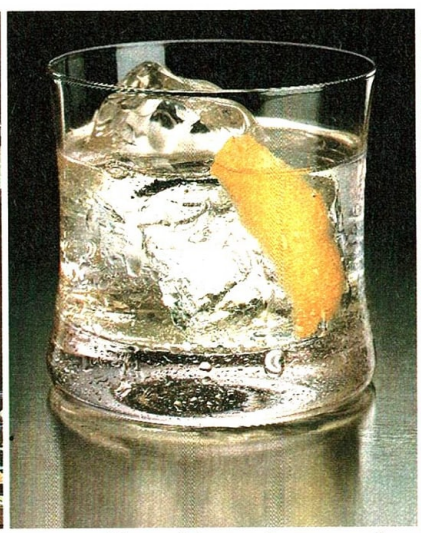
Atop Manhattan's St. James's Tower, Howard and Marilyn Wexler and Puerto Rican visitors Dr. and Mrs. Marcos Vecchini share a night on the town and rum on the rocks.



Rum in the garden. Investment banker José Rodriguez and wife Anita at their Villa Caparra home in Puerto Rico.



For western realist David Nordahl, Santa Fe is a painter's paradise. Here in his adobe studio, he savors an "after painting" white rum.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.

After the sails are furled, Star skipper Don Gilbert and wife Nancy enjoy the expanse of their New Canaan, Ct. home with a before dinner white rum on the rocks.

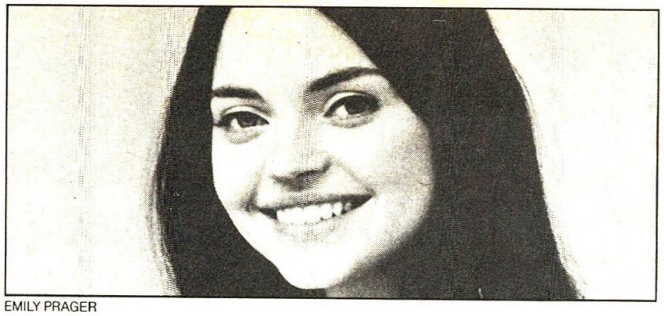
RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.

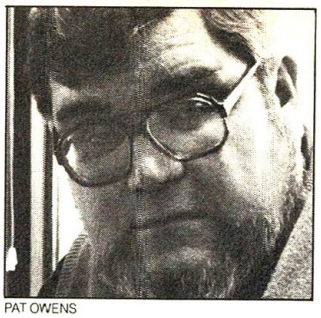
For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. H-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., NY 10104 ©1984 Government of Puerto Rico

ERNEST VOLKMAN

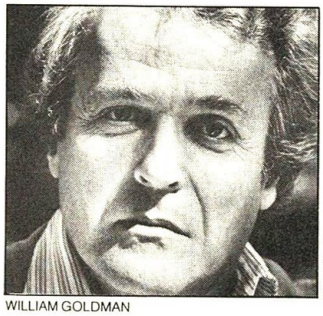
John Muth



EMILY PRAGER



PAT OWENS

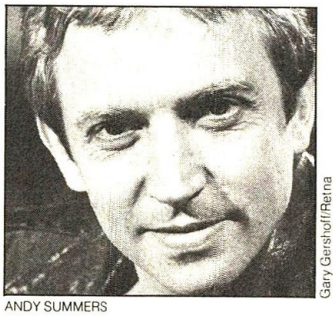


WILLIAM GOLDMAN

Ilene Jones

PENNY LERNOUX

Dawn Gibeau



ANDY SUMMERS

Gary Gershoff/Retna

LYNN KEARCHER

Pat Hill

HOUSECALL

As tax time approaches once again, there are some citizens among us who believe that the biggest April Fools' joke of all is the one we play on ourselves the rest of the year by docilely submitting to the government's automatic income-tax withholding plan–a scheme that many view as the government's way of exacting a huge, interest-free loan to feed its bloated bureaucracy. And, while tax protests are as old as the republic, the increasing number of Americans who are now willing to go to jail rather than pay taxes is actually beginning to rattle those otherwise fearsome and terrifying government inquisitors–Internal Revenue Service agents. "The IRS likes to pretend that they've got the thing under control," one nameless (obviously!) official told *Penthouse* reporters **John Cummings** and **Ernest Volkman**. "But . . . to tell the truth . . . they're scared shitless!" In their report on the rapidly burgeoning tax-protest movement "No Deposit, No Return" (page 52), Cummings and Volkman describe the various, often violent, organizations that are most troubling to the IRS, as well as the government's counterattacks and strategies to ensure the United States' continued claim to the world's best tax-payment record (a mark of dishonor for tax protesters). Their conclusion: "There is no doubt that more and more Americans are not paying their taxes. . . . The more the IRS cracks down, the stronger the tax-protest movement gets. And without personal income taxes the government's well would run dry very quickly." This continuing controversy is no joking matter for either side . . . or for the rest of us, either.

Making people laugh is no joking matter either–in fact, it's often scary, lonely, and damned hard work. This sentiment might seem surprising coming from a man who is famed for being a wild-and-crazy guy, but it's an insight that reflects the idiosyncrasy of **Steve Martin**, one of America's most prolific comics. In a candid and exclusive interview (page 114) with *Penthouse* Contributing Editor **Emily Prager** (herself a leading humor writer and television performer), Martin talks about women ("I've always been attracted to intelligent women . . . then I treat them like they're dumb"); the press ("Not only do they say things that aren't true, they quote you saying things you never said"); the sixties (". . . the most humorless generation ever. There was so much hate in the name of love"); and performing nude for the sake of art ("I'll show my breasts").

Until fairly recently, people with reputations as "nymphomaniacs" or "satyrs" were either pitied, mocked, or feared. Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing, one of the world's preeminent authorities on such matters, warned that "in acute and severe cases, ethics and willpower lose their controlling influence entirely." And many scientists believed the very worst afflictions could actually lead to death. But today, writes psychotherapist **Patrick Owens**, such notions have been largely dispelled, thanks in great part to such sexual-research pioneers as Alfred Kinsey, whose attitude on the subject could be summed up thusly: "A nymphomaniac is someone who is getting more sex than you are." Owens, in his own pioneering article on the subject, terms such people "The Hypersexuals" (page 106), and he shows in the course of several profiles and interviews with these voracious individuals that "despite the judgments of centuries of experts, they are not all alike." In fact, far from being desperately driven and unhappy, Owens found that the people he spoke to, having had "the luck to be born in the right century," were actually having quite a good time sexually–not altogether surprising when you think about it.

We're proud to present two of America's best writers in this issue. **William Goldman**, award-winning scriptwriter (*All the President's Men*) and novelist (*Marathon Man*), takes us to the campus of Oberlin College, describing the hilarious and touching struggle of a young writer in an exclusive excerpt from his latest novel, *The Color of Light* (page 124), which will be published by Warner Books. And **Penny Lernoux**, who for many years has been a world-renowned financial and Latin American reporter, contributes "Blood Money" (page 68), a profile of a mysterious and sinister bank in Australia whose daily business involved such unusual banking activities as heroin smuggling, arms trafficking, and overthrowing governments. Lernoux's article, based on research she compiled for her new investigative blockbuster *In Banks We Trust* (Doubleday), rips the facade off an institution whose executives included "enough high-ranking CIA and U.S.-military officers to launch a major invasion" and whose very existence should be an affront to us all.

Other articles this month feature two of today's top media personalities. **Andy Summers**, of the Police, whose throbbing guitar and charismatic style have earned him millions of fans internationally, discusses his offstage obsession with photography in an unusual interview with *Penthouse* Life-style Editor **Lynn Kearcher** (page 136), illustrated with some unpublished photographs selected by Andy especially for this article. And **Bryant Gumble**, who anchors NBC's popular *Today* show, tells us how he dresses for success and previews the newest and most fashionable summer business suits (page 117).

You can be sure that our own fashionably fresh and younger-than-springtime April Pets always make it their business to dress for success, which is why they're always at their best–suitably a rewarding experience for them . . . and for us!

Geared for the challenge.

What a great experience. . . to seek out adventure,
to challenge the unknown, and then. . . to succeed.
It calls for a certain spirit.
It calls for strength and dependability.
To match these rugged demands, Camel now offers
gear that is sturdy, tried and true. . . and ready for your next challenge.

Welcome
to the world of
CAMEL
GEAR

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

CAMEL GEAR

THE CAMEL PACKLIGHTER
This solid-brass lighter makes lighting up a Camel even more pleasurable. Packs away in a handy leather pouch, uses standard fuel and flint. $12.00

LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE CAMEL FOLDING KAYAK

Explore hidden waters in this amazing, collapsible craft. Sturdy ash and birch frame. Portable. Lightweight. Easy to assemble, easy to stow. Available with or without sails. Packing bags included. Information available upon request.

THE CAMEL CARRYON

Rugged, handsome, bag with unique features. Waterproofed fabric–stronger than canvas, yet half the weight. Heavy-duty hardware. Stain-repellent lining, self-repairing zippers. Three roomy compartments. Holds your gear (and your carton of Camels). $165.00

THE CLASSIC CAMEL SHIRT

Relax in it, explore in it. Soft, durable cotton-polyester blend. Note the working epaulets (they keep sleeves rolled up). S, M, L, XL, $23.00

For faster service on charge orders, CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-328-2616. MINNESOTA ONLY, 1-800-672-0706. Complete this form and enclose check or money order (or your Credit Card No.) and mail to: Camel, P.O. Box 90007, St. Paul, MN 55190. Enter the price of any item you order in the last column (Enter Price). This, along with your signature, will "validate" the order. Your order is not complete until you enter prices for all of the items you are ordering and sign where indicated. All prices include shipping and handling.

NAME OF ITEM	SIZE	NO. OF ITEMS	ENTER PRICE
The Camel Packlighter			
The Classic Camel Shirt			
The Camel Carryon			
		Sub Total $	
		Add state and local sales tax where applicable.	
		TOTAL OF ORDER $	

Please take special care to enter all of your ordering information accurately and completely. This will help to insure that your order is filled promptly and correctly. Thank you.

Please send me information on the Camel Folding Kayak. ☐

All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. Good only in the U.S.A. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Offer expires September 30, 1984.

PAYMENT (check one)

☐ **Check or money order. Amount $_____**
(Payable to CAMEL GEAR; U.S. Funds Only; no cash or stamps.)

☐ **American Express** ☐ **Visa** ☐ **Master Card**

Credit Card Account #

Expiration Date

Amount: $_____

All orders must be signed. Please print clearly.
Please note: orders cannot be filled without Zip Code.

I hereby certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

Signature_____

Age_____

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____
(Required)

What brand of cigarettes do you smoke?_____

If you are not completely satisfied with any CAMEL GEAR merchandise, simply return it to us within 15 days of receipt for a full refund. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipment. **P**

Experience the Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione *(chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(vice-chairman)*
David J. Myerson *(chief operating officer)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Senior Editors:* Kathryn Green, Heidi Handman, Robert Hofler, Peter McCabe; *Lifestyle Editor:* Lynn Kearcher; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Research Editor:* Karen Schwarz; *Copy Editor:* Evelyn Norman; *Rights and Permissions Editor:* Babette Lefrak; *Editorial Assistants:* Karen Helfand, Shaina Hilsenrath, Mark Jacobson, Karen McClatchey; *Contributing Editors:* Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Katharine Lowry, Scot Morris (games), Robert Palmer, Emily Prager, Sidney Siller (men's rights), Allan Sonnenschein, Bob Spitz, Marilyn Stasio, Ben Stein, Nick Tosches, Ken Uston (computers & electronic games), Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART

VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Sheila Lynn; *Designer:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Associate Staff Photographer:* John Muth; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Assistant Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Photo Librarian:* Eugene Mooney; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Hornish

ADMINISTRATION

Executive Vice-president: David J. Myerson; *Sen. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sen. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *Sen. VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Director, Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Director, Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Director, Circulation International Sales:* Diane Foley Landberg; *Director, Circulation Promotion and Planning:* Marcia Orovitz; *Subscription Manager:* Paula Collins Hope; *Traffic Manager:* William Harbutt; *Production Manager:* Michael Weinglass; *Ass't. Production Manager:* Tom Stinson; *Director of Public Relations:* Leslie Jay; *West Coast Publicity Manager:* George Goldey; *Manager of Research:* Eileen Koslow; *Director of Sales Promotion/Merchandising:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Associate Publisher/Special Publications:* Don Myrus; *Pet Promotion Director:* Jeff Zelmanski; *Executive Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Phyllis Lemkowitz

ADVERTISING

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *VP/Director of Advertising:* Howard S. Plissner; *VP/Director of (Special) Advertising Projects:* Sharon Amanzio; *Southern Advertising Manager/Sen. VP:* Peter Goldsmith; *New York Manager of Advertising:* Nancy Kestenbaum; *Associate New York Manager:* Carla J. Edwards; *West Coast Advertising Manager:* Wendy Bloxham; *Midwest Advertising Manager:* Gene Smith; *Director of Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner. *Ass't. to the Vice-chairman:* Cathe Charleston. Offices: *New York* (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest* (Gene Smith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corporation, 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC2, England. Tel. 01-397-6342, Telex no. 24676

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sen. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Wope Verlags Ag, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC 2, England

APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

PUSSY PACIFIER

Last year I joined the army and it was pretty rough on my wife and me. Until then we had never been separated during our seven wonderful years of marriage. To help pacify my loneliness, my wife, Connie, wrote every day.

On a very dark and nippy Friday afternoon in January, only six days before Family Day, I received a very strange envelope. It was much thicker than the rest I'd received. As I slowly opened it I began to get a warm feeling. Inside was a card which read, "Handle with care." It had an arousing, familiar aroma. I must have turned as red as a cock head when I realized what I had. In my hands I held a perfectly drawn and colored snatch, complete with Connie's own pussy hairs glued around the hole. It sent me right through the roof! I stroked the soft hairs of my Care Package pussy and creamed in my khakis.

On Family Day, as soon as I spotted Connie waiting in the lobby I got a tingly feeling all over. When we got to my room and closed the door, I told her to take her pants off. As she laid down on the bed, I pulled the "instant" pussy from my pocket and began to compare the two heavenly works of art. I stroked the cardboard pussy, then my wife's soft, deep pile. I then put my hard rod through my replica, then into my wife. Slowly, so slowly, in and out I moved until she moaned, "Harder, harder, fill me with that dick."

I moved like a machine gun on rapid fire. I kept firing away at her, and at the moment she screamed in ecstasy, I shot my load. Afterward she crumpled in my arms like a small child.—*Name and address withheld*

TEMPTING TREAT

My friend Sean and I arrived home early one evening and were alone in the house—or so we thought. We went into the kitchen to get a beer but we didn't have any. I got pissed off, but Sean said not to worry for he'd just spotted an incredible vision of tasty delight. There before us lay a succulent cherry cheesecake, radiating its creamy virginity in the warm glow of late afternoon. I felt an unexpected but familiar tingling in Little Grant and saw that Sean too had a raging boner. I guess you could say that we both have a sweet tooth. My throat was dry as we both moved toward our frothy temptress.

While Sean stripped and lay down on the counter, I gently caressed our eager companion in anticipation. I plucked a budding cherry from the cake and brought it to my quivering lips. Then I lifted our moist mate and placed it on Sean's heaving chest. The exquisite weight of the cheesecake was too much for him and he shot his wad all over Mum's hanging spider plant. As he moaned in ecstasy, I dropped my pants and mounted my prize. I plunged Little Grant deep into the swirling folds of creamy delight. As I repeatedly impaled this perfect pastry I realized that culinary climax was not far off.

The room was a mess. There was cheesecake everywhere, and Sean had passed out. I cleaned myself up and played my bass until the coming of dawn. Next week Sean's mum is making fruitcake and I can hardly wait.—*Name and address withheld*

THE GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM

My girlfriend teaches at a local high school, where she also coaches the girls' soccer team. One day she asked me to meet her at school after their afternoon game. I arrived in time to see the last part of the contest, and in time to notice several tempting team members in action.

After the game, Ellen, my girlfriend, went with the team back to the locker room and I tagged along until we reached the doorway. After the whole team was inside, Ellen said I could wait for her in the office—which was within the locker-room area! I hesitated to walk in, but Ellen grabbed my hand and said, "Come on in, silly." I entered the room to the sounds of clanging locker doors and showers turning on. And believe me, that wasn't all that was turning on! Ellen's office was just inside the door, and I don't think any of the team members saw me come in. I sat in the little office while Ellen went out to take care of some business. Next to me was a small window that faced the locker area.

I don't know how close anyone gets to paradise, but I was very near. The lights were such that no one could see into the office clearly, but I could see the locker area just swell. There were two girls in the aisle right in front of me taking off their uniforms. One was your basic American girl, with short brown hair and a slim build. The other was an Oriental girl who had long black hair tied in a ponytail.

The brown-haired girl stripped quickly and faced me as she darted toward the showers. I had a nice, if brief, view of her bushy pussy and tight little breasts.

The Oriental girl seemed languid. She straddled the bench and wiped the sweat off her neck. Tenderly she pulled her jer-

Announcing the first audio tape to go from 0 to 230 degrees without missing a beat.

The Fuji GT-I is the only audio tape specifically engineered to handle the hazards of the road.

We built the GT-I to survive the icy depths of winter and the searing heat of summer. In fact, the GT-I can even withstand the harsh environmental extremes of your dashboard. We designed the GT-I with a shock absorber to maintain good vibrations on the toughest roads. And because you demand peak performance, we made sure the GT-I delivers the highest fidelity, even under your car's less than ideal accoustical conditions.

So take the Fuji GT-I for a spin. And see how much smoother the road can be when you drive with a tape that's built to give you more treble and less trouble.

FUJI.

Nobody gives you better performance.

© 1984 Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc., Magnetic Products Div., 350 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10118

sey off over her head and unclasped her bra. Much to my amazement there was virtually nothing there—just two protruding nipples atop two ever so slight swells on her chest. My heart started to race.

I pulled out my rod without taking my eyes off her. As I began to pump my dick, she stood and tugged down her shorts. She was wearing tight-fitting underwear and the crease between her long legs was easy to see as she stood on tiptoes to put her uniform in the locker. She stood for a moment and panted, then off came the panties, down her lovely long legs. I started to spread the dewdrops of come from the head of my dick up and down the shaft to lubricate my sliding hand.

If you've dealt much with Oriental women you know that there's a special treat between their legs. As she turned and faced me, I gasped. There in front of me was that perfect pussy one sees only once in a blue moon. Her slit was higher than usual and clearly visible. All around it was a tracery of jet-black fringe. What a sight.

She sat down on the bench to rest, then swung one leg over, and laid flat on her back. The swing of her leg gave me all the more to look at. Just then the other girl returned and gave my doll a tickle; in return, she giggled and hopped off toward the showers.

Ellen surprised me by abruptly opening the door. "This office has a great view," I told her as I tucked away my dipstick.

"Just save that ammunition for later," she said, "and don't let the girls see you doing that." As she busied herself at her desk, I continued to look out the window while a dozen or so girls flitted in and out of my line of vision.

After about 20 minutes, all was quiet and Ellen seemed to have finished her work. Just when I thought we were leaving, she said, "You know, I think I'll shower before we go. Why don't you join me?" We undressed, wrapped ourselves in towels, and left her office.

In the shower, Ellen and I lathered each other up, making sure to get all of those hard-to-reach places.

With a graceful, precise movement, Ellen did a back bend and let the water stream right at her puffy pussy. I stood back and watched her go into a pulsating spasm as the hard shower stream did its work on her clit. I helped her lower herself down to the floor and then helped myself to her mouth as I stuffed inch after inch into her moist lips. I then spread her cunt lips a little to let the shower do a number on her again. I'd say it took less than ten seconds to send her flying again. As for me, it took about five seconds more.

After coming I'm usually wiped out, but my afternoon of voyeurism had left me quite excited. As I looked out of the corner of my eye, I noticed through the steam that watching us from around a pillar was the beautiful Oriental soccer player. She was dressed in her school clothes and giggled as she looked me straight in the eye. She must have been watching us all along.

Setting her books down, she walked into the shower, clothes and all. She twirled under the water until she was soaking wet and her clothes clung to her sides. By now Ellen was kneeling behind me and reaching between my legs, prodding my balls and cock, as the Oriental girl smiled and watched. Suddenly she turned to face the shower and slowly did a back bend just like Ellen had done, only higher. Her fully clothed body was a real turn-on.

With irresistible passion, she looked at me and asked, "Could you give me a hand?" I knew exactly what she wanted. I moved directly over her, reached down and took the edge of her plaid skirt, and lifted it up over her chest, baring her legs and white briefs. The warm water slammed into her pussy and streamed down her legs. I could hear her start to sigh and breathe deeply.

I walked around between her legs and stood only inches from her. I then grabbed my tool and lifted it to her white crotch, sliding my dick head up and down her cotton-encased slit. She moved up and down to meet my every move. I slid my hands under her panties on both sides of her thighs and forced them higher, causing the fabric to disappear inside her pussy. My left hand then reached under and supported her buttocks while my right hand grasped my penis and aimed it for penetration.

My rounded dick head, which was now about the size of a small lemon, rubbed against her entry and started to bulldoze her panties into her box. Soon my cock edged the tight cotton aside and proceeded farther as my left hand forced her butt closer to my balls. I gently lowered her to the floor and slowly fucked her. She started to come and kept coming for four or five minutes while I continued my slow, grueling act on her twat. As I exploded, the gasps I let out echoed throughout the shower and bounced off the lockers.

Ellen gently brought me to consciousness and helped me to my feet. Much to my dismay the Oriental girl was gone and has never joined us in the locker room again.—*Name and address withheld*

"Well, go on, Charles! You want to be an Eagle Scout, don't you?"

NOT FOR WOMEN ONLY

I am one of the many avid "Forum" readers in Germany, and I would like to share with you one of my favorite fetishes. In recent columns I have noticed letters from men who like to wear women's undergarments. I, too, share this desire, but there are other items that I especially enjoy—such as women's sanitary items.

I like the very soft touch of a sanitary pad against my crotch. I take a pad (the nonadhesive, old-fashioned kind), and slip the ends into my little white belt (the one I bought in the pharmacy, pretending it was for my wife). Then I softly press the pad between my legs and tie the two ends to the clips. By this time my cock is already

Anything can happen.
Jose Cuervo
IMPORTED
Premium
Tequila
Cuervo Especial
Distilled by
Tequila Cuervo, S.A.
Tequila Jal. Mex.
Product of Mexico • 80 PROOF
FABRICA LA ROJEÑA
TEQUILA
A Distillate From The
A Variety of
CUERVO ESPECIAL ® TEQUILA 80 PROOF IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1983 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.
Cuervo
Premium Tequila

hard. I then put on panty hose (silk, of course) and a short white slip. Over this I don my normal attire and go to work, or out shopping. It's a wonderful sensation to have the pad caressing my balls all day.

After my day out, I return home for a little self-pleasure. I go into the bedroom and begin to undress in front of the full-length mirror. Seeing the pad through my panties is quite arousing. When I cannot take anymore delay, I rush to the bathroom and get a tampon, lubricate it, and insert it into my ass. I then return to the bedroom and lie in front of the mirror once again. The sight of the slip wrapped around my waist and the pad between my legs is so stimulating that I begin to masturbate. With my free hand I search for the string of the tampon and start to disengage it from my ass with gentle tugs. On my final tug the tampon usually passes over my sphincter muscle and sets off a wonderful explosive climax.—*Name and address withheld*

THE FRIENDLY SKIES

I am a 22-year-old pilot. Last summer I flew a small charter plane, and during one of my working days I received a call from a woman named Evelyn who wanted to go flying locally on a Saturday afternoon.

Saturday arrived and I left my home to meet Evelyn. Boy, was I surprised when I caught wind of her propellers. She was about five feet six inches, with long legs, a perfect bust, and hips that made my eyes (as well as my pants) swell. She had long sandy-blond hair and was dressed in a white minidress.

As we climbed into the plane I couldn't keep my eyes off her delectable rear. But since I am a professional, I had to push her far from my mind and concentrate on flying.

We flew to a low altitude and started down the coast. I was just getting off the radio when I felt a pair of perfect breasts rubbing my right arm. I looked over to see that Evelyn had unbuttoned her dress and was leaning on me, making it impossible for me not to get a glimpse of heaven through her dress. Evelyn noticed the prominent bulge in my pants that stood out like the Statue of Liberty. She unbuckled my belt, undid my jeans, and pushed them down to my knees. Without a sound, she leaned over and took as much of me in her mouth as she could. I felt her warm tongue working up and down my co-pilot with perfection. Her right hand coaxed my balls with tantalizing strokes. I knew that I was going to come at any moment. I grabbed her head and held it in place while I shot my sweet wad deep in her throat. It goes without saying that I was having a hard time concentrating on flying. I decided to fly the plane up to a higher altitude where there would be less traffic. When we got up higher, I turned on the automatic pilot and let the plane do the flying. I reached for Evelyn's legs and pulled them up to my face. She was lying on her back on my lap while I thrust my face into her sweet cunt. I probed her cunt and ass with my tongue and proceeded to nibble on her lips. Was she hot! In a matter of moments she let out a moan and came in my mouth.

She told me that she had never had sex in a plane before and that she wanted to feel me inside her. She got off me and continued to undress me, while I made sure that there were no other planes in the area. Then she crawled on top of me, grabbed hold of the dashboard, and sat on my aching rod. I reached around and grabbed her firm breasts—perfect handfuls. I pumped up and down in rhythmic movements while she rotated her hips up and down and side to side. The combination of this beautiful creature on my cock, and the fact that we were doing this at 7,000 feet in a private plane, drove me crazy. We climaxed together in a few minutes. It had to be the best feeling that I've ever experienced. She then turned all the way around and we began to explore each other.

I decided to get playful and inventive by using the plane to our advantage. I turned off the auto pilot and reached around my passenger to grab the controls. In a second I had the plane going up and down very rapidly. Evelyn giggled and jumped back on my woody. The plane seemed to be a sex machine on automatic drive and we took advantage of it until we were both exhausted. I then turned the plane around and headed for home.—*Name and address withheld*

"At least we lead the league in something. Twelve of our players are hooked on drugs."

HIKING FOR HUNKS

One day during our vacation my friend Kris and I decided to go for a hike. We planned to follow a trail that led to the top of a mountain where the view was supposedly breathtaking. Little did we know just how breathtaking it was going to be!

When I reached the edge of the woods I found a ledge of large flat rocks that dropped off into a lake. Standing on a boulder was a young guy. He didn't see me, so I decided not to approach him until Kris caught up. The guy was only about 18 or 19 years old and was quite good-looking. He had blond hair and he wore only a T-shirt, jeans, and hiking boots on his six-foot-two-inch frame.

I turned around to motion to Kris, who was lagging behind, but she was still about a hundred feet away. I turned back just as the guy was taking his shirt off. When I got a good look at his muscular chest I began to feel strongly attracted to him. I walked back a few paces to intercept Kris and tell her about the wonderful view in the clearing. As we approached my original position, I noticed that the guy was seated and was taking off his hiking boots. I told Kris that we should hide behind a tree and wait to see how much more of his clothing he was going to take off.

We watched anxiously as he removed his boots and socks. Then he looked

© 1983 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA

Serious Fun.

In Germany, the Love Boat never sails on TV. Frisbees only come and go occasionally. And how many Germans have ever heard of a Pet Rock?

So what do the Germans do for a good time?

They love to drive. Preferably in a Volkswagen GTI. Because the GTI is designed to be fun.

Not fun in the sense of a dashboard cluttered with all sorts of doodads.

But fun in the sense of a precision machine that respects and answers its driver's every wish.

And once you drive the 1984 GTI, you'll see that when it comes to enjoying life, nobody's more serious than the Germans.

The 1984 GTI $8,350*

It's not a car. It's a Volkswagen.

Seatbelts save lives.

*Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep add'l.

around, as if to be sure no one else was present, and removed his pants. He then stood completely naked at the edge of the rock ledge. My crotch began to dampen.

Our friend then dove off the rock and into the lake. Kris and I debated what to do next. I wanted to go over and meet him, but Kris thought we should just watch for a while longer. After swimming around for about five minutes, he emerged from the lake and climbed back up on the flat boulder. There he lay down on his back to bask in the hot afternoon sun. I was incredibly turned on by the thought of making love to this handsome stranger right by the lake.

Kris and I both stared in silence, but very intently, as the summer sunshine baked his beautiful body. Then, quite unexpectedly, the situation took another twist. The guy began to develop an erection. I guess the intense heat of the sun was too much for him. His cock grew longer and longer and glistened in the sun. Then, even more amazingly, he reached over with his right hand and began slowly stroking the cock. By this time I was trembling with desire. I wanted that cock so badly I could almost feel it inside me.

After a few minutes of gently stroking himself, the guy was ready to get serious. He got to his feet and stood on his tiptoes as he thrust his cock back and forth in the palm of his hand. I couldn't take it any longer! I darted out from behind the tree and ran toward him. Hearing my footsteps, the guy looked up and saw me. An expression of terror swept over his face before he ran into the woods.

Kris wanted to leave and find our way back to the campsite, but I insisted that we stay. I figured that the man had been so shocked by me that his first instinct was to flee, but he was stark naked and I knew he had to return for his clothes.

After about half an hour we heard his voice calling us from behind a tree. He awkwardly introduced himself as Steve and said that he was very embarrassed by the situation. He begged us to go away and let him get his clothes, because his parents were expecting him home and he couldn't return naked. I told him that we would be glad to help him, but only if he came out of hiding.

Steve reluctantly emerged into the clearing, holding his hands in front of his cock. I noticed that he was limping and blood was oozing from dozens of scratches and small cuts on his legs. I went over, put my arms around him, and gave him a passionate kiss. Looking down, I noticed that his cock was springing back to life.

Kris came over with a wet bandana and began to wipe the blood from the cuts. He then asked if we could help him remove a splinter from his foot. Kris and I carefully removed the large splinter, as I sarcastically advised Steve about the dangers of running naked through the woods.

"I've never lost faith in man's intractable, biological need to maim, plunder, and destroy . . ."

Now that that was taken care of, I was ready to get down to the matter of my own needs and desires. I began at Steve's feet and slowly kissed my way up his legs to his groin. Meanwhile, Kris started at his neck and worked downward. By now Steve's pole was fully erect, so I took it in my mouth and expertly applied my lips and tongue over its rigid length. At the same time I gently squeezed his balls and Kris kissed him all over. Steve got charged pretty quickly. In no time his hips began to buck and he let out a shriek, cutting loose an explosion of sperm. I nearly choked trying to swallow it all.

Steve just lay there, panting and sweaty, while Kris and I quickly stripped and joined him on the ground. He perked up immediately when he saw our bodies. Wildly massaging our tits, he eventually found his way to the steamy caves between our legs. Alternating between hands and tongue, Steve brought both of us to shuddering climaxes. By this time he was hard again and asked if he could fuck me. Instead of answering, I just pulled him on top of me. He quickly entered me and began thrusting. We both came quickly, with earthshaking intensity.

At this point Steve rolled off me and closed his eyes. Now it was time for Kris to have her fun. She laid down on top of Steve and began nibbling on his ears and nipples. It wasn't long before he was excited again. He rolled Kris over so that he was on top and readied himself to perform. I remember thinking what a primitive sight it was as the two of them moaned and grunted, thrashing about on the ground. Dirt and dust clung to their sweaty bodies, and Steve's toes dug deeply into the soft earth as he slammed into Kris again and again.

Finally everyone was satisfied. We all jumped into the lake to cool off before getting dressed and heading our separate ways. While we were dressing and talking, Steve admitted that his parents had once caught him masturbating at home, and since that time, he always came to this usually secluded spot when he felt the urge. He also told us that he had been a virgin until that very day. That was just the icing on the cake!—*Name and address withheld*

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

I am a female in my late twenties and have been told by many that I have a lovely rounded figure. I have always had a very active imagination where sexual fantasies are concerned, but never in my wildest dreams did I ever believe that any of them would become reality. Instead of fantasizing about movie stars or other celebrities, I always imagined getting it on with a mailman, teacher, doctor, dentist, grocery boy, etc.

Then about a year ago I began a new job, several miles away from my home. It was too far to walk, and having no other means of transportation, I began riding the city bus. I rode on the same bus for half an

hour each morning and evening, and I was quick to notice that my evening driver was very sexy looking—and friendly, too.

On most evenings I was the only passenger on the last few blocks of the ride. I frequently fantasized about seducing my driver, but I dismissed the idea, thinking I didn't have the nerve. Then I awoke one beautiful spring morning with an uncontrollable feeling that my time had come at last. I realized that I could no longer resist this urge.

I was so excited at work that day, I'm surprised I wasn't fired—but luck seemed to be with me. By the time I boarded my evening bus I was so hot I was on the verge of creaming in my pants. About halfway through the route I began to feel some of my juices escape, but believe me, there was plenty more where that came from. The passenger load gradually diminished and I think the driver was probably wondering why I didn't get off at my usual stop. After the last passenger got off I slid into the seat directly across from the driver. Almost immediately he turned to me and jokingly asked what I was doing on the bus so near the end of the route. I explained that I had no intention of leaving until I was given my money's worth. I could tell by the ready and eager expression on his face that he was more than willing.

Approximately three blocks later, he pulled the bus to the side of the road. He took my hand and led me to the rear of the bus, where I was finally allowed to live out one of my wildest, most passionate fantasies. As I sat, he pushed his hard cock into my mouth. His prick tasted so good that I sucked and licked it eagerly. Reciprocating, he slid his hands up my shirt and began rubbing my champagne-glass tits, which caused my shirt buttons to pop open. He wasted no time in putting his lips around my tits, sucking each one to its peak. Meanwhile he had managed to slide my pants down around my ankles. By now I was desperate to have his stiff cock inside me. "Please give me your cock, Mr. Driver," I begged. "Hurry." Gently he pushed my legs apart and lightly stroked my inner thighs. Then he pulled my ass to the edge of the seat and began to rub his shaft along my swollen clit. He penetrated the head of his dick just inside my juicy hole and held it there teasingly. "Give it to me," I yelled. "Take it, baby," said the driver. Just then he shoved his entire beautiful cock inside me. After several wild bucks, he exploded inside me and I experienced an orgasm of pure ecstasy.

Riding the bus has been a pleasure ever since that evening; my driver refuses to let me off until I've had my money's worth!—*Name and address withheld*

SCHOOLBOY CRUSH

When I was in seventh grade we got a new teacher named Miss Birchfeld. Fresh out of college and on her first teaching assignment, she was very popular with everyone, especially the boys. In fact, Miss Birchfeld's mountains were the subject of

Taste the difference.
A&C is still made
with the natural leaf wrapper.
The *imported* natural leaf wrapper. That gives Antonio y Cleopatra its rich, distinctive, real tobacco taste. The most expensive, best-tasting cigars are still made with the natural leaf wrapper.
And at a very reasonable price, A & C is the best cigar for the money.
In light or dark imported natural leaf wrapper. In a variety of shapes to fit your style, including Grenadiers, Classics, Panetelas.
A & C. The natural leaf wrapper cigar.
A&C PANETELAS
IMPORTED NATURAL LEAF WRAPPER
A&C CLASSICS
IMPORTED NATURAL LEAF WRAPPER
A&C Grenadiers
IMPORTED NATURAL LEAF WRAPPER
6 PACK
ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
TOP QUALITY LEAF

much discussion among the boys during lunch. Some of us actually went up to her desk during class when she was seated and pretended to ask questions on our assignments. Standing over her, we would view her fantastic cleavage. Once I even saw her nipples when she leaned forward at her desk. I got an immediate hard-on!

The next year she was transferred to another school district and we never saw hide nor hair of her again.

Then last week, while in a sporting-goods store, I ran into a lady who looked vaguely familiar. As it turned out, it was Miss Birchfeld! At first she couldn't place me. Hell, it was almost 12 years ago. But when I told her about a practical joke I had played on her in class, she shrieked with laughter and embraced me.

She invited me to a nearby coffee shop, where we discussed old times. She had been twice married and divorced. She lived locally and inquired if I were busy that night. When I told her I wasn't, she invited me over for dinner.

Relaxing with dinner and a lot of wine, she told me her life story. She had really mellowed out a lot since her teaching days. Our talk became a bit intimate and I hoped it was going to lead to something. She asked me if any of the boys had had crushes on her. When I said yes, she giggled, then delved further.

"What does a boy feel when he has a crush on his teacher?" she inquired.

"He goes through hell," I said in mock seriousness.

She laughed again. Then, getting a bit bolder, she asked if the boys had ever fantasized about her. Again my reply was, "Yes." I guess we were both a bit high on the wine. Then she dropped the bombshell question: "Did *you* ever fantasize about me?"

"Yes. And some of the boys outgrew it," I replied, "but I never did."

She put her arms around me and gave me a sensuous kiss. I returned the favor. The next thing I knew, we were kissing passionately! We then jumped into the shower for some nice clean fun. I couldn't believe my eyes when she stripped—her body was magnificent. Finally my fantasy was turning into reality. She had a thick mat of golden pubic hair. My hard-on stood straight up and she began fondling it, while I buried my hands between her legs. Then we dried each other off and hopped into bed.

I was immediately between her legs, sticking my tongue into her hole and working it in and out and around her clit. In a matter of minutes she started juicing; she was squirming around and the contortions on her face revealed that she was really enjoying this. Her entire body shuddered violently as she came to her first orgasm. This really turned me on! Then she pushed me on my back and began to consume my rigid meat voraciously. After about a minute of her sucking and massaging my cock, I exploded in her mouth. She spit out my come and massaged it into my chest.

I regained my hardness within minutes, slipped into her nicely shaped pussy, and began banging away. I wasn't fully recharged yet, so it took a solid ten minutes of banging before I was about to burst. Then I pulled out and squirted all over her face. When we finally recovered, I noticed the bed was soggy from sweat.

We showered again and had some munchies. I've had her twice since last week and I'm seeing her again tonight. She is one hell of a horny woman. And I'm very grateful to her for having let me make a schoolboy's fantasy come true.—*Name and address withheld*

"Okay, Gibney, just when did *we change the company salute?"*

A LESSON LEARNED

After reading your virginity article "Losing It in the 80's," in your May 1983 issue, I just had to relate to your readers how I lost it. At the time I was 18, and even though a virgin, I had a good understanding of what to do to a woman. This was partly due to reading *Penthouse*—specifically the article entitled "What Women Really Want" (September 1982).

I was working for a restaurant where the 25-year-old manager made most of the guys feel like Mr. Cream Jeans. I had a reputation for having been laid by half the girls who worked with me, but even though I would have liked to live up to my reputation, most of it was just a bunch of B.S. the girls had started. My real experience was limited to a few finger bangs and nosedives.

On this particular day I was working the morning shift, which meant I was on the job two hours before anyone else. I had been there about 15 minutes when the manager came in and said she had to finish some paperwork.

After a while, I began to clean up in her office. When I got beside her chair, she asked me if I wanted a raise (pun intended). I said, "Sure." She immediately cupped my crotch and stood and kissed me like I had never been kissed. She slid her hand down my pants and said, "I've heard you're a big boy." By this time the shock was wearing off and this "boy" was getting bigger.

We were soon undressed and I was playing it by the book (*Penthouse*), slowly moving down her body and ending at her sweet snatch. After she had moaned through her orgasm and rested, she rolled me over and climbed aboard for the ride. I surprised myself by lasting the whole ride and climaxing with her. Time flies when you're having fun; before we realized it an hour had passed and another employee was beating at the door to be let in. In a flash I was dressed and she was in the bathroom dressing.

Obviously I finished my work late that day, but being the generous and understanding boss she is, I didn't catch hell for laying down on the job.—*Name and address withheld*

DIVE IN

I am an avid reader of the "Forum" column; I turn to it first thing every month. I have read many letters from cross dressers but have never seen any that addresses my particular scene.

I have always liked the sexy, frilly clothing that women wear. As a boy I was surrounded with it—I had four older sisters. I usually borrowed their clothing and tried it on in the privacy of my own room, or in the bathroom. One Saturday night, however, I was alone in the house and no one else was expected home until quite late. I went into Corinne's room—she and I were about the same size. From her dresser I took out a front-closing black push-up bra, black panties, a black garter belt, and black stockings. In her closet I found a spectacular pair of four-inch-heel ankle-strap sandals.

Sitting at her dressing table, I put on the bra and panties. As I gently slid one stocking up my leg, Corinne came into the room with her girlfriend Amy. I sat there in shock. Corinne started to laugh. She said she had thought that someone had been trying on her clothes. Amy said that I looked *cute*.

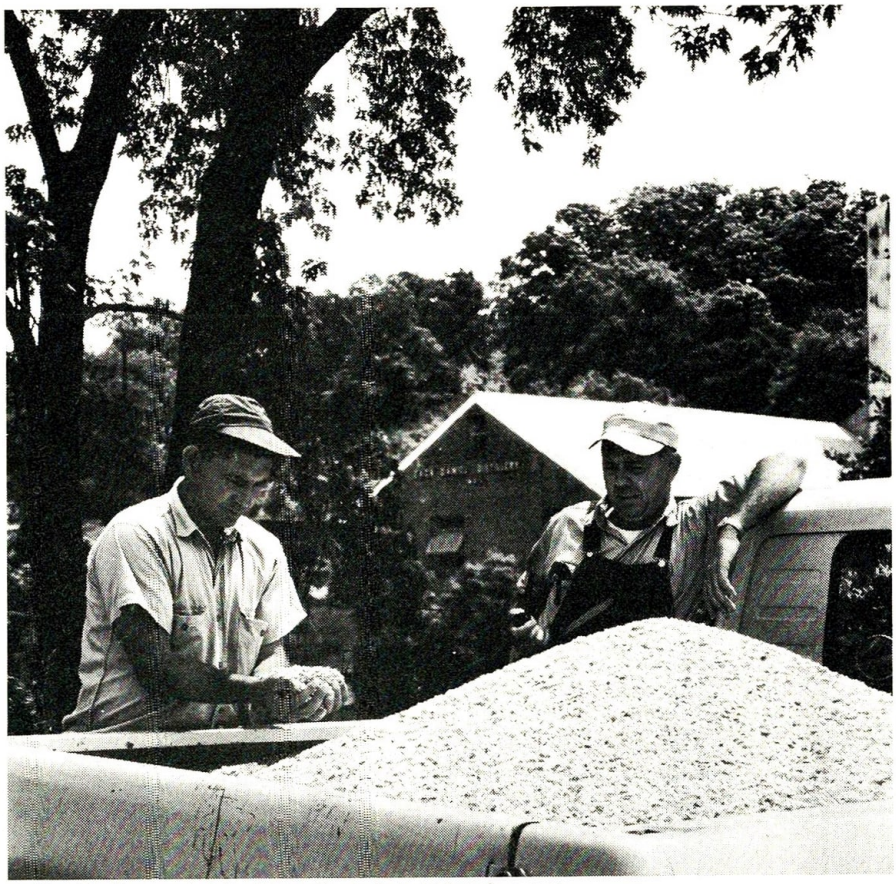
Amy was the only girl I had ever met who was sexier than my sister. She suggested that the two of them stay and help me finish dressing. I was a little reluctant, but Corinne threatened to tell our parents, so I agreed. The girls told me to stay there while they got ready. After a few minutes they both came back into the room. Corinne was dressed in a short black leather dress, complete with black fishnet stockings and high-heeled black leather boots. Amy wore something similar, only in blood red.

I was told that I had to obey every command or I would answer to our parents. Amy told me to finish putting on my stockings, then Corinne helped me with the garter belt. I then had to put on the high-heeled sandals and, to top it off, Corinne handed me my mother's black wig. Both girls helped me with makeup. Then I had to put on one of Corinne's dresses. I must admit I looked as sexy as my sister.

The girls made me parade around in front of them for a while and do some housekeeping. After a half hour of this, Amy said we were going to the Dive. Both girls put on long coats over their outfits and I put on Amy's red fox coat.

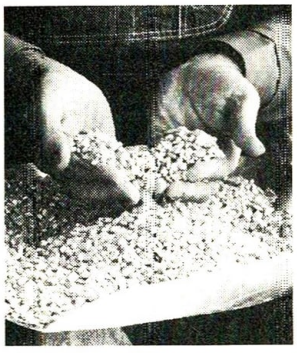
The Dive was in a loft in midtown. It was a private B & D club where mistresses bring their slaves for a night of partying. The girls introduced me to some of their friends before we went into one of the semiprivate party rooms. Corinne then ordered me to lie down. Soon thereafter, Amy lowered her pussy onto my face. I was told to suck, and that I did. Every last drop was withdrawn, as Amy came and came.

When she was spent, Corinne had me eat all of her other friends. Needless to say, I had a raging boner. One of her friends saw my predicament and ordered



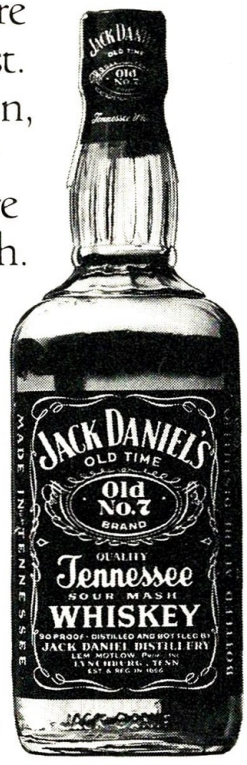
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we use America's finest grain to make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Flavored by America's finest grain

Our miller inspects each delivery of grain to make sure he is buying the best. Then, and only then, he takes care to dry it and clean it before cooking it in a mash. Our choice grain is a good reason why Jack Daniel's has won taste competitions in London, Liège, Ghent, St. Louis, Amsterdam and Brussels. And why, we believe, it will gain your acclaim wherever you taste it.



London 1914 · Liege 1905 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Amsterdam 1981 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

her female slave to lift my dress and suck me. I exploded in her mouth and she took every drop.

After several more hours of this, Corinne said that it was time to go home. I could hardly walk in the heels because of exhaustion. When we got home I quickly went to my room, where I undressed and took off my makeup.

Since then I have been going to various clubs with my sister or Amy. I moved into their apartment about a year ago and now live exclusively as a woman. I have a high-paying job and can afford the best clothing. I also get many propositions from men, but I turn them down because my sister would not approve. I really don't enjoy men, anyway.

I hope other men who have been dominated by their female family members and made to dress up as women will write to share their experiences.—*Name and address withheld*

ORDERING OUT

This incident happened ten years ago, but it still ranks as my most unusual sexual experience. At the time I was working as a cashier at a party store. One morning another cashier answered a phone call. He listened for a moment, then handed the receiver to me. "It's for you," he said. I put it to my ear and heard a seductive female voice say, "Would you come over and put a hot dog in me?"

I had to ask her to repeat herself. Figuring it had to be a prank, I went along with her, got her address, and hung up. We all had a good laugh about it. We were still chuckling an hour later when she called back. "Why didn't you come over? I'm waiting." Still not believing her sincerity, I told her I'd be right over.

She called back in half an hour. "I'm still waiting; please come over. Are you any good at oral sex?" I decided that I had to at least check out the possibilities, so I asked my boss if he would let me go. He was real curious, too.

I went over to the address she had given me. I knocked on the door and it was opened by a woman in a bathrobe. She was in her twenties, short, dark haired, and not altogether unattractive.

"Are you the one who called about a hot dog?" I asked.

She said yes, let me in, and immediately led me to the bedroom. She took off her robe, revealing her naked body. She had small tits and a nice petite figure. She laid down on the bed and spread her legs, and I saw thick black hair over her crotch, obscuring her cunt.

I stood looking for a moment. Then, remembering our store's unofficial motto, We Deliver, I got on the bed and knelt down between her legs. "Here goes," I said, as I went down on her.

I pulled back her pubic hairs as best I could and started licking up and down the length of her cunt. She threw her head back on the pillow and began to breathe heavily. With the fingers of my left hand I massaged her clitoris. Her cunt got wet and I could taste the moisture.

Suddenly she grabbed my hand and pulled it away. "I think," she said, "it's time for the hot dog."

She directed me to the refrigerator. Inside were two franks lying on a small plate. Apparently she was on rather friendly terms with her hot dogs.

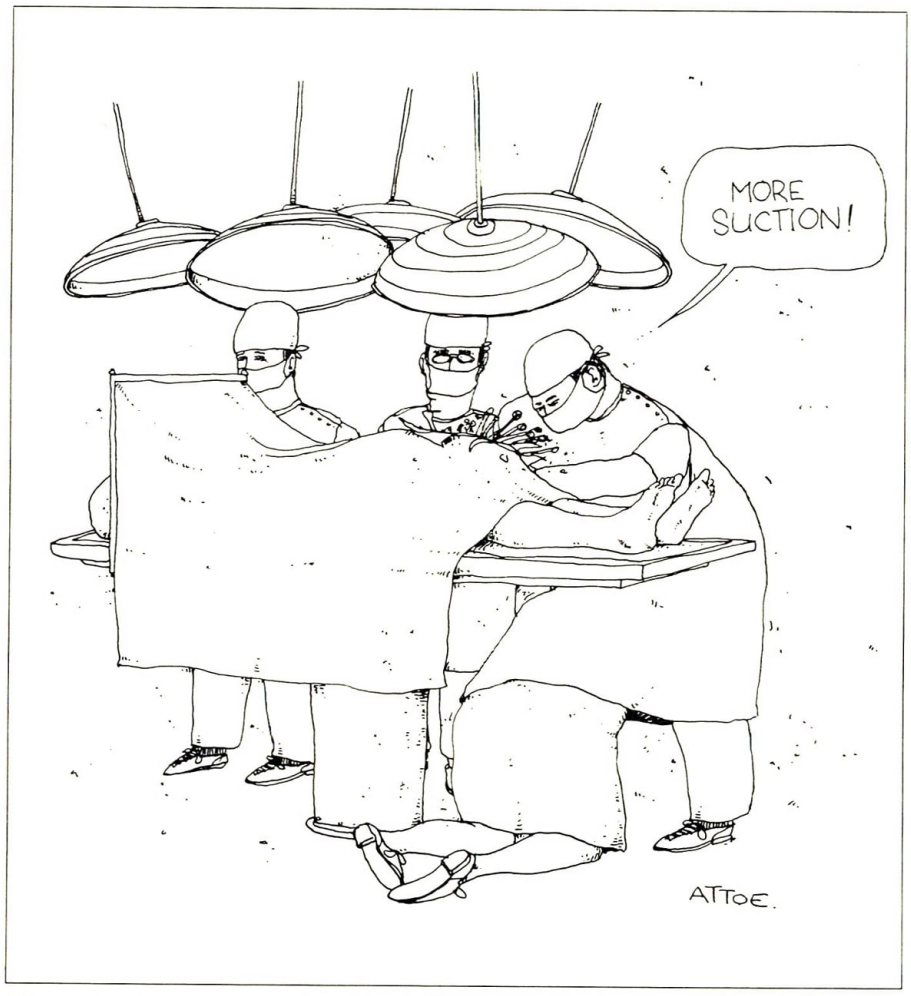
I brought one back to the bedroom and started to put it between her legs, but she stopped me. "No, no, it's too cold. Warm it up first." Always anxious to please a customer, I rubbed it with my hands until it met her approval.

I put one end of it in her cunt, and she helped me guide it in further. Slowly I pushed it in until there was about two inches left for me to hang onto. Then I began carefully moving it in and out. After a while she started to moan and took hold of my hand to regulate the speed of the thrusts. Her cunt was soon well lubricated and the wiener slid in and out easily. She let go of my hand and her fingers moved up to her clitoris and rubbed it furiously. Finally, with a heart-stopping, earthshaking groan and shudder, she came.

After a short pause she opened her eyes, and I withdrew the hot dog, which was dripping with her moisture. I got up and started to leave. "Wait," she said. "I haven't paid you for the delivery yet."

And with that she had me sit on the edge of the bed, knelt in front of me, and unzipped my pants. Due to my rather excited condition from watching her orgasm, and the feel of her lips on my cock, I came almost immediately.

I went back to work with a shit-eating grin on my face, and everyone crowded around me when I came in. Bit by bit they pried pieces of the story from me, and we got a lot of mileage out of the tale of the "Hot-Dog Lady."—*Name and address withheld*



For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Marcia Ruks was photographed by Stephen Hicks with a Rollei SL 2000 camera. She appears on page 73. "Beau-Tide Belle" Donna Stevens, who appears on page 58, was photographed by Steve Wayda with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 85 and 105 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. Allan J. Wash photographed Lynn Roberts with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 180, 135, 85, and 50 lenses, Norman strobes, and Kodachrome 25 and 64 film. She appears on page 96.

"Every successful man gets up early in the morning and is always tanned."

Aristotle Onassis

Not all successful people own their own island. You don't have the hours to spend each day building and maintaining a healthy tan. Now you can show off a natural, sexy tan year-round without even walking outside. The famous EuroTan tanning units, used in spas and finer hotels worldwide, are now available for home use. Easy to install and operate, the EuroTan system guarantees you a healthy, safe tan within days. EuroTan uses the safest tanning source available. The proven UV-A tanning waves gently tan you without the negative side effects of the sun. No burn. No wrinkles.

No aging of the skin. Nothing except a healthy, glowing tan in the privacy of your own home or office. EuroTan is one of the largest suppliers of tanning equipment in the world. The technical superiority and quality craftsmanship of our German-made tanning beds are unsurpassed in this country – Open your own business with our high speed commercial tanning units. If your hair salon or health club does not have our equipment, show them this ad and ask the manager to call us. For more information and the EuroTan dealer nearest you: Call 800-231-6273. In Texas call 713/529-5100.

EUROTAN

INTERNATIONAL

3701 Montrose • Houston, Texas 77006

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

CORRECTION

In the February 1984 issue of *Penthouse*, credits for John Copeland's pictorial "Birds of a Feather," featuring Candice Starrek, were inadvertently published with another pictorial. We would like to apologize for this oversight to our readers and to makeup artist Larry Gajsiewicz, stylist Judy B. Swartz, hairstylist Gabor, and Mr. Sydney of Hollywood who furnished clothes and furs. All of their outstanding work contributed to the excellence of this feature.—*The Editors*

AMERICAN TERRORISM

I would like to compliment you on the article, "An American Tragedy," by T. D. Allman, which appeared in your January issue. This account is but one in a series of such horror stories that have come to characterize the U.S. government and its friends around the world. I, for one, can take no more and refuse to even work in this country and pay taxes to support U.S.-backed terror around the world. I'm currently making plans to leave and to work for some sort of sanity from the outside, even though, as Allman's article so vividly pointed out, nowhere in the world is safe from organized terrorists.—*Name and address withheld*

SIMON WIESENTHAL

In regard to W. Avery-Bey's letter, which appeared in the December 1983 "Feedback," I must tell you how perplexed I am as to the propriety of publishing such a letter in *Penthouse*. I hope Mr. Avery-Bey is aware that Simon Wiesenthal has never advocated bringing to justice a single individual or a group other than those directly responsible for criminal activity during the Nazi era. To equate birth-control programs with brutal, premeditated, systematic extermination of millions is nothing less than absurd.

W. Avery-Bey also suggests that Mr. Wiesenthal and "others like him" are pursuing a "personal vendetta." The facts are well known and require no further evidence. Simon Wiesenthal, a victim and a survivor of the Holocaust, is not fighting a personal war. If his work was a personal vendetta, so would be the job of every city, county, state, and federal agency responsible for fighting crime and bringing criminals to justice. It's up to the courts to rule on their guilt or innocence and to administer punishment. It's also up to the courts to rule which individuals concealed their true identities and made blatantly false statements when applying for immigration status in the United States. Under the rules of our Justice Department and the Immigration and Naturalization Service, there is no statute of limitations with respect to dealing with revocation of citizenship of individuals who either lied on their applications or have concealed their criminal pasts.

I must take strong issue with W. Avery-Bey's statement, "Since when has it become a world crime to kill or capture one's foe during the time of war?" It will probably come as a shock to Mr. Avery-Bey that what he is referring to is exactly a crime and was so ruled by the Nuremberg trials. By moral standards these crimes were the most heinous ever recorded in the history of the human race. The 6 million Jews murdered by the Nazis were civilians, women and children included, living in peace with their neighbors. For centuries, Jews living within the Germanic culture have made an enormous contribution in the areas of art, science, literature, and music. Possibly Avery-Bey never heard of Heine, Mendelssohn, Einstein, Feuchtwanger, Steinmetz, Freud, and scores of others. Were these the people to be considered enemies of Germany at the whim of a psychotic dictator? How does it happen that a dictator such as Hitler had the moral license to declare any ethnic group an enemy of the state and to do so, after the fact, with W. Avery-Bey's blessing? Doesn't that sound the same as so many other claims made by autocratic rulers of every shape and color to persecute and murder entire ethnic groups under the umbrella of some obscure divine sanction? The examples literally pop out of almost every page of recorded history. Just to mention a few: The Romans killing the Christians, the bloody trail left by the crusaders, the Spanish Inquisition, the brutal enslavement and exploitation of the blacks in America, the genocidal war against the American Indians, the slaughter of the Armenians and the Cambodians, the bloodbath under the 30-year dictatorship of Joseph Stalin, the agony of Islamic madness under Khomeini. . . .

In conclusion, please permit me to say that the readers of *Penthouse* have been extremely loyal to you. They deserve better reading material than what W. Avery-Bey has provided.—*Joseph Nussbaum, Hollywood, Calif.*

THE THING ABOUT STING

I just read the Sting profile in your January issue, and as far as I'm concerned he can take his garbage philosophy and shove it.

ENTER THE CANON PHOTO CONTEST— WIN A TRIP TO THE OLYMPICS!

Test your skills in the Canon Photo Contest and you could win one of six trips for two to the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, including round-trip airfare, three nights, four days at a hotel, tickets to Olympic events, ground transportation to the games, $500 in spending money *plus* a Limited Olympic Edition Canon New F-1 professional camera!

We encourage you to enter a photo you've already taken, or get your camera out right now and shoot to win! There are 864 prizes in all, worth over $70,000!

Your $1.00 Entry Fee is a contribution to the U.S. Olympic Team

Subject categories are SPORTS, PEOPLE and NATURE, with separate competitions for SLR and non-SLR owners. A $1.00 contribution to the U.S. Olympic Team is your entry fee. Canon will match your dollar if your entry was taken with a Canon camera. 5″ x 7″ prints made from original 35mm negatives or transparencies taken after March 1st, 1983, are eligible. All entries must be received by May 31st, 1984. Complete rules and regulations are provided on the *official entry form* available at your authorized Canon dealer or by writing to: Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, N.Y. 11042. Requests must be received by May 1st, 1984. Limit: one request per envelope. Open to U.S. residents, 16 years of age or older. Void in Vermont and where prohibited by law. Contest closes May 31, 1984.

Canon®

ACTION PROGRAM

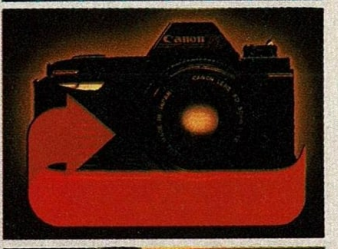
Action Program keeps pictures bright and clear in any light. You just focus and shoot!

POWER WINDER

It's built right in! Automatically advances film after each shot.

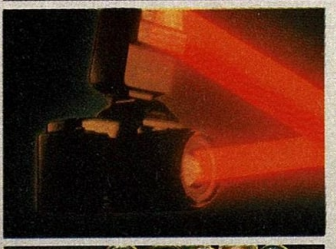
PROGRAMMED FLASH

The all-new Speedlite 244T makes flash shooting totally automatic too!



CANON FD LENSES

The entire line of over 50 interchangeable Canon FD lenses fits the Canon T50 camera... wide-angle, tele-photo, zoom—and more!



Take off!

With the new Canon T50. It's unbelievably simple!

Shown w/optional Speedlite 244T

The Official 35mm Camera of the 1984 Olympic Games

Contributor to the U.S. Olympic Team

Canon T50

PROGRAMMED AUTOMATION
AUTOMATIC FILM TRANSPORT

Canon USA, Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, New York 11042 / 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126 / 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071
123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626 / 2035 Royal Lane, Suite 290, Dallas, Texas 75229 / Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 / Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario

© 1983 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine;
Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

When you know what counts.

Kent

Low tar Lights Ultra

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984
Taste you
can count on.

A SINGER'S DREAM!

REMOVES VOCALS FROM RECORDS!

Our VOCAL ELIMINATOR can remove most or virtually all of a lead vocal from a standard stereo record and leave most of the background untouched! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo system. Not an equalizer! We can prove it works over the phone. Write or call for a free brochure and demo record.

Write to: LT Sound, Dept. PN, PO Box 338
Stone Mountain, GA 30086
In Georgia Call (404)493-1258
TOLL FREE: 1-800-241-3005 — Ext. 25

ADD STEREO SOUND TO YOUR TV!

TELEDAPTER®

Model TE-200 easily connects between any TV or VCR and your stereo systems' aux. or tape inputs. Teledapters matrix stereo circuitry takes a mono signal from the TV or VCR, and synthetically produces two stereo channels, so exciting and dimensional, you will think you're at the theatre. The TE-200 also matches the impedances and serves as an isolation interface. Order yours today, complete with all instructions, cables, and prompt 30 day refund guarantee if you're not satisfied. Only $39.95 plus $3.00 ship. Mail: check, MO, Visa, MC or DC # or call 24 hours, ask for our free catalog and the name of your nearest dealer.

TOLL FREE
1-800-251-8608
DEPT. 121, P.O. BOX 1316
COLUMBIA, TENN. 38402-1316

RHOADES

Help develop our natural resources.

The kids of today are the doctors and nurses, the engineers and scientists, the teachers and journalists, the leaders of tomorrow.

Only with your help can they be assured of a first-rate college education because today colleges are having a hard time coping with the high costs of learning.

Please give to the college of your choice.

Your contribution will help develop our country's most valuable natural resources.

Invest in the future of America.
Give to the college of your choice.

A PUBLIC SERVICE OF THIS PUBLICATION AND THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL Ad Council CFE COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION, INC. 680 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, NY 10019

How dare he be such an asshole?

Sure the Police have survived adverse circumstances to stay together. But the bottom line is this: If not for the fans, the backers, the behind-the-scenes believers, the Police would be nothing.

It seems as though Sting is almost resentful that he wrote songs from the deep darkness of his mind and that they came out as clean, sharp, beautiful songs, not to mention giant hits.

Regardless of Sting's personality, I still love the Police. I just hope he gets his wish as the King of Pain.—*Michael Kleinwaks, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.*

FUN WITH GAMES

Thanks for the challenging "Games" column in your October issue. I'd like to make a comment about Billie, the *Penthouse* bookkeeper, and her clever sub-bookkeeper, and their search for words with double letters.

Any bookkeeper who cannot account for the only English word with five sets of double letters is, in my book, a boob-bookkeeper.—*Alan Revere, San Francisco, Calif.*

Just before I got out of the service in 1972, I became a Turtle Club member. Here's a clue as to what they're like.

A guy came up to me and asked for a dollar bill and then told me to find a key, a dairy product, and the title of a motion picture.

I found the key but not the other two. So he took the bill from me, tore it in half, and declared, "Half 'n' half." He then tossed the halves into the air and said, "Gone with the wind."—*Alan Carlson, Lubbock, Tex.*

After reading your December 1983 "Games" article on *wordpix*, I remembered a historical sample from the eighteenth century, which my father passed on to me many years ago. From what I can gather, it was invented around 1750.

King Frederick II ("The Great" of Prussia) once invited Voltaire, his favorite philosopher, and a friend, to see him at: ci / sans. which means sans below ci—in French, sans sous ci, or Sanssouci, Frederick's castle in Potsdam.

Voltaire responded with no more than: G a. In French: "G grand, a petit," which, said aloud, sounds like, "J'ai grand appétit," which means in English, "I have a big appetite," or "I look forward to seeing you with great pleasure."—*H. M. Zeisig, West Germany*

BOWIE SELLS OUT?

As a longtime Bowie fan, I was quite concerned with a statement he made while discussing MTV with interviewer Robert Palmer in your November 1983 issue of *Penthouse*.

Bowie said that when he started watching the cable music channel, he found the racism "extraordinarily blatant." I couldn't agree more with Bowie. But I can't help but point out that he is supporting this racism by allowing MTV to show his *Modern Love, China Girl, Let's Dance*, and *Ashes to Ashes* videos.

The music industry is certainly greedy and aggressive, but Bowie is beyond the point of prostituting his talents on Warner Bros.'s racist music-television channel. Come on, David, practice what you preach.—*John A. Loyd, San Jose, Calif.*

MENACING MEDIA

I am in total agreement with Arnold Forster's conclusions regarding American press coverage of the war in Lebanon and congratulate *Penthouse* for having the courage to expose its peers in the February 1984 issue.

When the Israeli invasion of Lebanon took place, I was the editor of a press service that supplied feature articles about Israel to some 60 publications. I did not enter Lebanon with my press pass, however. On June 6, the first day of the fighting, I entered Lebanon as a soldier.

We were welcomed as liberators by a good portion of the Lebanese, both Christians and a number of Shi'ites who had grown tired of being bullied by the PLO.

When we entered towns I often felt as if I was an extra in a movie, playing an American soldier in newly liberated France. Pretty women threw flowers at us from balconies and fearless children brought us refreshments.

In the hundreds of photos I have seen of the conflict, I can't recall ever having seen a photograph of such a scene. But as an eyewitness reporter I'll swear that there were endless photo opportunities of this very complicated conflict of emotions. Funny, the photographers just weren't interested in recording scenes of relief. But the fact is that most Lebanese, no matter what their public posture, were quite happy to be rid of the PLO.

My unit's final position was between the towns of Ain Zhalta and Ain Dara in the Shuf Mountains. It was there that Israel fought a large tank battle aimed at pushing the Syrians beyond the Beirut-Damascus highway.

From our vantage point we watched the smoke and flames as the tanks fought it out. By evening we learned the fighting had been costly. We lost two tanks and casualties were high.

The BBC has a transmitter on Cyprus, so I picked up their broadcasts from Lebanon very clearly. That evening they reported that a heavy tank battle had taken place in central Lebanon (correct, so far) and that Israel had lost 32 tanks. What happened to the other 30 tanks?

Now, a lot happens in a war and I won't fill your space with every example of gross misreporting, but let us just say the BBC is, if nothing else, consistent—consistently wrong.

As a reporter I expect bias; there's just no escaping it, so one has to live with it. But bias and reporting the facts should never be mixed up.

I was on the fringe of the press community in Jerusalem and got to truly dislike the foreign correspondents. I came to view them as vultures picking apart a basically healthy body and reporting it as cancerous every time they found a wart.

An associate of mine at the time was the Middle East correspondent for a Dallas daily. His journalistic style was to have a story all ready and to badger interviewees until they gave him a quote that fit his conclusions. I pointed out the misreporting of the BBC and asked him how he could justify such juggling of reality.

He told me that a reporter has his sources and can't be blamed if they are wrong. Any experienced Middle East reporter knows he has to take facts from even official Arab sources with a grain of salt because of the Arab tendency to exaggerate. But for this war the entire media chose to quote the Arab side verbatim and distrust the Israeli version almost entirely. The result has to be the most poorly interpreted chronicle of a war in recent journalistic history.

A week and a half into the fighting, I was given a two-day leave. On my way back into Lebanon, I bought a copy of *Newsweek*. Somewhere near Sidon I read that the Israeli invasion had left 600,000 homeless in southern Lebanon.

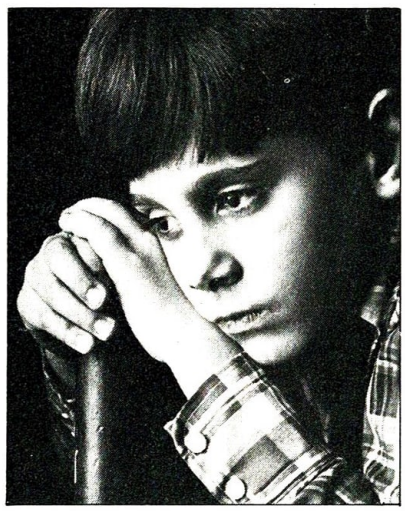
Mr. Forster correctly points out the folly of this statistic but does not answer the question of how a magazine, in this case *Newsweek,* could print such an illogical figure.

Now, like most people, I assumed there were 600,000 homeless refugees. I remember passing both the Litani and Awali rivers and seeing about 1,000 refugees on the banks of each. Undoubtedly, some worried nonsympathizers of Israel left their homes and headed north, but I had a great deal of trouble imagining 100,000 refugees, let alone six times that number. I had witnessed the conduct of the war and it was not Israeli policy to force the population to flee. So where were all the refugees? The final homeless figure was 10,000. *Newsweek* was off by only 590,000 lives.

About six months later, Milan Kubic, the new *Newsweek* Jerusalem bureau chief, faced an audience of Israeli journalists. When someone finally asked about the reporting of the homeless, Kubic said that one of the problems of war reporting was that he and his staff just weren't properly trained to report warfare. Why, he wouldn't know a MIG from a Phantom.

And that, Mr. Forster and *Penthouse* readers, I believe is the rotten core of the Lebanese reporting. The reporters just didn't know what they were doing.—*Barry Chamish, Jerusalem, Israel*

Barry Chamish was editor of Profiles of Israel, a features press service. After the war in Lebanon, he lost all taste for reporting. Today he is the director of Patlex Corporation in Israel, a New Jersey–based technology-transfer company.



The abused child will grow up someday.

Maybe.

Each year, over 2,000 American children die from child abuse.

But what about those who survive?

An abused childhood can affect a person's entire life.

Yet child abuse *can* be prevented.

The National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse is a private charitable, organization that knows how to do it. But we need your help. We need money. We need volunteers. Send us your check today. Or write for our booklet.

Because if we don't all start somewhere, we won't get anywhere.

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse

Help us get to the heart of the problem.

Write: Prevent Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council. Ad Council

FIGHT FOR MEN'S RIGHTS. JOIN THE

N. O. M.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR MEN

Your membership will help:
Institute and support the first men's library and research center
Institute the first men's legal defense fund
Initiate and support a fair national divorce law amendment
Support a national representative to the President
Abolish alimony jails
Curb unreasonable alimony and child support

Send $25 for membership packet or write for more information:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR MEN
49 WHITE STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ $25 Year's Membership Fee enclosed ☐ Send me more information

PRISON GUARDS

I've just finished reading the article on prison guards in your May 1983 issue and I feel the need to give you my viewpoint. I have spent some time in prison and have some knowledge of the subject.

Of all the books and articles on prison life I've read, I found yours to be the most enlightening. However, I would like to point out one fact. It is unfortunate that because of relatively few "bad" inmates and "bad" C.O.'s, all of us must suffer from the subsequent bad stories and reports in the news media. Joe Citizen reads about a prison riot and the poor treatment of inmates and says, "Those poor guys!" The following week he reads about the beating or slaying of a C.O. and says, "Those poor guys!" What about the society that produces all those poor guys?

With crime statistics soaring, and with prisons overpopulated and understaffed, isn't it time we reexamined the social and cultural structures that spawned these situations? If some of our nation's billions of dollars were used internally to better our educational system and social programs, we wouldn't have the penal problems that face us today.

Education of the young, not rehabilitation of the old, is the answer. It is the young criminals who are committing crimes and flooding the prisons, and the young C.O.'s who are helping to make that system dangerous. Both groups are grossly uneducated. Isn't something amiss?—*Robert Leventhal, Ossining Correctional Facility*

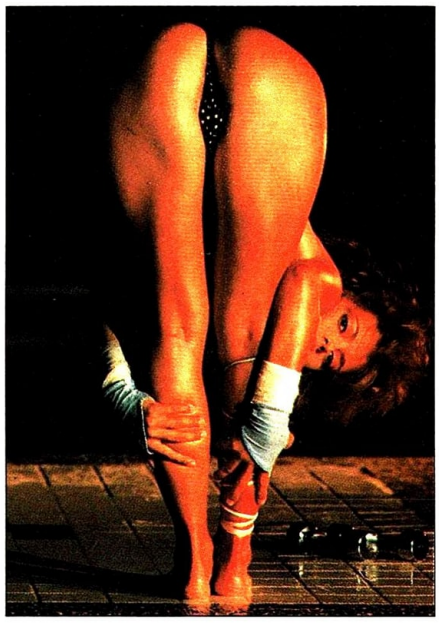
LISA LAURELED

I am writing in regard to your excellent choice of Lisa Schultz as December Pet of the Month. Lisa's fantastic looks and amazing body, captured by Hank Londoner's skillful shutter, were an inspiration to the helicopter-rescue crewmen deployed on the United States ship *Ranger*. Especially motivating is the final moment of sunset caught and kept alive by Lisa's profile.

Penthouse has brought color to many gray bulkheads at sea, but more important, it exemplifies our right to "freedom of expression," which is too often taken for granted. Please keep reminding us that we are free—*L. L. Turner, F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.*

Your December issue sure made my holidays merry! Lisa Schultz is a natural wonder and her pictorial was simply breathtaking. Your article on nude photography was truly an inspiration for broadening my artistic talents, and I'm sure others are equally grateful for your profound instructions. Also, the *Penthouse* interview with Frank Terpil brought a smile to my face, mainly because he never made it to trial.—*Robert Romine, Chicago, Ill.*

While I thoroughly enjoyed your pictorial of Lisa Schultz in your December 1983 issue, I feel obliged to correct a big geo-



graphical error that was made in the accompanying article.

While the Queen Charlotte Islands are certainly northwest of Washington State, they are not located south of Canada. The Charlottes are west of the mainland and, in fact, part of the province of British Columbia, Canada.

You can take heart, *Penthouse,* in knowing that many Canadians also could not tell you the exact location of the Charlottes. As an expatriate, I am able to correct this oversight, which might otherwise have gone unnoticed.—*Cliff Knox, Prince George, B.C.*

Lisa Schultz is the loveliest woman I have ever seen in your pictorials. I vote her Pet of the Year!

In your commentary about Lisa you said that she lived in the Queen Charlotte Islands, "just north of Washington State and just south of Canada." I'm afraid the only thing between Washington and Canada is a border.

The Queen Charlottes are just south of Alaska and west of Prince Rupert's Land off the west coast of British Columbia, Canada. Let's at least put lovely Lisa on the map! Study your geography, *Penthouse!*—*S.A.F., Vancouver, B.C.*

Whoops! Looks like we were so awestruck by Lisa's figure, we forgot about the facts.

Here's another view (above) of our island temptress. Bottoms up!—The Editors

LENNON'S LOST WEEKEND

I'm a great admirer of John Lennon, and I've done a lot of reading on the man. When I saw on your July cover that you were doing an article on his last years, I immediately bought your magazine. But after reading the first page, I was completely turned off. Mr. Green has gotten the story of John and Yoko's separation completely wrong, so how could I go on with the rest of the article?

First of all, it was Yoko's idea that they have a separation. Second, everyone knew where John was during his whole "Lost Weekend," as he called it. He was in L.A. with the likes of Harry Nilsson and Keith Moon, and there John made the news many times. Last of all, John and Yoko got back together, not after John came home, but after an Elton John concert at Madison Square Garden in which John performed with Elton.

As the story goes, Yoko was in the audience, and after the show she went backstage. As John would have put it, "The rest is history."

I would appreciate your printing this so Lennon fans can get the story straight. Also, a reply from John Green would be nice.—*Billy Eastin, Ville Platte, La.*

John Green replies:

You are only partially right when you say that John was in L.A. during his "Lost Weekend." After he left Yoko in October of 1973, John stayed in New York City with May Pang and worked on the first version of Rock 'N' Roll *and did not leave for L.A. until early '74. He returned to New York in late July '74 to work on* Walls and Bridges *and to testify in federal court that Nixon was trying to have him deported for his work in the peace movement. John did appear with Elton John at Madison Square Garden on November 28, 1974, but he and Yoko were not reunited at the time. John went to Florida with May in December and flew Julian over from England to spend the holidays with him. John and Yoko did reunite in New York in February, and that fact was made public on March 1, 1975, at the Grammy Awards. All of the above information was in the papers.*

Further, it was in the papers that Yoko was the one to throw John out. But that story originated in a press release designed to spare Yoko's feelings. Give the lady credit for more sense than to cut herself off from her husband, her economic support, her avenue to public attention, and her future in the recording industry all at the same time.

I appreciate that you want to get Lennon's story straight for his fans, as that is also my intent.

THE PAROLE SYSTEM

John Godwin writes, in "Parole: Whose Life Is It, Anyway?" [July 1983], a very convincing argument to fuel public demands for longer prison terms while squeezing closed their purses.

I grant you that the system sucks. There are over 730,000 men and women who can attest to that, according to Godwin's figures. I must say that not all are crazed degenerates or psychotic monsters. They are, however, products of an overburdened, overcrowded system that *does not care* about reform or rehabilitation. If an inmate is successfully reformed, it is by his own efforts, not through any doing of the status quo system. The system administrators couldn't care less.

Prison is not fun, nor should it be. However, the overcrowding creates sodomy, brutal assaults, hostility, and hatred and will continue to do so until the real problems are dealt with—the problems of education and moral values, which seem to have gone to hell in the American way of life. These things have fallen under the knife of greed, power, lust, and the drive to get ahead at the expense of others.

As long as the parole system is influenced by politics and budgets, yet at the same time is separated from law enforcement, the prisons will remain full. The parole boards are independent lawmakers, or rather enforcers, because of their power to keep people incarcerated.

Now what about the thousands who *are* on parole and doing well? Shall we flog all of them because the system has released a few psychos that would never fit into society? Many freed convicts do return to prison; Godwin says one in four. The latest figures from the federal government say 80 percent return within five years of release. That should say a lot about the existing system.

I say, let's have more regimentation. Not with more marching from place to place or with more locked doors and high walls, but instead with more programs of self-awareness, drug awareness, skills training, or other mandatory programs. Maybe the perpetrator of the crime should be ordered to paint the house of the old lady whose purse he snatched or to work in a morgue, where murder victims are brought. Let's put this huge work force to use in contributing to the society they never felt a part of, for whatever reason.

Then, and only then, will the concept of parole as a privilege be practical. I agree that it should be earned as a privilege, and under the above circumstances you can bet it would be earned.—*Ernest Webb, Salem, Oreg.*

MOANS & GROANS

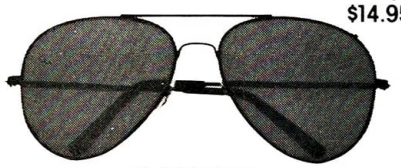
While I enjoy the quality of your magazine's erotic material, I am strongly opposed to the slant of much of your feature writing. The majority of it consists of cynical and retrograde attitudes and politics.

The review of *Under Fire* in your December 1983 "Films" column, for instance, said the protagonists sold out because they had the audacity to commit themselves to a just cause. Apparently Mr. Greenspun thought that they should have remained amoral and "objective," for example, supporting the implicit assumption of a tyrannical status quo. I'm not only referring to the Somoza regime itself, but also to the U.S. government, without whose constant support Somoza (as well as his current counterparts in El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala) could not have lasted a month.—*David M. Lazarus, Willimantic, Conn.*

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS™
QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

1 Only $14.95

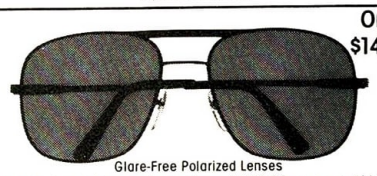


Black Metal Frames
Thin and durable black metal frames. Aviator teardrop style lenses.
A $25.00 value only $14.95. **2 pairs for $28.00.**

2 Only $9.95

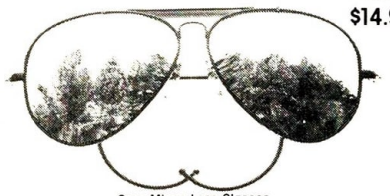
Girl Watcher
Gray mirrored lenses, black frames. A $20.00 value only $9.95.
2 pairs for $18.00.

3 Only $14.95



Glare-Free Polarized Lenses
Dull black metal frame, classic shape. A $30.00 value only $14.95.
2 pairs for $28.00.

4 Only $14.95



Gray Mirror Lens Glasses
Gold metal rims, flexible cable temples. A $30.00 value only $14.95.
2 pairs for $28.00.

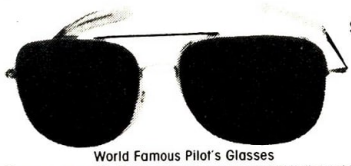
5 Only $14.95

The Classic
Black metal frames, gray lenses. A $30.00 value only $14.95.
2 pairs for $28.00.

6 Only $14.95

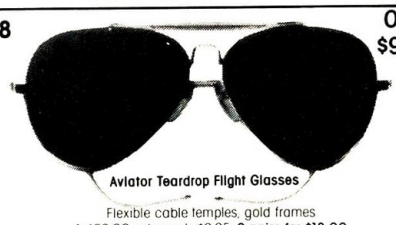
Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses
Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames.
A $30.00 value only $14.95. **2 pairs for $28.00.**

7 Only $7.95



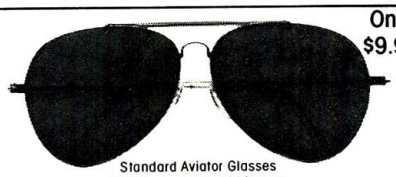
World Famous Pilot's Glasses
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only $7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over $20.00. Specify gold or silver frames.
A $20.00 value only $7.95. **2 pairs for $14.00.**

8 Only $9.95



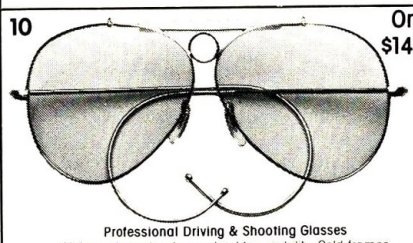
Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples, gold frames.
A $20.00 value only $9.95. **2 pairs for $18.00.**

9 Only $9.95



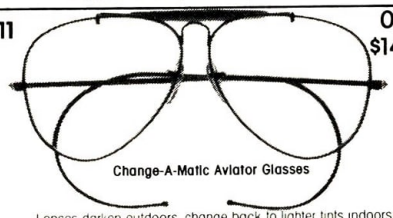
Standard Aviator Glasses
Traditional stems, gold frames.
A $20.00 value only $9.95. **2 pairs for $18.00.**

10 Only $14.95



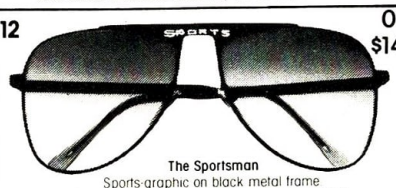
Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames.
A $30.00 value only $14.95. **2 pairs for $28.00.**

11 Only $14.95



Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. Gold frame. A $30.00 value only $14.95. **2 pairs for $28.00.**

12 Only $14.95



The Sportsman
Sports-graphic on black metal frame.
A $25.00 value only $14.95. **2 pairs for $28.00.**

STYLE#	QTY.	FRAME COLOR	PRICE
1		Black	
2		Black	
3		Black	
4		Gold	
5		Black	
6			
7			
8		Gold	
9		Gold	
10		Gold	
11		Gold	
12		Black	

Add Postage, Handling, and Insurance $1.00 per pair $_____
Total $_____

FREE case with each pair.

To order your U.S. Optics™ sunglasses, send check or money order to **U.S. Optics,™ Dept.367, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.**
Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date.
FREE—limited time only—deluxe velour-lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a $3.00 value). Dealer inquiries invited.
Credit card orders may call 1-404-252-0703.

Visa or Master Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics.™ To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days. No Non-sense 30 day guarantee.

Copyright 1983 U.S. Optics™

MEN'S RIGHTS

"Only an organized men's lobby can hope to change the present system that has left the father unequal to the mother in terms of custody rights."

As an attorney for more than 32 years, I contend that judges sitting in divorce and custody cases resent their judicial assignments and therefore refuse to educate themselves in the behavioral sciences. These same judges also refuse to adhere to the objectivity of the law and, I feel, lack compassion when it comes to respecting a father's rights. What they are doing in essence is shying away from an important social issue.

Expediency should not be the governing factor in the disposing of custody cases in our courts. Fathers, who are often faced with a form of civil death as parents because of a resentful spouse, should be allowed the basic privilege of a jury trial. They should be allowed to introduce a full range of evidence, through lie-detector tests and recordings if necessary.

Judges continue to make archaic rulings, adhering to traditional philosophy: What is good for the child is good for the mother and consequently is good for society. And so for a father the road to gaining custody is not easy. The courts are often inclined to be swayed by the testimony of "child-care experts." And once the initial decision has been made in favor of the mother's custody, the courts frown upon uprooting children from their accustomed home by modifying prior awards.

However, this does not mean that you should avoid applying for custody of your children. If you are serious about winning custody, do not waver from your goal. Be sure to exhaust all possibilities in attempting to negotiate an out-of-court settlement with your spouse. In this day of independence and choice for women, it is possible that your spouse may wish to have a career and life-style that do not include long hours each day with children. In any event, be sure that you do not represent yourself in your case. You should retain the most able lawyer you can afford. A custody case is one of the most difficult for a lawyer if he represents a man, so you will have to work hand in glove, giving him complete cooperation.

One of the issues closely tied to custody is exclusive use and occupancy of the marital home. Be sure not to quit your home, since it may be considered a factor against you in a custody case. A New York appeals court has ruled that a father's departure from the marital home constituted abandonment of the child, and custody was lost. Whatever else you do, be certain that you do not concede temporary custody of your children to your spouse. It is especially important during the pendency of the case that your relationship with your children be at its best.

Be certain that you do not cause any friction between yourself and your spouse that would enable her to secure an Order of Protection to prevent your contact or communication with her. If you have any basis in fact for opposing a wife's request for an Order of Protection, contest it vigorously. Orders of Protection are often used to lay the foundation for future arrests or malicious charges.

Use a diary to record those events that will assist in the presentation of your case. You might also consider using a tape recorder to tape conversations between you and your wife. Taping or recording conversations on the telephone may be illegal and inadmissible. So be careful in the use of a tape recorder with the telephone, unless you announce to the other person that you are recording the conversation.

During a custody case, do not move in with another woman. Your relationship with her may become an issue that could muddy your case. Any third-party interaction and its effect upon the children is an issue for the court. No one likes a lawyer who advises celibacy or discretion, but it's good advice.

Be as certain as you can that the court-ordered forensic psychiatrists and psychologists are objective. Obviously, certain forensic teams may be considered biased if their recommendations for custody are overwhelmingly in favor of women. In any event, you should obtain your own child psychiatrist, whose report you should submit to the court-appointed forensic specialists before they make their reports to the courts.

Finally, work on a list of witnesses who can spell out your good relationship with the children, the time you spend with them, and the active role you play in their lives.

Only an organized, nationwide men's lobby can hope to change the present court system that has left the American father unequal to the American mother in terms of rights and custody. The courts must realize that they are dealing with children who also have legal rights.

[Editor's note: Sidney Siller, a member of the New York State bar, has formed the National Organization for Men (NOM). It is located at 217 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10017.]

BY SIDNEY SILLER

High Tech vs. High Fashion

If you've been wrestling with a decision whether to buy a high tech watch or a high fashion watch—you can relax. Casio, the world leader in digital watches, has just introduced a line of watches that combines high tech with high fashion. A line of men's and women's watches, behind whose timeless, classical faces hum the latest in quartz movements.

The men's watches, besides their hands, have a digital readout that can be set separately—handy for time-telling in two zones. It also gives you the month, date and day, as well as stopwatch and alarm functions.

What's more, several of our men's watches—like the one on the left in the photo above—are guaranteed to function underwater—to a depth of 150 feet.

Our selection of women's watches is wide, elegantly thin and all are as stunningly accurate as they are good looking.

But the most amazing ability these watches have—both men's and women's—is their affordability.

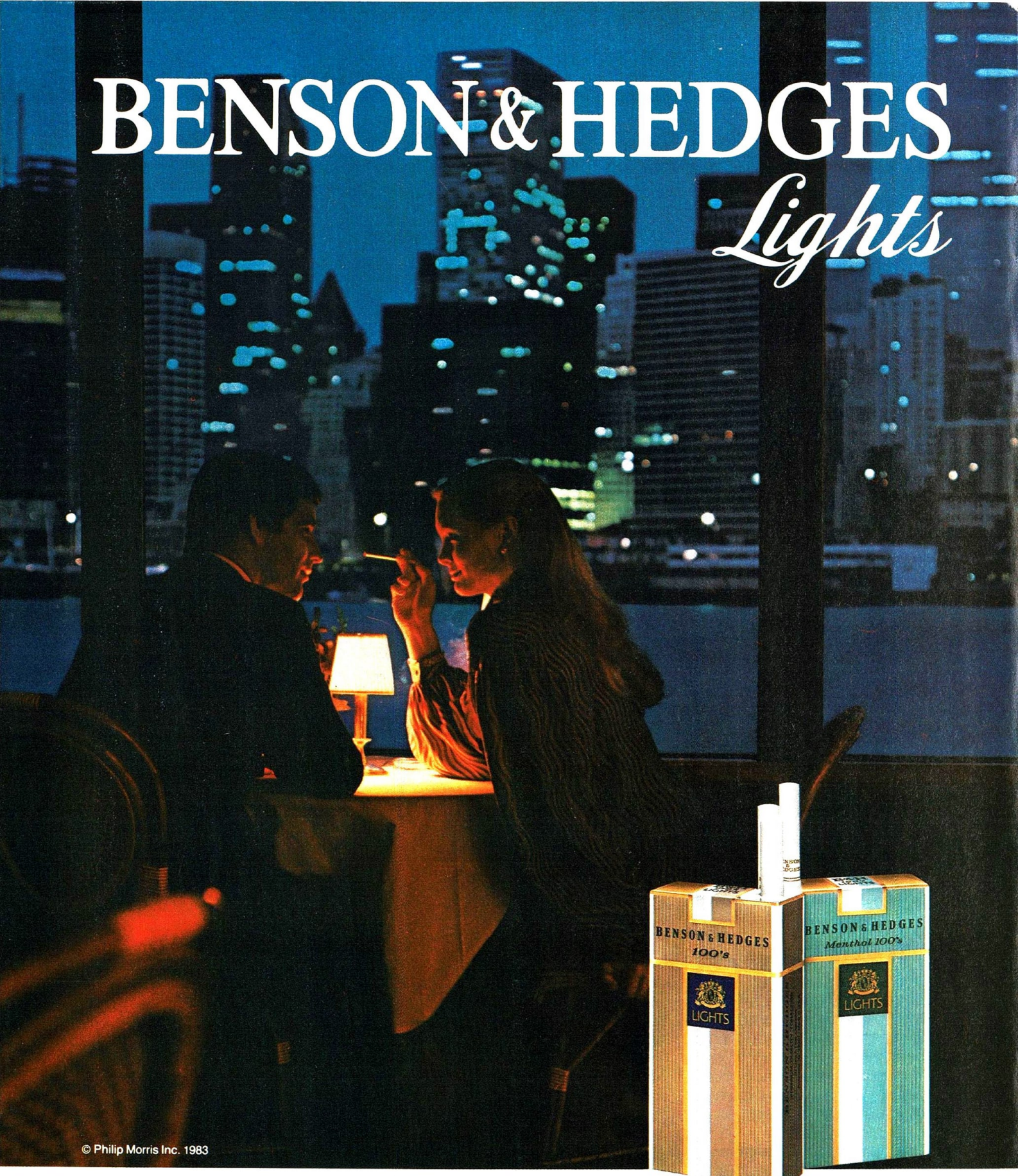
If we've made your decision of which watch to buy any easier, we're glad. But now comes an even harder one: Which Casio?

CASIO®

Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Timepiece Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 575-7400, Los Angeles (213) 803-3411.

BENSON & HEDGES *Lights*



© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Deluxe 100.

Regular and Menthol.

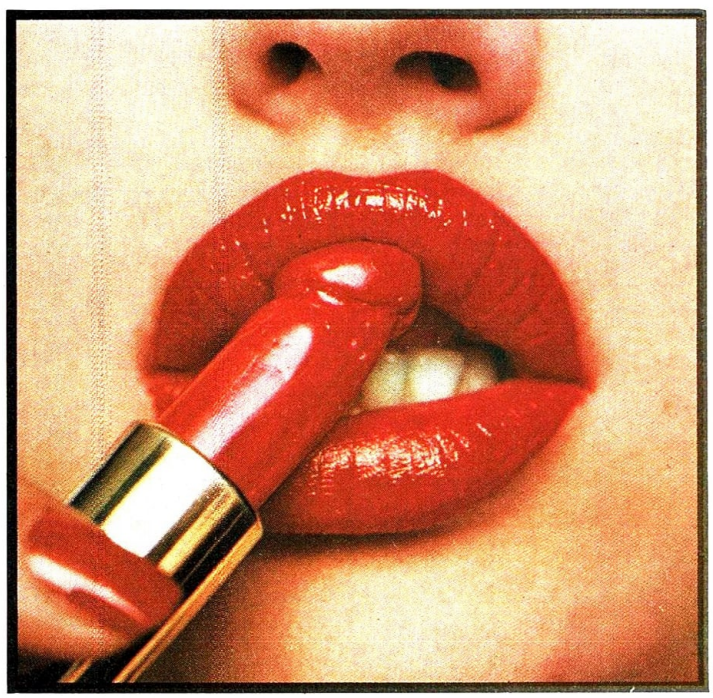
"Men can be exhibitionists, too. So take some tips from your liberated wife, and give the women at the beach something extra to gawk at."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

In the course of our marriage, my wife, Sue, and I have managed to act out almost every one of our sex fantasies. This is because we are very sensitive to each other and each is committed to fulfilling the other's needs. With her long straight brown hair and large breasts with dark aureoles, Sue is a very pretty woman. She is one of those prim and proper, straitlaced, New England, Ivy League types. However, at my request Sue is able to let go of all her inhibitions and shift from lady to whore. Though externally I seem a very quiet sort of man, I also can metamorphose; I can become an animal whenever she requests it. Since we have learned to trust each other implicitly, we are able to indulge in all our wildest dreams.



Fortunately Sue and I share many of the same fantasies. For instance, both of us get off whenever Sue goes out in public wearing extremely revealing clothes. One of our favorite games is to go to a high-class restaurant with Sue dressed in a very sheer cocktail dress and nothing on underneath. When the light is right everyone can see through the thin, gauzy material the outline of her nipples and the shadow of her nest. That gives both of us an incredible turn-on and deepens our bond.

Another fantasy is driving down the highway with Sue lying face down on my lap. Whenever an unsuspecting trucker comes by, Sue lays a quick flash of her naked ass on him. Sue also owns a bathing suit that becomes see-through when wet; she wears it to the neighborhood pool. But while we have always indulged all the desires dreamed up by either of us, we never—until last month—invited anyone else to join us in our lovemaking.

One night Sue and I went to a disco, with Sue wearing a very brief, revealing skirt and no panties on underneath. A young man came up to our table and asked Sue to dance. She declined, but he struck up an interesting conversation with her. Soon he was sitting next to her and they were talking away, with him occasionally letting his eyes roam up and down her body.

I have never been jealous of Sue, and at that moment I was so proud of her that I eased up her skirt to show him her legs. I was aware that our table was well out of view of the general flow of people on the dance floor, and before I knew it I'd raised her skirt to her waist, baring her pretty pussy for this total stranger to see. Sue was a bit nervous, but mostly agreeable, and as we opened her low-necked blouse and visually and physically examined her full breasts—boy, was she breathing hard!

We decided that we'd better go out to our car if we wanted a closer look. When we reached our Olds in the parking lot, Sue got in the front seat. Then I got in the driver's seat and our new friend climbed in next to Sue. Having her in the middle, we were able to proceed comfortably feeling her and undressing her. When she was fully nude, I pulled out my cock and she started to suck it as our friend fucked her from behind. Then Sue turned around and put her head between the friend's legs and sucked him off for a second course. Meanwhile I put her legs over my shoulders and nuzzled and licked her for a while, finally digging in and eating that come-filled cunt to ecstasy.

I found that I love to watch my wife share her mouth and ass and cunt with another man. Both of us liked that first taste of sex with someone else so much that we have made it our discreet hobby. That first time was the toughest, but each new time it gets easier and more exciting. We've been going on weekend vacations to places that specialize in bringing together interested couples. We

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

would never think of screwing around behind each others' backs because we don't need to.

Most of our friends term ours the ideal marriage. Don't you think people would have better marriages and sex lives if they didn't close their minds to their partner's wishes? Shouldn't all married couples at least try to find out what their spouses do and don't like? Shouldn't they understand the need to try out different partners? Sue and I have never felt closer or more in love!—S.B.

You two make changing partners as easy as pie! You should realize, however, that there are plenty of married people who can find sexual satisfaction only with their partners. Then there are couples who would suffer too much from jealousy if they had a fling. Others, who love each other very much after many years of marriage, prefer to have little affairs on the side without the other partner's watching, participating, or, in some cases, even knowing.

So your philosophy of happy-go-lucky exchanging of partners or adding a third may not be suitable for every other married couple in the world. Everyone is different: One man's meat is another man's poison, as the proverb goes. And remember, most of the world's problems are caused by people trying to impose their beliefs—whether they be political, religious, or sexual—on others. So love and let love and, in your case, lots of luck and keep up the good work.

And just one more thing. Men can be exhibitionists, too, you know. So take a tip from your liberated wife and give the women at the beach something extra to gawk at.

IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

I have always been a very oral-oriented man. Ever since the first time I felt soft, warm thighs against my face and a wet clit against my tongue, I've craved the taste of aroused women. My present lover adores cunnilingus and allows me the joy of eating her pussy as often as I like. A few months ago she surprised me with the request that I eat her after filling her with come. Here's where my problem began. From the moment I ate my own come, I became obsessed with the taste.

The idea of sucking my own cock is driving me crazy! I've been exercising and stretching for months but I still can't reach it. I've heard of men who could suck themselves off and I'm more than willing to continue working at it if it is really possible. If so, are there some specific exercises that would help me?—B.A.

I, too, have heard of cases of auto-sucking. A friend of mine who served a term in a Spanish jail told me that a fellow inmate gave a nightly performance, but I have yet to see it with my own eyes. Some species other than man—like dogs and cats—have no difficulty with it, but apes and monkeys, who most resemble humans, usually settle for a simple self-administered handjob. If they want a suck they get a friend to oblige.

Frankly, if you've already struggled so hard to reach your cock and still failed, I think you're wasting your time. The muscular structure of the adult male body usually inhibits that kind of contortion. Women usually have a greater stretch capacity. For example, there are ballet steps that require a certain flexibility that female ballet dancers can do but male dancers cannot.

BUNS AND LOVERS

Despite the seemingly endless variety of fetishes you've dealt with in your column, Xaviera, I've never seen any mention of hair fetishes. I myself got turned on to hair a long time ago. When I was leaving home, my high-school girlfriend, who was having her long hair cut into a pixie, gave me her ponytail as a memento. I kept it in my desk drawer in my dorm room for about six months. Then one night when I was masturbating, I took the ponytail out of the drawer and found that the hair helped turn me on. I could smell the sweet fragrance of it as I jerked off. Later I discovered that if I wrapped the hair around the shaft of my cock I could get a really wonderful sensation.

Since then, my greatest fantasy has been to rub my cock against a woman's hair. But every time I tell a woman about this, she breaks up with me immediately.

After many years of disappointment, I decided I would probably never realize my fantasy. I had just about given up hope that any woman could help me, when something very fortuitous happened. I had gone over to the apartment of Ms. T, the manager of the complex I live in, to pay the rent. When I handed her the check, Ms. T looked me up and down and said that if I ever had problems with the rent, we could "work something out." Then she kissed me on the lips and closed the door.

Although Ms. T was a lot older and much less pretty than the girls I was used to dating, she had one thing in her favor. It's obvious: her hair. She wore it up all the time in a bun that started at the top of her head and came down to the nape of her neck, so I figured a bun that large must mean she had long hair. I hoped that I might be able to satisfy my cravings with her at some point.

The day the next rent payment was due, I went over to her place and said I didn't have it. She took my hand, brought me over to the sofa, and sat me down. Then she squatted down, pulled my cock out of my pants, and went down on me. With her head in my lap, I had only to lean my face downward to nuzzle that gorgeous bun. It felt soft against my face. Suddenly she stood up and looked at me with a strange smile. I just sat there staring as Ms. T proceeded to take all the pins out of her bun,

"Hows about I start out with the same thing he's having!"

"My hotel recognizes the quality of Smirnoff. My guests demand its value."

JAMES A. NASSIKAS, President
The Stanford Court Hotel

"At the Stanford Court, we've built our business on quality—from the back of the kitchen to the front of the bar.

"That's why we pour Smirnoff®vodka. It's distilled from the finest quality grain money can buy. And only Smirnoff is checked 47 times for quality and smoothness. So for just a little more than ordinary vodkas, we can offer our guests the quality of Smirnoff.

"I think Smirnoff is an excellent value in vodka. And our guests must, too. They keep asking for it."

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

REMEMBER SPECIAL OCCASIONS BY SENDING A GIFT OF SMIRNOFF ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S., CALL TOLL FREE, 1-800-528-6148.
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.—"MADE IN U.S.A."

letting down a gorgeously shiny mass of very dark brown hair that fell almost to her knees.

In the next few hours I fucked Ms. T several times and finally, around 2 A.M., I got the nerve to ask her if I could come in her hair. Amazingly, she said, "Sure." I wrapped her hair around the base of my cock and stroked myself, while she sucked on the head. When I felt myself coming, I took my cock out of her mouth and buried it in a clump of hair. After that night, we "hair-fucked" about three times a week. The best time was when I fucked her hair while it was in a bun. I stood behind her and shoved my cock into that tight, round mound of hair. It felt like a silky pussy, only better!

After a while, however, I broke off my affair with Ms. T. Now I'm seeing a very lovely lady with long blond hair whom I would like to marry. She hasn't the vaguest idea about my hair fantasies. Xaviera, should I risk telling her about my fetish, or was Ms. T's empathy a once-in-a-lifetime thing?—J.D.

Despite your poor luck, a hair fetish is probably one of the easiest of all fetishes for a man to achieve, as you need no outside machinery. There must be dozens of men wandering around shooting their loads into heads of shiny tresses or silky curls. As for myself, I have often teased men by caressing their cocks with my thick blond mane while I am sucking them off. I have never refused a man's request to masturbate in my hair, though I must admit I'm not too fond of having sticky come all over it.

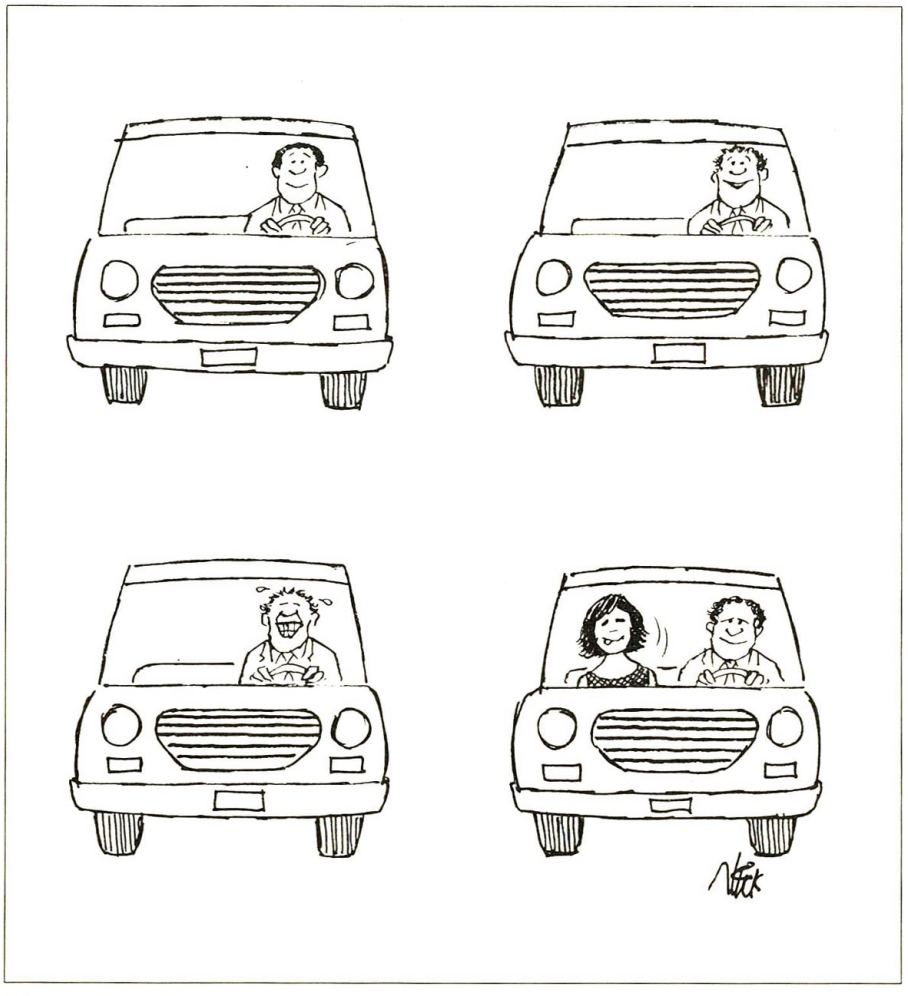
However, you should accept the fact that some women, particularly those with complicated, hair-sprayed hairdos, will never submit to your fetish. Regarding the woman you love, I suggest that you subdue your fantasy to a degree and ask the woman if she will merely caress your cock with her hair. Ejaculating into her hair can "come" later. But unless you are prepared to give up your fetish altogether, you must tell your fiancée about it before you marry. It is always unwise not to know your prospective spouse's sexual habits quite thoroughly. As you obviously have unique sexual tastes, it is most important that your future wife be aware of them. Otherwise you are riding for a fall.

BEATING THE CLOCK

I've been married for just one year. Since I work evenings and my husband works in the daytime, our sex life is necessarily problematic, since we only have the chance to be together a few hours a week, if that.

Both of us indulge in masturbation quite frequently. This will probably go on for as long as it takes us to get more compatible working hours. It upsets me to think of my husband getting himself off so often, but since I know we both need sexual fulfillment in some form, I have to accept it. But what's really bothering me is that both of us seem to be getting more turned on by masturbation than by having sex with each other. I know it sounds funny, but the orgasms I've been getting lately from having sex with him just aren't the same as the ones I get from a vibrator. This morning, after a hot night of sex, my husband asked me to go to the kitchen and make him some coffee. When I came back to our room I found him beating off. He tried to turn away so I wouldn't notice. I asked him if he'd like me to help him and he said there wasn't enough time, as he had to leave for work. Well, I felt very hurt and started to cry and accused him of telling me to make coffee only so that he could beat off. He responded that beating off was just a spur-of-the-moment idea and that I was weird for getting upset. Then, without another word, he went out to the kitchen for some coffee.

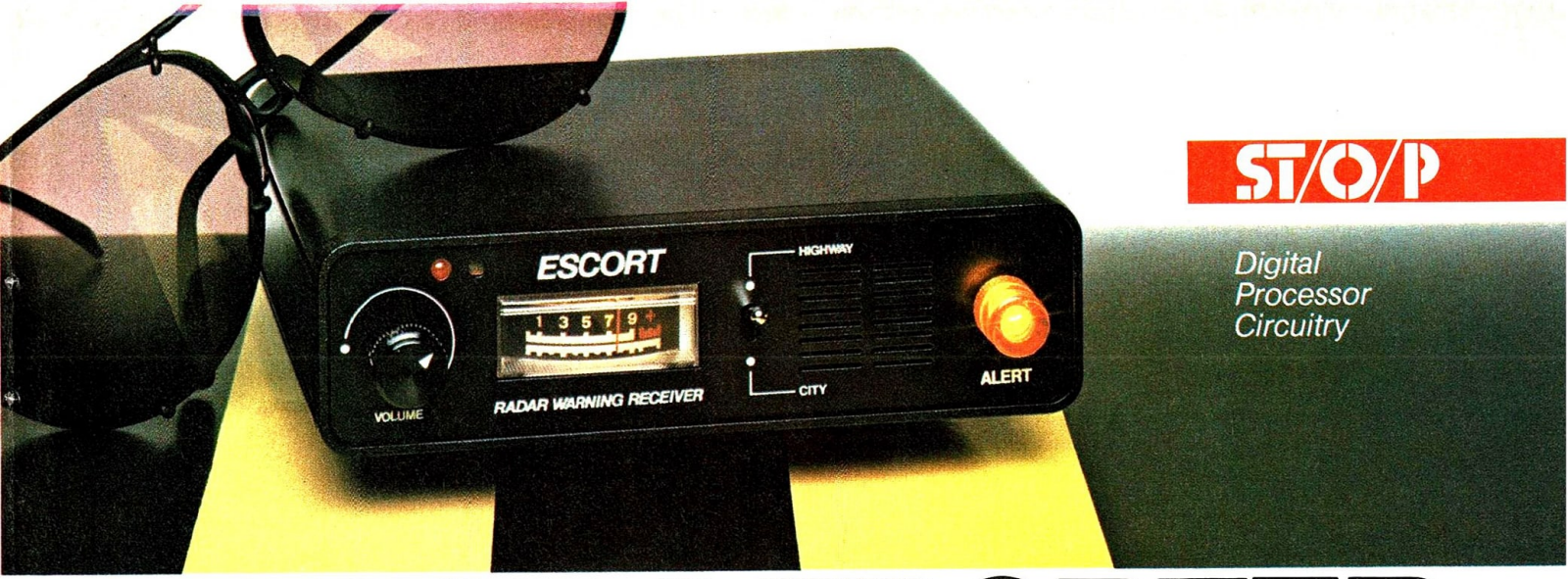
I don't know what to think. It's true that masturbating takes less time, but I feel that it's making us distant from each other. I'm wondering if I should suggest that we both stop and hold back our sexual urges until we have time together again. Do you think I'm worrying over nothing?—R.S.



As you said yourself, the overwhelming problem with your relationship is the conflict of your working hours. I'll always remember a very sad classified ad I once saw in a newspaper: "Married couple needs apartment. Husband works nights, wife works days, so no expectation of children." You have a similar problem, and eventually one of you is going to have to make adjustments in your schedule if you want your marriage to work.

I can understand why you're feeling upset about his jerking off that morning when you were available, but under the present circumstances it is normal for him to think: "I'm late for work so I'll have a quick jerk while my wife makes the coffee. That way I won't lose any time." It's possible, however, that because you've both gotten into the habit of using masturbation to satisfy your needs (since you hardly ever get to see each other) and are by now more in touch with how to please yourselves than each other, self-service, at this point in time, seems to be the only way either of you can achieve orgasm.

As I said, your priority should be to rearrange your working hours to coincide. In the meantime you might invent timesaving devices so that the time you spend together will be less restricted by responsibilities and distractions—which will allow you to make unhurried love to each other. You could arrange your meals ahead of time and get eating over with as soon as you come home from work. You could also buy an automatic coffeemaker and keep it in the bedroom. While the java boils, *you* can jerk off your husband yourself. And if you apply yourself, you can probably learn to do it better than he can!



RADAR REPORTER

If you're the sort who notices legends in the making, you've seen what car magazines have been saying about ESCORT. "**All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market**," concluded *Car and Driver.*

Subtle Meaning

"Protection" is the word to remember. It means *more* than just long distance warning. Our superheterodyne circuitry finds radar—wherever it may be hiding. But the key to ESCORT's industry-leading protection is the *way* in which it warns you.

Red Alert

Most detectors simply sound an alarm. You have to go on full alert, because you don't have enough information. How close is the radar? Just over the hill, or a mile away? Is it ahead or behind? X band or the insidious K band?

And how is it being used? "Instant-On" from a stationary trap? A moving radar unit approaching rapidly from ahead? You have no way of knowing.

Advantage ESCORT

ESCORT gives you the full report on radar. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the analog meter shows radar signal strength. At the same time, you will hear an audio warning—pulsing slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, then constant as you approach close range.

ESCORT even uses a separate warning tone for each radar band. "Beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act. And always, there is the meter for quick visual verification.

ESCORT tells you everything you need to know about radar encounters, while other detectors leave radar an unsolved mystery.

Whom Can You Trust?

Another problem with most detectors is false alarms. They sound off so often you're never sure if it's radar or something else. And recently the problem got even worse.

Some short-sighted marketers began importing cheap detectors from overseas. But these units had a slight problem. They *transmitted* radar signals on both radar bands, setting off all detectors for up to a mile away.

We quickly responded with ST/O/P™ (STatistical Operations Processor), special digital circuitry to recognize and reject these spurious signals. With ST/O/P, ESCORT does not report on fellow travelers.

Only on radar.

THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

User Friendly

And when the warning does come, it's in a friendly voice. The audible warning is the same frequency used for Morse code (1024 Hz). And a fully adjustable volume control lets you set the level—ESCORT can cut through a Ferrari's interior noise, or leave a resting passenger undisturbed. Even the alert lamp is carefully thought out. It's bright enough to be seen in direct sunlight, but is automatically dimmed during nighttime radar encounters.

A quick glance at the red LED assures you that ESCORT is on, and a City/Highway switch optimizes performance to either condition. All of this packaged in a low-profile aluminum case only 1½ inches high and 5¼ inches wide so you can have it, but not flaunt it.

The Bottom Line

It's easy to try the ESCORT system at no risk. Just dial our toll-free number; we're only a parcel delivery away. Take the first 30 days as a test. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase and pay for the postage to return it. We also back ESCORT with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labor.

ESCORT will take the mystery out of radar. So order today.

It's Easy

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

CALL TOLL FREE. . . . 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL. 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.

VISA MasterCard

ESCORT. $245.00
Ohio residents add $13.48 sales tax.

Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 005
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242-9502

Tune in "Talkback with Jerry Galvin." America's new weekly satellite call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

The one card to keep on top of all the others.

Next time you get the bill, don't just reach for a credit card. Reach for something better. The Canon FlashCard.

The Canon FlashCard does something no credit card can do. It checks the waiter's figures. Even figures the waiter's tip.

You see, the Canon FlashCard may look like another credit card, but actually it's a four-function, credit-card size calculator. With 8-digit display and memory. Why, even its numbers and symbols are raised ever so slightly on its smooth surface to respond beautifully to your touch.

Better still, the Canon FlashCard is powered by the greatest superpower of them all. Light. Any light. So you'll never be in the dark about what you're spending again.

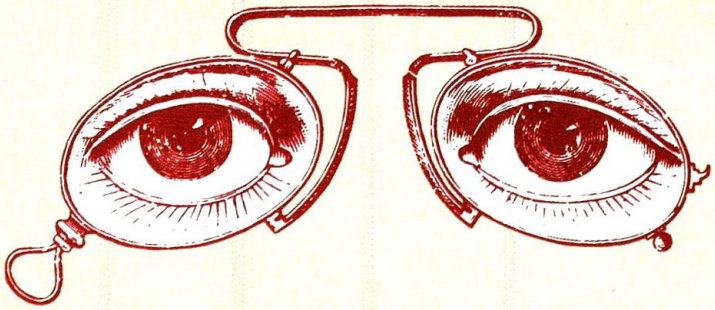
The Canon FlashCard. In gold, silver, or white. Put one in your wallet. In fact, put it in front of all your other cards. Because while credit cards can help you spend money, the Canon FlashCard may help you save some.

Where quality is the constant factor.

Canon FlashCard™
ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS

Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042 · 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, IL 60126 · 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071 · 2035 Royal Lane #290, Dallas, TX 75229 · 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 ·

© 1983 Canon U.S.A., Inc.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE WAR CORPS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Students! Are you depressed that you missed the heyday of John F. Kennedy's Peace Corps? Wish you could spend spring break wearing sandals and helping less fortunate foreigners feed themselves? If you weren't alive in the sixties, is there any point in living now? Well, the answer is "Yes!" It's the eighties and it's time to forget about that sissy stuff and spend Easter vacation in the new, Pentagon-sponsored student program: Ronald Reagan's War Corps. Just write for an application, and if you're accepted, you'll spend two weeks helping Americans make war in strategically located places you never even heard of. Whether you're loading shells, carrying the wounded, or just staring openmouthed in disbelief, you'll be proud to be part of Ronald Reagan's War Corps: American youth who aid those who aid American interests. If you must wear sandals, be sure to carry a tetanus pack.

Days 1 and 2: The Shuf Mountains, the Bekaa Valley. What with all the carrying-on in Central America, Americans hardly noticed when we sent our troops into the flower of the Levant: Lebanon. Well, we're there, and what better place for students to learn firsthand about escalating a war on foreign soil than in the Shuf Mountains and the Bekaa Valley? After two nights in the once picturesque mountain village of Hammana, youngsters will testify to the technological superiority of American A6Es and F14A fighter-bombers. "If bombing is a 'warning,' what will we do when we mean business?" American kids ask Druze militiamen over lunch in the Bekaa Valley. After assuring captured American airmen that they have Ronald Reagan's full support, students proceed to Beirut, where they tour naval warships and stock up on drugs before it's on to *Days 3 and 4:* Ramstein Air Base, Mannheim, West Germany.

Convincing West German antinuclear demonstrators that the Pershing II is no threat isn't easy, but as students will see, giving American aid never is. There's always a certain amount of resentment involved. We're used to it. Students are much the same all over the world, really. After a few glasses of schnapps and a hearty discussion about deterrents, those demonstrators will take off their death masks and join with American youth in understanding that countering Soviet aggressiveness demands that we fight a nuclear war in Europe—America is just too far away, it's as simple as that.

BOB VENABLES/SPECTRON ARTISTS LTD.

Provided there are no injuries, students then hop on the trucks and motor to Schwaebisch Gmuend army base, home of the U.S. 56th Field Artillery Brigade. Here, the War Corps's duties are less ambassadorial. Students will entertain American marines, bringing news of new drugs, and in return will receive a full education about missile deployment up close. Students will stand guard against base infiltration by terrorists and will be given lessons in the use of the European antiriot water cannon, a far cry from their college studies in television and radio.

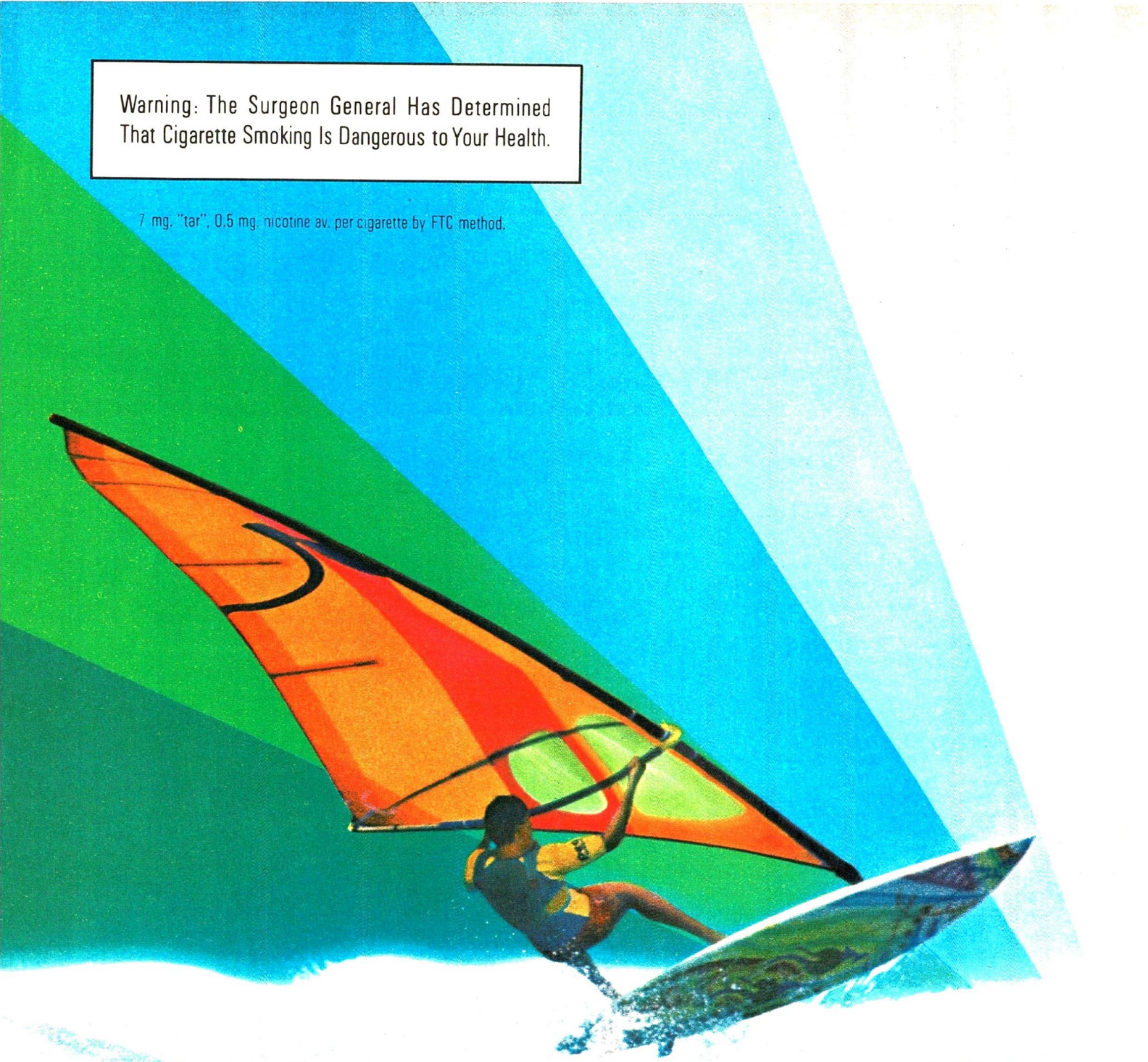
No rest for the helpful, it's on to the transport planes and off to *Days 5 and 6:* Managua, Nicaragua, where students decide for themselves if America is pulling out or contemplating direct intervention. With the CIA at work, students learn, it could go either way. The American presidential elections will tell. But, meanwhile, even memories of MTV fade when students are faced with this lovely country in chaos. Who's a Sandinista, who's a Contra, and who's a Cuban? Students help villagers try to guess as they tramp through the tangled jungle with CIA advisers.

From Managua, it's fast as a death-squad's bullet to *Days 7 and 8:* Chirilagua, El Salvador, where students receive on-the-spot training in the manipulation of human rights with American aid. Here, as students unearth victims of right-wing terror squads, women raped senseless welcome a discussion of how continuing American aid to their right-wing government really makes sense. Why is the Left gaining ground when U.S. troops are training the Right? Students may have a tough time answering that one, but tough is the name of the game, they'll find, in dealing with foreign policy.

Day 9: On the flight home, students—their heads filled with memories of dismembered limbs and building rubble—mull over their experiences in Ronald Reagan's War Corps and weep with self-satisfaction over the help they've been able to give. Next time someone asks them "Hey! Whose side is America on?" they'll know exactly what answer to give: It doesn't matter whose side we're on; what matters is that we're there.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

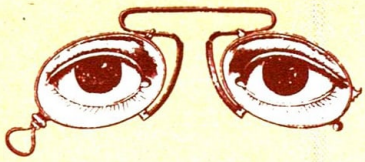
7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

20 Cigarettes
BRIGHT
100s
BRIGHT
20 Cigarettes
BRIGHT
Fresh Clean Ta
Low
Fresh Clean Taste
Low Tar
The taste that outshines menthol– and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.
© 1984 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



SCENES

ROLLING ALONG

In Kander and Ebb's new Broadway musical, ***The Rink,*** Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli play mother and daughter. Liza storms around in a huff, Chita tells her off in a voice that could level small buildings, and the ladies slap each other's faces with the enthusiasm of a visiting hockey team.

Onstage, it's all very convincing. Offstage, though, you'd never take Chita and Liza for mother and daughter. They get along too well.

The two women all but sat in each other's laps on the opening day of rehearsal at Michael Bennett's busy music-theater factory in lower Manhattan. In observance of this ritual occasion in which the cast formally reads through the show for the full company, both actresses appeared to have dressed from the same closet: in cover-up black outfits and snazzy leather boots. They passed mints, swapped private jokes, and cheered each other's solos with broad grins and little pats of encouragement.

With 38 pairs of eyes on them, Liza whooped out loud when Chita sang the house down with the rousing novelty number, "Chief Cook and Bottle Washer." Chita kept her hand on Liza's arm as she slowly found her way through the heavy emotions of "All the Children in a Row." They sang one tricky up-tempo duet nose to nose and cracked each other up.

"We love each other," Chita said later, explaining the chemistry between them. "Better than that, we really *care* about each other, as friends."

Some of the tightness and warmth also comes from the character dynamics set up in *The Rink,* which director A. J. Antoon describes as "a clean, loving, honest view of the working class." The story takes place at a faded roller-skating rink owned by the scrappy widow played by Chita Rivera. "She's a *real* person," Antoon says of the character. "She's like the woman in that Donna Summers song: She works hard for the money and she wants to be treated nice."

As her rebellious daughter, Liza returns home intending to make peace with her estranged mother and to restore the family amusement palace to its former grandeur. The explosions start when she finds the rink being torn down and her mother preparing to take off with a childhood admirer.

"She's not just coming back to recapture the past and the magic of her childhood," Chita says, "she's trying to come *home.* As her mother, I find it wonderful to see her so desperate to *belong* again." Herself the mother of a 25-year-old daughter, the actress says she "loves playing motherly for a change."

Still, when these two strong characters clash over who's going to decide the fate of the old rink, a lot of buried rancor flares up. Both women are tough-minded individualists who won't stand for anybody—blood or no blood—telling them where to get off.

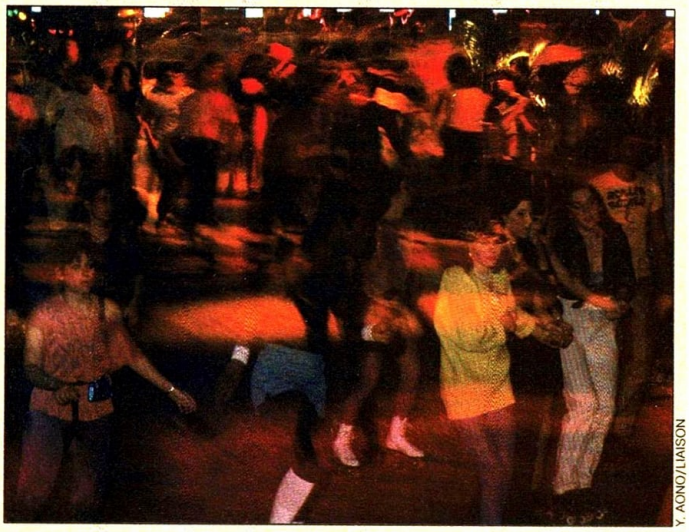
"I'm a real pain in the butt," Liza crows, after one musical spat with her stage mother.

"She's exactly like me," Chita beams. "It's like I spit her out whole and there she was—another me. What's so great about the way Terry [book writer Terrence McNally] wrote us is how we're allowed to let our anger out. And the way that, after all our fighting, the desperate affection we have for each other still comes out. So you can see how love *survives* anger."

Sometime later, after the euphoric mood of the first rehearsal had worn off, things looked a little different at the studio. The roses were gone from the piano, the cast was back to stirring its coffee with odd implements, and work odors wafted warm and sluggish.

WASSER/LIAISON

Liza Minnelli in The Rink.



Y. AONO/LIAISON

Broadway's first roller-skating musical: the rink as metaphor.

The color scheme had brightened, though. Liza bounced out of the closed rehearsal hall, grinning widely and wearing a zingy yellow sweatshirt that hung below her knees. Chita was in tap shoes and leg warmers, with a skimpy white top over her rehearsal togs. And the love stuff still hung in the air.

Working with Liza was still "like a dream come true," said Chita, toweling off. *The Rink* was written for Chita. And although she and Liza had been friends since the time they played together in Bob Fosse's Broadway production of *Chicago,* the possibility of their teaming up in the new musical had never arisen.

"I just didn't think she'd be interested," Chita explained. "I mean, she can go off anywhere to work—do anything she likes. And then one time when we were out together she suddenly asked me what I thought about her doing the part of my daughter. I was shocked. I said, 'Liza, don't even *say* that, honey'—thinking it was a joke. It was like a dream, but I never said it."

There's a dream quality about the whole show that fits right in with the backstage story. The John Kander and Fred Ebb score has a wistful lyricism that softens the edges of the most raucous dance numbers. The memory scenes are played against a colored light show illuminating the old rink in all its former glory. And the characters are allowed to step in and out of the past to set the present straight.

"It's about fixing relationships," Chita says, in a tone of finality. "It's about something important."—*Marilyn Stasio*

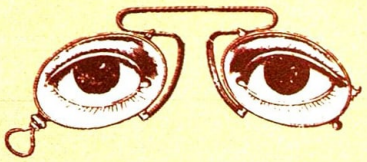
A Dutch of Class.

Grolsch®

LAGER BEER

A brewer's masterpiece from Holland.™

Imported by Grolsch Importers, Inc., Atlanta, GA 30339 © 1983



COMPUTERS

CRUNCHING TAXES

I don't know anyone who doesn't dread April 15. Filling out the return and the fear of what you'll owe puts everyone in a foul mood. A home computer, though, can make the experience a little more palatable. There are some very good software packages out now that calculate income-tax information; some even print the forms and supporting schedules.

Tax Preparer (HowardSoft, La Jolla, California), which is the best program I've seen, prepares and prints Form 1040 plus 20 schedules. It's easy to use, leading you through the process step-by-step. After filling in the basics—your name, address, Social Security number, etc.—you move on to wages, interest income, and dividends. When the form refers to another schedule, you simply type *I* and it appears on the screen.

Tax Preparer is available for Apple computer systems for $250, and for IBM for $295, and requires a disk drive and printer. Annual updates—which reflect changes in the tax laws—cost about $70, and there's a toll-free number to call for help.

A less expensive program is **Home Tax** (Learning Source, Irvine, California). The package is $120; annual updates cost $65. Home Tax runs on a number of computers, including Kaypro, Osborne, IBM, and Compaq, and requires two disk drives and a printer.

Home Tax is also easy to use. All the instructions you need for each step are displayed on the screen, so there's no need for a manual. Home Tax prepares and prints Form 1040 and eight schedules.

The **Tax Advantage** (Continental Software, Los Angeles, California) works on several less expensive home computers, such as the Atari and Commodore 64, as well as the Apple and IBM. It sells for $70, and for another $10 you can buy the annual updates at half price. While the price may be attractive, the Tax Advantage only calculates taxes; it doesn't fill in the forms.

If you're interested in using your computer to keep your financial affairs in order year-round, programs are available for just about every computer on the market.

One of the best is the **Home Accountant**, also by Continental. It keeps track of and balances up to five checking accounts, sets up and maintains budgets, and handles dozens of income and expense categories. It can even plot each category on a graph, complete with trend lines, and create bar charts of your income and expense items. If you want to know how you're doing at any time during the year, the Home Accountant will prepare income and expense summaries with statements of net worth. It also keeps track of how much your debts are.

Continental Software has cleverly tied its two home-finance programs together so that the information you maintain in the Home Accountant can be automatically transferred to the Tax Advantage.

The Home Accountant runs on the Commodore 64, Atari, Apple, and IBM personal computers.

Financial expert Andrew Tobias, author of the best-selling book *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need,* has developed a personal-finance software package called **Managing Your Money** (Micro Education Corporation of America, Westport, Connecticut). This program does not prepare income-tax returns, but it does examine the tax implications of various financial situations.

Managing Your Money organizes your checkbook and keeps track of investments and net worth. It also helps with life-insurance planning. Tobias has designed his program to be easy for anyone. You're told early in the program that "there's practically no way you can screw things up."

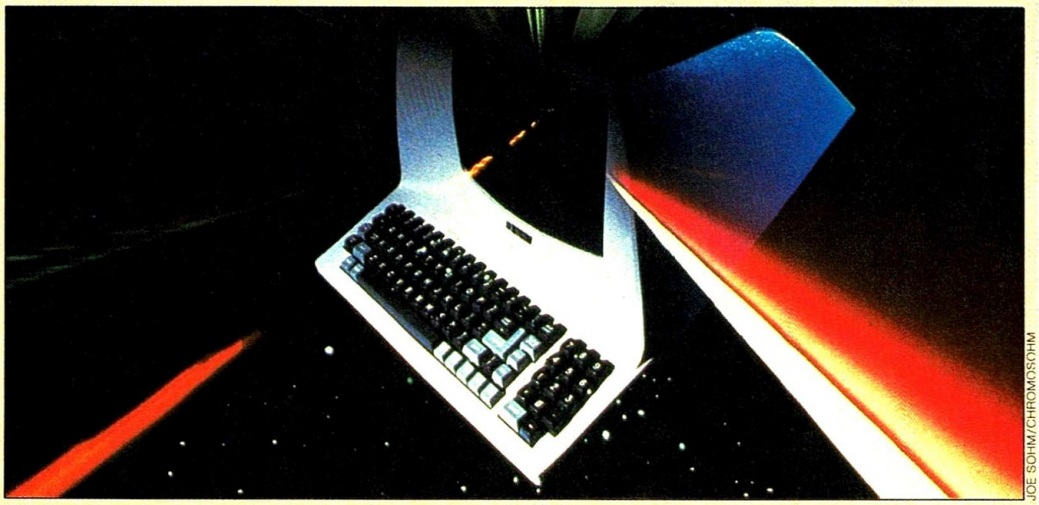
A sense of humor is another nice feature in Managing Your Money. In calculating mortality, for instance, it asks about your lifestyle. The multiple-choice responses are: "homebody," "average," or "wild." To describe your frame of mind, you choose between "consistently happy," "typical ups and downs," and "life is the pits."

Managing Your Money is conveniently integrated so that one entry will be reflected wherever appropriate throughout the system. Investment information in the portfolio-management section will be automatically included in the personal balance sheet and tax projections.

Managing Your Money is available now for IBM and Apple systems, and an Atari version will be out this year.

Other good personal-finance programs include **Personal Finance Manager** (Apple) for the Apple computers, **Home Financial Management** (Atari) for the Atari computers, and **Checkbook** (MIS, Overcreek, Colorado) for the VIC 20.

Tax-preparation software is not for all of us. Those who don't itemize deductions may have such simple returns that it would be foolish to buy tax software. But for those with an entrepreneurial spirit, income-tax software can lead to a lucrative career handling returns for others. Even if you don't use your income-tax software to go into business, its cost is fully deductible, as is a proportionate amount of your computer's price tag when you use it to prepare your taxes.—*Ken Uston*



JOE SOHM/CHROMOSOHM

The tax struggle eases as computers assume top rank in filing.

PENTHOUSE PICKED US FOR OUR BRAINS. NOT OUR LOOKS.

When Penthouse was casting about for a computer to help organize and run their national sales offices, they interviewed hundreds of hopefuls.

Following an exhaustive search, they chose Kaypro.

Why? Because they discovered that while a Kaypro didn't always have the most gorgeous body, it certainly was the most well built.

With Kaypro 4, Penthouse got a totally integrated business computer, complete with 64 K RAM memory, a 9" green-screen monitor, extra-high capacity disk drives, a detachable keyboard, and enough software to handle just about any area of Word Processing, Data Base Management and Financial Planning.

All for $1795, absolutely and completely complete. With no "optional" extras or compatibility problems. And that's the real beauty of Kaypro. Whether you're buying 30 like Penthouse did. Or just one.

Kaypro computers start at $1595, complete. For that, you could learn to love the way it looks.

KAYPRO

The Complete Business Computer.

CALL 800-447-4700 FOR THE DEALER NEAR YOU OR CALL KAYPRO: 619-481-4318.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK: PENTHOUSE-PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL, LTD. © 1983 KAYPRO CORPORATION

FILMS

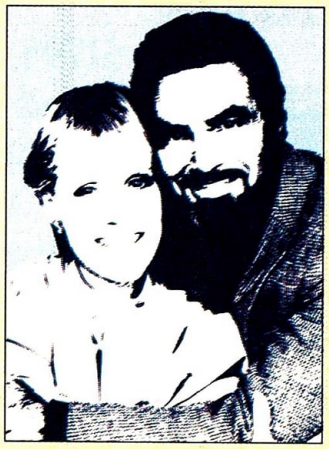
HINDSIGHT

Perhaps there's an unwritten ground rule for reviews of Hollywood remakes: No nasty comparisons. So what if someone does *Scarface* over again and calls it *Scarface*? Who cares about a 54-year-old, a 42-year-old, even an 8-year-old film?

Well, I do. And I care rather passionately about the work of directors like Hawks, Lubitsch, and Truffaut. Since it's no secret where Brian DePalma's ***Scarface***, or the Mel Brooks–Alan Johnson ***To Be or Not To Be***, or Blake Edwards's ***The Man Who Loved Women*** come from (respectively, from Howard Hawks—1930, Ernst Lubitsch—1942, François Truffaut—1977), I won't pretend to an ignorance I haven't earned. In fact, a remake *should* ask comparison with the original; the original is part of what it's all about. And because a movie—any movie—isn't just the telling of a story but also a series of attitudes, moods, technical decisions, and performances completed and preserved as long as they're on film stock, the question of what it's all about becomes intricate indeed.

For example, where Blake Edwards places his camera near the end of *The Man Who Loved Women*—how he manages to see Burt Reynolds's fatal encounter with a car while following a pair of lovely legs across a busy Los Angeles shopping street at Christmas—becomes an evocation of where and how Truffaut filmed the same death-by-girl-chasing scene, in Montpellier, France, several years before. Truffaut's film, a dark comedy about a fanatical womanizer whose mysterious life story becomes his own artistic profession, happens to be a masterpiece. Edwards's, a semi-farcical comedy about an artist whose life history explains the sexual pathology that makes him chase women, happens not to be one. But it isn't stupid, either, which owes a bit to Truffaut, as well as to Edwards's own intelligence in fashioning substitutes.

Thus Truffaut's wonderful centerpiece, his hero's adventure with the nymphomaniac wife of a local doctor, becomes Burt Reynolds's entrapment in a penthouse love nest by a Houston millionaire's wife (Kim Bassinger), a shaggy dog, and some Krazy Glue. The episode is archetypal Blake Edwards, pretty good Burt Reynolds, and also a quite wonderful gloss on the reversal of sexual control that motivates Truffaut's original. Everything else falls off from there. Too much of *The Man Who Loved Women* depends on Burt Reynolds's pratfalls and on a weird mixture of psychoanalysis—Julie Andrews plays Reynolds's psychiatrist—and crotch shots to fuel its nervous energies.



Julie and Burt: nervous energies.

The energies in *Scarface* depend mainly on heavy irony and noise. DePalma acknowledges his source with explicit tributes to Ben Hecht (who wrote the 1930 screenplay) and Howard Hawks, but he treats the old *Scarface* rather like a souvenir to be remembered from time to time, its images displayed as a kind of half-century gesture of nostalgic goodwill. The notorious violence that plagued the movie's pre-release turns out to be its one redeeming feature, and even that falls victim to a persistent attitudinizing by the end. The final shootout, a stew of incest, snowy-white cocaine, pride, ambition, despair, and every portable weapon up to antitank guns, is pure rhetoric—loud enough so, with luck, you won't hear yourself think.

To Be or Not To Be owes so much to its original that it ought to come with a double line of credits: one for Mel Brooks and company, another for Lubitsch and Edwin Justus Mayer (who wrote the old screenplay) and all the cast, from Jack Benny and Carole Lombard on down. Of course there are some changes in this comedy about a theatrical troupe facing the World War II Nazi occupation of Warsaw. There are now musical numbers (Alan Johnson, who directed, has been Mel Brooks's choreographer), and there is a homosexual dresser for laughs but also for some easy sympathy. But in most essentials—scene by scene, line by line, gesture by gesture—the movie reproduces its source. Or attempts to reproduce it. One misses Jack Benny and Carole Lombard as much as Lubitsch. The Brooks grasp never equals the Lubitsch touch, but then nothing in Brooks's repertory as a comedian matches the Benny genius for pained withdrawal from life's indignities. In front of the camera, Benny's magnificent stillness becomes Brooks's frantic busyness. As for leading ladies, Anne Bancroft, in her sexual aggressiveness, suggests nothing (as did Carole Lombard) of the most desirable woman in Warsaw.

Mel Brooks in To Be or Not to Be: *parody or direct imitation?*

Mel Brooks's screen career (*Young Frankenstein, Blazing Saddles, High Anxiety*) has mostly been a parody history of the movies. But *To Be or Not To Be* replaces parody with direct imitation. Except for what it salvages from Brooks's own past (mainly the "Springtime for Hitler" aspect of *The Producers*), it has very few resources, and toward its material virtually no point of view. Of the three films I've been dealing with, it's the only one for which it helps not to know the original. You'll be less disappointed. And it is the only one for which the inevitable loss in repetition remains unbalanced by even a clue as to what might have been offered up for gain.—*Roger Greenspun*

WHAT MEN DREAM ABOUT FROM 0-60

Small, beautiful and very fast, the new Panther Kallista is open for excitement.

Its long curved bonnet, wide running boards and gracefully sloping wings are a call to the open road; the lovely burbling sounds of its exhaust, the open promise of effortless performance.

The classic styling of the traditional roadster has been combined with modern engineering to give a truly exhilarating driving experience.

It is a sports car that dreams are made of.

Underneath its distinctive curves there is power enough for the Kallista 2.8 Injection to accelerate from 0-60 in a touch over 7 seconds, and then to race on to a top speed of over 120 mph.

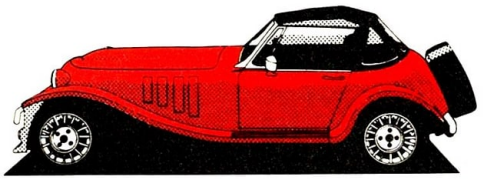
Startling performance that is achieved by a fuel-injected 2.8 litre Ford V6 engine coupled with a 5-speed gear box.

A 2.8 litre carburettor model, available with manual or automatic options, is no less impressive.

The Kallista can also be specified with Ford's 1600 CVH engine, the one developed specially for the Escort XR3.

With a 0-60 time of 8.9 seconds and a top speed of 100 mph, it too delivers in full the promise of open excitement.

The Kallista's engineering also keeps pace with its speed.



Kallista 2.8 Injection
Kallista 2.8L • Kallista 1.6L

Panther construct the Kallista chassis from tough, anti-corrosion treated, box section pressed steel. And the body itself is made of aluminium alloy which offers virtually total rust resistance.

The standard of interior and exterior finish is everything you could expect from Panther. The Kallista derives the full benefit of Panther's outstanding coachbuilding skills. The finished cars are simply superb.

Four coats of acrylic enamel paint are hand sprayed over tough polyurethane primer. Metallic finishes boast an additional coat of clear lacquer for added depth and protection.

The Kallista's extensive list of options include walnut veneered fascia and door cappings, hand stitched leather trim made from the finest Connolly hides, duo-tone and metallic paint finishes, chromium wire wheels, tinted glass, lockable central console, clock, stereo/cassette, rear mud flaps, map reading light, luggage rack. (Many of which are fitted as standard equipment on the 2.8 Injection model.)

With its looks the Kallista is more than capable of attracting envious glances usually reserved for cars costing twice as much. And is even more capable of inspiring dreams of the open road.

THE PANTHER CAR COMPANY LIMITED
CANADA ROAD, BYFLEET, SURREY KT14 7JL, ENGLAND.
TELEPHONE: (09323) 52031. TELEX: 928877.

GERMANY AUTOBECKER GMBH,
SUITBERTUSSTR. 150, 4000 DUSSELDORF 1, WEST GERMANY.
TELEPHONE: (0211) 33 80-1. TELEX: 8582874.

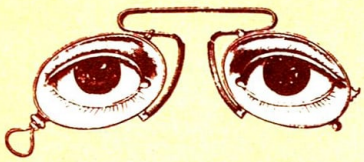
FRANCE JACQUES SAVOYE SA,
237, BOULEVARD PEREIRE, 75017 PARIS.
TELEPHONE: Paris 574-82 80.

HOLLAND SELLES AUTOS,
8281 PC GENEMUIDEN, KAMPERZEEDIJK 87-89, HOLLAND.
TELEPHONE: 05204-451. TELEX: 42895

SWITZERLAND RINSPEED AG,
NEUMUHLEQUAI 30-32, 8006 ZURICH.
TELEPHONE: 01-363 57 57. TELEX: 58391

PANTHER
A MEMBER OF JINDO INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Panther Kallista
Open for excitement



SOUNDS

NEW FUSION

A drummer is deftly mixing a rock-and-roll backbeat (held by his left hand on the snare) with an African talking-drum pattern (rapped out with his right hand), while his foot pedal beats out a two-step march on the bass drum. As he attacks the drum kit, the coins, nuts and bolts, and other small metallic objects that are braided into his hair catch the light from the setting sun and glimmer. Two horns, two electric basses, and an electric guitar complete the band, and these instruments, too, seem to be following wildly divergent flight plans, weaving together half-time and double-time melodies, bizarrely transmuted blues-and-country-music licks, Brazilian samba, and fatback funk. The babble of rhythms and idioms, amplified to rock-band thresholds, seems powerful enough to lift the waterfront pier where the band is performing. Welcome to the music of **Ronald Shannon Jackson** and the Decoding Society.

There are no terms that adequately describe this music. Other musicians and bands are also playing it—guitarist **James Blood Ulmer** and his band—the New York avant-garde all-star band that calls itself the Golden Palominos—bass virtuoso **Jamaaladeen Tacuma** and his scrappy little band, Jamaal, and more. The basic concepts came from jazz saxophonist and innovator **Ornette Coleman**, who employed Jackson, Ulmer, and Tacuma in his various electric bands during the mid-seventies.

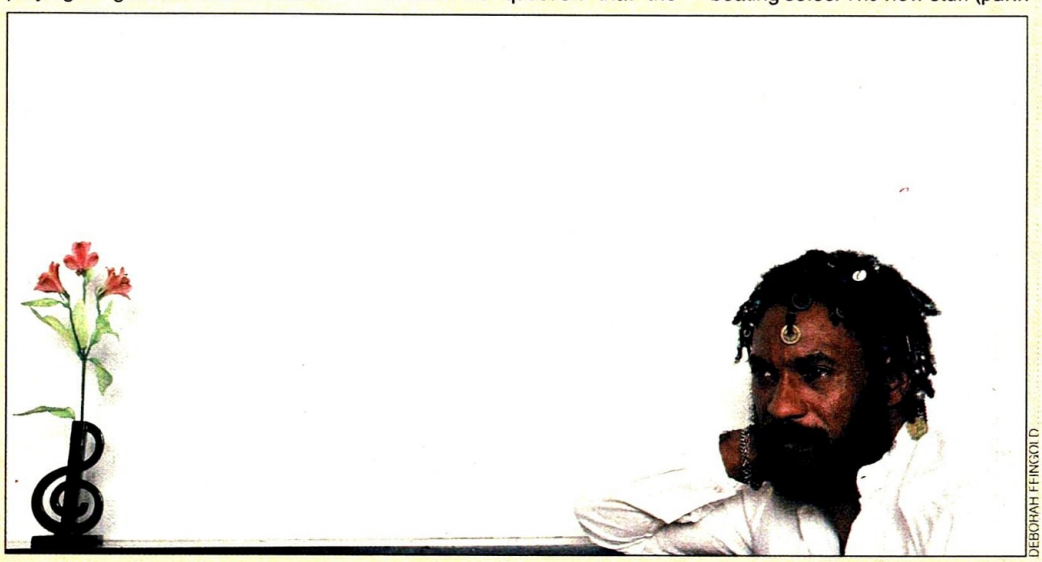
"Free jazz" was a term coined by Ornette Coleman to describe his music of the sixties. It was music that made every instrument responsible for stating its own independent melodies and its own rhythmic direction. Often the instruments busily conferred with one another like so many backfence gossips—playing in different keys. When in the mid-seventies Coleman became interested in African and other dance rhythms and in the electric guitar, he was able to translate his earlier free-jazz style into an electric-dance-band idiom. He began referring to his music as "harmolodic," a contraction of harmony, melody, and motion.

There's no question that the music of Ronald Shannon Jackson, James Blood Ulmer, and their peers owes a great deal to Coleman's pioneering. But to simply call it harmolodic music, as many people do, unfairly makes Jackson, Ulmer, and their compatriots sound like so many Coleman clones. "When I met Coleman, I was already 31 years old," says Ulmer. "I'd already decided how I was going to play. What I learned from Ornette was his harmolodic theory, which I applied to the guitar."

The musicians playing this new electric music came mostly from jazz and funk backgrounds; the iconoclastic New York new-wave-rock scene of the late seventies gave them the opportunity to work out their music in front of live audiences. From the first, musicians like Jackson and Ulmer appealed more to open-minded rock fans than to fans of old-style jazz-rock or "fusion music," as practiced by Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, and the post-retirement Miles Davis. The fusion music emphasizes "chops," or technique, usually displayed in finger-busting, showboating solos. The new stuff (punk jazz? punk funk?) lays stress upon a group sound—disciplined collective playing, dense textures, and polyrhythmic muscle. It's the freshest new sound of the eighties.

Ronald Shannon Jackson and his band the Decoding Society have made five albums, the latest of which—*Barbeque Dog* (Antilles)—is the most impressive. It ranges from the most abrasive electronic fire storms to delicate ballads to moody tone poems featuring twin electric basses and a banjo. The hint of pre-blues black folk music in Vernon Reid's banjo work are more emphatic on James Blood Ulmer's latest album, *Odyssey* (Columbia), with its spare instrumentation of Ulmer's finger-picked guitar, Charles Burnham's electric violin (played as a souped-up black hoedown fiddle), and Warren Benbow's crisp drums. Jamaaladeen Tacuma's first album, *Show Shopper* (Gramavision), ranges from his band's sharp, rhythmic riffing to encounters with Blood Ulmer and other jazzmen to a piece for electric bass and string quartet.

The new future-funk-fusion has a broad expressive range. Jackson and Ulmer draw on roots in Southern-soul and funk music and on a jazz sensibility; Tacuma and his sometime collaborators the Golden Palominos are closer in spirit to rock, the new urban funk, and rap music. **Palomino Bill Laswell** and his partner **Michael Beinhorn**, working as Material, see nothing unusual in playing avant-garde noise rock and free jazz one day and making weirdly funky hit singles the next. Ironically, their work as producers and sidemen with Herbie Hancock on the single "Rockit" and the album *Future Shock* (both Columbia) have given that charter member of the original fusion-music generation his freshest sound and best-selling record in years.—*Robert Palmer*



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Ronald Shannon Jackson: music that ranges from electronic fire storms to delicate ballads.

IF YOU EVER WANTED TO CLIMB MT. RAINIER, YOU'RE A NATURAL BACKWOODS MAN.

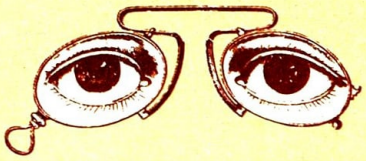
For an experience that's strictly wild, you can't top a climb like this. But for one that's wild and mild, pack along Backwoods Smokes.

Backwoods are all natural tobacco, with genuine Broadleaf wrapper aged one full year to bring out its natural sweetness.

Backwoods Smokes. For the man who likes his pleasures wild and mild.

ALL NATURAL TOBACCO

HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SO WILD TASTE SO MILD?



WORDS

TIME CHANGE

A well-known science-fiction editor, asked recently what he thought all science fiction had in common, came back with a one-word answer: evolution. Other kinds of fiction assume that things and people will stay basically as they are—at least in our lifetime. Science fiction deals with fundamental evolutionary changes—in societies and in species themselves.

Four novels published recently—among them several major works by major authors—bear out the editor's comment, with a little fudging here and there. John Brunner's ***The Crucible of Time*** (Del Rey) takes as its theme nothing less than the evolution of civilization. The focus is a species of sentient creatures—something like intelligent air-breathing slugs—who have the misfortune (or is it "fortune"?) to live in a solar system that is passing through a dense interstellar gas cloud. Their planet continually undergoes rapid alternation between temperate eras and ice ages. In response to the environmental challenges, the creatures develop technology and the vision to realize that in the long run their only hope for survival is to leave their planet. Brunner (who wrote *Stand on Zanzibar,* the definitive novel of an overpopulated earth, in 1968) fills his broad canvas with close-grained portraits of quirky thinkers and doers and dreamers who have time to be both lovers and haters before they disappear into history—sometimes to emerge centuries later as legendary exemplars who collaborate with other individuals in the vast effort necessary to boost their species to the stars.

In ***Welcome, Chaos*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Kate Wilhelm, the evolutionary challenge comes from science itself. A scientist in Hitler's Germany discovers the secret of longevity—a super-vaccine that confers permanent immunity to all fleshly ills once it "takes." But there are two drawbacks: If it doesn't take, it kills (your chances are 50-50), and it makes women infertile. Fleeing from the Nazis, the scientist and his assistant survive the treatment, only to be faced with the question of whether to reveal the discovery to the world. While they wrestle with the practical and ethical issues—Who should control access? Is personal immortality worth the price of social dislocation?—other interested parties are closing in on the secret. The result is a modern scientific thriller in the best sense—as if John le Carré had decided to update Aldous Huxley.

Joe Haldeman's ***Worlds Apart*** (The Viking Press) deals with the aftermath of the ultimate human intervention in evolutionary destiny: a nuclear holocaust. On Earth, most of those who survive the bombs are killed by a mutated virus that spares only the young. Life expectancy falls to about 20 years, and the remaining children organize themselves into a variety of eccentric social units that have only one thing in common: They increase an individual's chances of living—and reproducing—until the virus gets him, or her. Civilization as we know it continues only on the handful of self-sustaining Earth satellites—such as New New York—where artificial environments have bred new cultural norms that place a premium on working for the common good. Haldeman switches back and forth from Earth to New New York with dazzling virtuosity. His chilling vision of the murderous (and suicidal) tendencies of the human species may seem at first glance like a gloss on William Golding's *Lord of the Flies.* But Haldeman has a sounder appreciation of the countervailing traits that have allowed humanity to make it this far. If a novel that begins with the destruction of nearly everybody can be called optimistic, this is it.

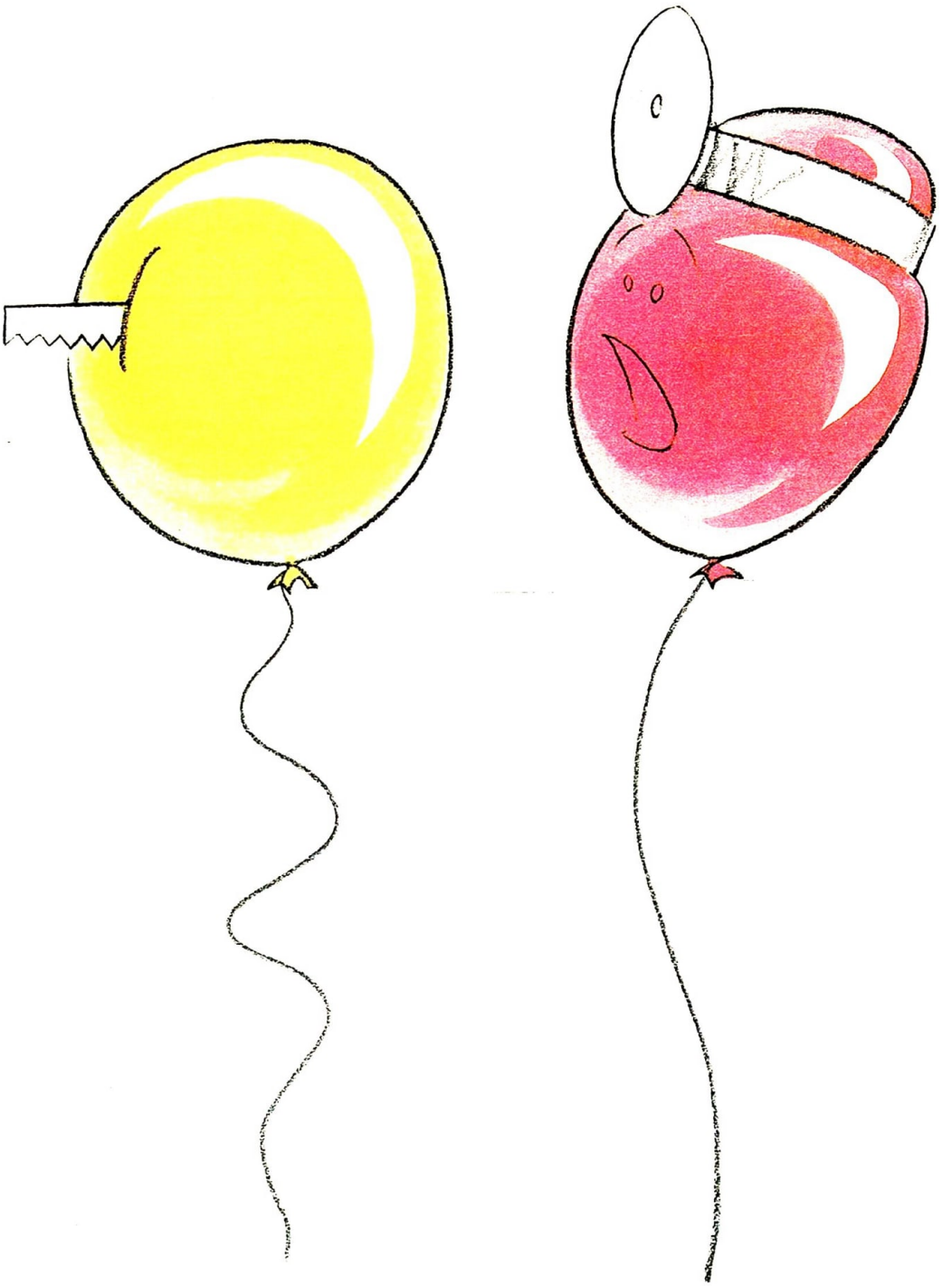
Evolution is still operating at various levels of Michael Coney's oddly effective ***The Celestial Steam Locomotive*** (Houghton Mifflin), but you might not recognize it at first glance. Coney writes of an unimaginably distant future, when humanity has split into several subspecies, some of which must be artificially kept alive by the machinations of a worldwide super-computer known as the Rainbow. These barely viable creatures pass their entire existence in elaborate interlocking dreams, while others labor to recapture the original vitality of "True Humans." Among the hardworking others are quasi-humans created from animal genetic material, and a number of less easily described entities, including some whose ancestry and destiny would seem to lie on another plane of existence entirely. Read as science fiction, Coney's work will pleasurably call to mind such conscious mythmakers as C. S. Lewis, Philip Jose Farmer, and Paul Linebarger (writing as "Cordwainer Smith"). But Coney seems even closer to the original source material—those collections of folktales that anthropologists have gleaned from cultures around the world and that scholars are continually trying to make sense of. I don't know exactly what Coney is up to, other than the telling of an enjoyable tall tale. But this is only volume one of what promises to be a long series. If Coney can maintain the level of energy and imagination in future volumes that he displays in *The Celestial Steam Locomotive,* he should find many readers willing to go along with him for the ride.—*Gerald Jones*

LARRY HAMILL

Evolution revolution: New science fiction deals with fundamental changes in our society and ourselves.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Within each of us there is an inner self striving to be free—yours just happened to have a saw."

As tax time nears, the IRS is running scared of an ever-growing tax revolt that threatens to escalate into massive noncompliance.

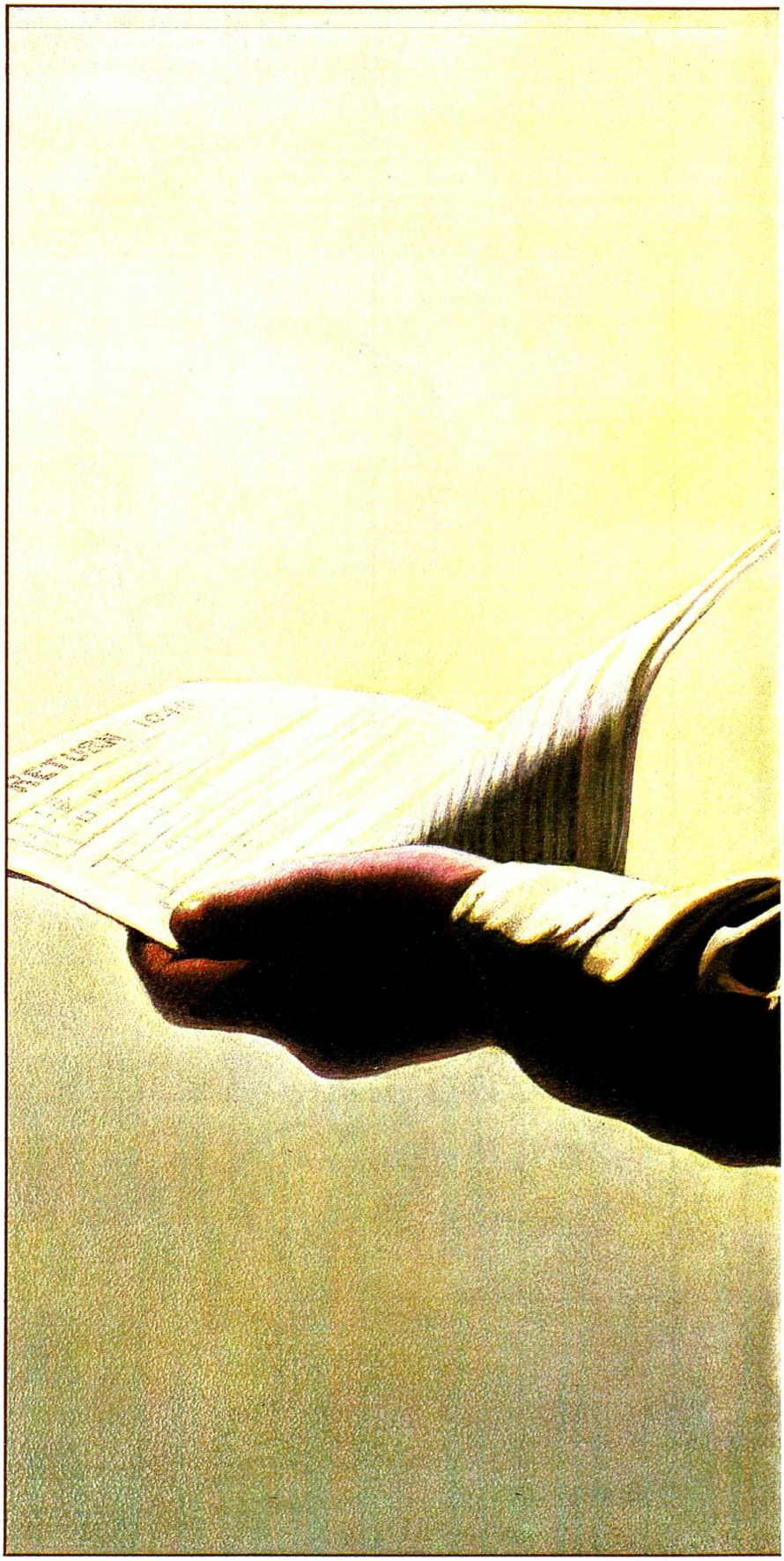
NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN

BY JOHN CUMMINGS AND ERNEST VOLKMAN

It was a cold, dreary morning just before dawn on that day in February 1978 when a group of U.S. marshals quietly moved into positions surrounding the small house just outside Kansas City, Missouri. The federal lawmen, armed with an arsenal of heavy firepower, including automatic rifles, waited for the signal to move in and capture their dangerous quarry.

The order crackled over two-way radios, and the marshals, guns drawn, pounded at the door. Their quarry, Sidney Lemmon and his wife, surrendered meekly when confronted with all that firepower and were led off to jail in handcuffs. With this action, the full might and power of the

PAINTING BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO



federal government had at last brought to heel a man it considered a very dangerous criminal.

Sidney Lemmon had refused to answer questions about his income-tax returns.

There was virtually no publicity about the arrest of Sidney Lemmon, and even less about his fate afterward. Then 76 years old, with a history of heart trouble, Lemmon was held in a federal prison hospital in Springfield, Missouri, on a charge of contempt of court for citing the Fifth Amendment in refusing to answer the Internal Revenue Service's questions about his tax returns. He continued to hold out against the worst threats the government could devise. These included the possibility of a long prison term—a virtual death sentence for a man his age. Finally, worn down by his health problems and fearful of what would happen to his wife, he caved in and decided to fight no more.

He agreed to compromise with the government and was ordered released. But the long battle had taken its toll; two weeks after returning home, Sidney Lemmon died. The case against his wife was dropped.

Lemmon's daughter, Mrs. Ginnie Duncan, of Leawood, Kansas, describes her father as "both a creation and victim of the IRS." She is bitter about the government's treatment of him and insists he was no criminal. He was a strict constitutionalist, one of those quirky American patriots whose reading of the United States Constitution persuaded him that nothing in that document gave the government the right to compel its citizens each year to reveal the details of their lives and to take an ever increasing share of their income in taxes. "He was the consummate Old World gentleman," Mrs. Duncan says of her father—a description that tallies with others who knew Lemmon. Among them is Lemmon's attorney, Frank Bysfield III of Kansas City, who shakes his head sadly when recalling the case. Bysfield respected his client's principles, if not his methods. He did not, for example, think it was such a good idea for Lemmon to refuse even to deal with the tax-collection agency.

The question arises: Why did the federal government go to such extraordinary lengths to destroy a 76-year-old man whose crime—refusal to pay his income taxes—amounted to a principled, if quixotic, challenge to a system he believed to be fundamentally unconstitutional? Why all the pressure against a "criminal" who openly proclaimed his refusal to make a deal with the IRS?

Because Sidney Lemmon was the symbol of a growing movement of tax protesters who decided to take on the dreaded IRS in a head-to-head confrontation that has become nothing short of war. The protesters are flatly refusing to pay income taxes, often filing blank tax returns, harassing IRS agents and auditors at their offices, refusing to answer any questions put to them by the agency, and then daring the IRS to do anything about it. And the IRS has discovered, to its horror, that there isn't a hell of a lot it can do about people who defy the system and are willing to go to jail.

Plainly put, the tax system is under a frontal assault by otherwise ordinary Americans who feel, as the famous line from the movie *Network* put it, "We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore!" Officially, the IRS doesn't like to admit that it has a very large problem on its hands, but there are plenty of clues to suggest that there is serious trouble brewing:

- A secret set of new guidelines for IRS field agents warns that they may see escalating efforts by the tax-protest movement that will make their jobs harder. Agents are being advised that they will face demands for proof of their authority to ask questions about income, will be obliged to listen to constitutional harangues, and will hear demands that conversations between auditors and taxpayers be tape-recorded or filmed, along with a long list of other actions designed to impede the IRS from collecting taxes.
- IRS agents are increasingly aware that they may face armed protesters. A member of one especially bitter antitax organization was shot dead in a gun battle last year after killing two federal marshals who tried to enforce a warrant for probation violation, the result of a previous tax conviction. Violence against IRS agents, considered unthinkable before, is increasing. Two revenue officers were shot in the line of duty: one in Cleveland and another near Buffalo. The officer in Buffalo was killed. The case involved a tax bill of only $1,700.
- Groups made up of people who have declared publicly their refusal to pay taxes are proliferating rapidly. There are now an estimated 1,000 such groups nationwide.
- New studies show a decline in the rate of voluntary compliance with the tax code, the backbone of the American tax structure. Although it is still high—somewhere around 84 percent, according to confidential IRS studies—compliance was nearly 100 percent a decade ago. And the downward trend is still continuing inexorably.
- The protest movement has brought the U.S. Tax Court almost to a standstill. The most recent figures show the court's backlog rose to 57,594 cases last year, a sharp increase over the 45,135 cases just two years ago. In some major cities, taxpayers must wait a year or more for their cases to reach trial. The chief reason for the backlog is the number of tax-protest cases—more than 8,000, a number that is growing every day.

"The IRS likes to pretend that they've got the thing under control," said one official. "But to tell the truth, the fact is they're scared shitless."

"I don't doubt for one second that there's a very serious problem in the tax-protest area," says one IRS official. "The service likes to pretend that they've got the thing under control, but to tell the truth, the fact is they're scared shitless. They know there is no way, really, you can beat a wide-scale, well-organized tax-protest movement, whose members in effect look you straight in the eye and say, 'Look, you want to put me in jail? Okay, go ahead. I ain't gonna pay you one red cent of taxes, anyway.' So what can you threaten them with? Most people are frightened to death of the IRS, and with good reason; if they don't pay their taxes, they know damn well the IRS can come and get it out of their hides. And if they did something crooked, they can get thrown in jail. But what do you do with somebody who doesn't care about those kinds of consequences? Shoot them?"

This might be the only recourse, given the fact that everything the IRS has tried to date hasn't worked. Well-publicized prosecutions of tax protesters haven't made a dent in the movement. And the greatly enhanced enforcement power granted the IRS by Congress two years ago has not helped much, either. It seems the more the IRS cracks down, the stronger the tax-protest movement gets.

The IRS Criminal Division (once known as the Intelligence Division) keeps close tabs on the tax-protest movement, but agents admit they do not have a firm handle on specifics—exactly how many people are involved, and how much money is being withheld from the U.S. Treasury. According to the IRS, about 18,000 "protest returns" (returns on which taxpayers refused to comply with the tax system on various grounds) were filed in the 1980 tax year. This figure ballooned to more than 40,000 during the 1982 tax year.

But these are the most visible of the tax rebels. The IRS has no specific information about a more problematic category—"non-filers," people who simply never file a tax return. The last attempt to develop some sort of statistics on non-filers was six years ago, when they were estimated at about 5.1 million Americans. How many of these non-filers refused to fill out a tax return for reasons of protest, and how many didn't file because they didn't feel like it, is impossible to judge—although IRS agents suspect that the bulk of the non-filers are in fact protesters who have

elected to drop out of the system.

Tax protest is not the same as tax evasion, which involves the illegal use of deductions, tax credits, and, sometimes, elaborate efforts to hide income. Tax evasion is dominated by taxpayers in the $50,000 to $100,000 (and above) income bracket, and includes organized crime and assorted scam artists who try to beat the system. They do not directly challenge the IRS but attempt to manipulate the system.

However, tax evasion and tax protest are legally the same thing—willful failure, as the lawyers like to say, to pay taxes due. The difference is that protesters seek not to manipulate that system, but to overthrow it, to fight it tooth and nail. Thus, IRS offices around the country are receiving a growing number of tax returns in which taxpayers refuse to answer any questions on the return on the grounds that the Fifth Amendment protects against self-incrimination. The IRS also receives returns that claim the IRS has no right to collect taxes in the first place. There are growing numbers of returns that claim U.S. currency, no longer backed by gold and silver, is worthless, and that therefore any attempt to collect taxes on "worthless" earnings is illegal. There are also returns on which is written, in large letters, FUCK YOU! Or returns that have "0" written in the taxes-owed section, with sometimes obscene challenges to the IRS to try and collect.

And for those unfortunate IRS agents or auditors saddled with the task of trying to assess taxes on members of protest groups, the job can be frustrating. Protesters may show up for an audit with tape recorders and movie cameras, demanding that everything be documented. Or, as often happens, a protest group will appear en masse, crowding inside an IRS office to harass agents and demand that the service show proof of their constitutional right to collect taxes.

As the killings of several IRS agents and escalating threats against others show, the war has been turning ugly. The IRS has been striking back by vigorously prosecuting individuals they think are the leaders and organizers of tax-protest groups. The groups themselves have been devising still more means of attack against the system.

A classic instance occurred in Flint, Michigan, two years ago, when the largest organized tax protests in U.S. history broke out. Nearly 3,500 GM workers united in a direct assault on the tax system. They went after one of the movement's most detested targets, the wage-withholding system. Withholding, an automatic-payroll-deduction plan, was introduced as an emergency measure during World War II to raise cash for the government's expensive war effort. It became a permanent fixture after the war because the U.S. Treasury found it irresistible—it is a huge interest-free loan from the American people that represents the government's cash flow, and greases the wheels.

The autoworkers' group took on that system by filling out W-4 forms—which each employee must file, listing dependents—with grossly exaggerated figures, including some that claimed 99 dependents. In effect, the people filling out the W-4s argued that the IRS could not withhold any taxes from their salaries since they owed no taxes.

The IRS has attempted to smother this protest with audits and penalties against the members of the autoworkers' group, hinting that it will selectively prosecute others under an especially nasty federal law designed to stamp out tax-protest movements. Basically, under the constitutional guarantees of free speech the law says that anyone can advocate violation of the tax laws; however, if as a result of that advice even one taxpayer doesn't pay, then the man who advocated nonpayment can be indicted for income-tax evasion—even if his own returns are perfectly legal.

But the IRS found even this power insufficient to beat the protest movement involving the W-4s. So it moved to get a more powerful weapon. The new clout was an amendment to the Tax Code passed by Congress in 1982 that held employers directly responsible for the validity of W-4 forms. The IRS also got Congress to pass a new law making it a crime for

"I second that."

anyone to file a frivolous income-tax return—an unbelievably potent bureaucratic tool, since "frivolous" is not defined in the law, which makes the IRS the final arbiter of what is frivolous and what is not.

Still, even with these weapons the IRS continues to have a hard time with what it officially terms ITPs (individual tax protesters). ITPs continue to defy a larger and more powerful arsenal, including new computers programmed to track down and identify specific protesters and their movements, and experts assigned to every IRS field office who are trained to handle tax-protest cases. And in court the IRS has won 723 out of 727 tax cases involving protesters.

IRS enforcement chief Philip Coates admits that the IRS is becoming increasingly concerned about the tax-protest movement and the attendant rise in violence against tax collectors. He declines to name any specific tax-protest groups most worrisome to the IRS but says the agency is keeping tabs on some of them. Although Coates won't name names, other IRS officials admit privately there is a large-scale undercover effort under way within its Criminal Division to infiltrate the more active tax-protest groups and gather evidence for indictments based on illegal advocacy of tax cheating.

The groups most troubling to the IRS include:

• Central Arkansas Patriots. This is one of the more active groups. It advocates the total abolition of the income tax, which it claims is unconstitutional. (Unfortunately for the group, the federal courts consistently have upheld the constitutionality of the federal income-tax system and the method by which taxes are collected.) The Patriots, who are considered among the more right wing of the tax-protest groups, have devised a variety of schemes—all of them claimed to be illegal by the IRS—for getting around the income tax.

• National Patriotic Association. Another Arkansas-based group, the association claims that the tax system is illegal because the money is used for social programs with which the group strongly disagrees. Like some other tax-protest groups, the association has an anti-Semitic tinge. It argues that Jewish bankers are responsible for high interest rates.

• New York Patriots' Society for Individual Liberty. Based primarily in New York's rural upstate area, this group is one of several that are filing lawsuits challenging the IRS and its taxing authority. The groups allow that the government can tax property but not wages.

• Irwin Schiff, the grandfather of the entire American tax-protest movement. In 1976, Schiff began filing Fifth Amendment income-tax returns and advocated that every taxpayer do the same. His book, *Anyone Can Stop Paying Income Taxes,* is the bible of the tax-protest movement—although it should be noted that Schiff served four months of a six-month prison sentence for income-tax evasion.

• Your Heritage Protection Association. This is the largest organized tax-protest group in the country—it has over 20,000 members. It has also been the target of a strong IRS counterattack, which includes the indictment of its founder and 19 other members on charges of tax fraud. An eight-year sentence handed down in that case against the founder is now under appeal, and the group is apparently more active than ever.

Of all the tax-protest movements, however, by far the most notorious is the Posse Comitatus, an alleged racist, anti-Semitic organization whose strength is centered in the West and Southwest. Its name is Latin for "power of the county," a common-law concept that permitted sheriffs to form a *posse comitatus* for help in catching criminals or rooting out wrongdoing among public officials. The Posse Comitatus organization, formed in the early 1960s to combat the subversion of the "welfare state," has an estimated 3,000-plus members throughout the country.

> Protesters are flatly refusing to pay income taxes, often filing blank returns, harassing IRS agents at their offices, refusing to answer questions, and daring the IRS to do anything about it.

They advocate the establishment of "townships," which would elect their own officials and recognize no higher authority—and refuse to pay any federal taxes. Some group members also advocate violence, especially against those government officials suspected by the group of violating "God's laws."

One of its more violent members was Gordon Kahl. He was a former North Dakota farmer radicalized by the hard times and farm-mortgage foreclosures caused by high interest rates. Kahl refused to pay any more federal taxes, a move that got him convicted of income-tax evasion. Kahl refused to observe the terms of his probation, and the scene was set for a tragic confrontation.

Kahl was never seen anywhere without his mini-14 rifle, a rapid-firing, powerful civilian version of the military M-14 model. He became aware that federal officials would try to arrest him for probation violation—which actually amounted to his failure to mail the required one letter a month to his probation officer. U.S. marshals set a trap for him one evening last February, but Kahl spotted the lawmen. In the ensuing shoot-out, two federal marshals were killed, three other law-enforcement officers wounded, and Kahl fled to the rural Arkansas Ozarks, bandit country where tax protest, violent or otherwise, is an honored tradition. Several months later, Kahl was tracked to a house in that area and in another shoot-out killed the local sheriff who tried to arrest him. A small army of accompanying federal officers, including FBI agents, blasted the house, killing Kahl. He was 63 years old.

Gordon Kahl has become something of a legend in the tax-protest movement. His roots were in the American Southwest, where during the 1920s the first murmurs of the tax-protest movement were heard.

The protest centered on what many people felt was an ignominious act: In 1913, the Sixteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was enacted, giving Congress the power to levy and collect direct taxes. (Until that time, the Supreme Court had ruled that the federal government had no right of direct taxation unless it was levied in proportion to a state's population.)

But the tax-protest movement was extremely small, limited to die-hard right-wingers who felt the government had no right to *any* taxes, much less income taxes. Part of the reason was that before 1932 only about one in nine taxpayers actually paid federal income taxes, mostly because there was no withholding system, nor were there any vast IRS enforcement powers. Then, too, the tax rates were relatively low, even when added to the deductions for the federal Social Security program.

Things began to change in the 1950s when increasing tax rates spawned the beginning of a tax-revolt movement. This was also spurred on by politics: A number of taxpayers, objecting to taxes being used for military purposes, began to deduct certain portions of their taxes they claimed were used to buy armaments. Still later, other protesters tried to deduct portions of their taxes being used to finance the Vietnam War.

The real crunch came in the late 1960s and early 1970s when sharply increased tax rates, along with quantum leaps in Social Security taxes, began taking very large chunks out of incomes. Indeed, the tax burden for many Americans, particularly in the lower- and middle-income brackets, became oppressive. In that atmosphere, the arguments about "illegal tax systems" found fertile ground.

Those who feel that a full-scale protest against the tax system is the only answer are defined by the IRS as people who "advocate and/or participate in a scheme with a broad exposure that results in the illegal underpayment of taxes." As the definition reveals, the IRS makes no distinction between those who don't pay because they want to keep the money for themselves and those who won't on constitutional grounds. In other words, as far

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS

A world of flavor in an ultra light.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 4 mg "tar," 0.3 mg nicotine
Men: 3 mg "tar," 0.3 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83.

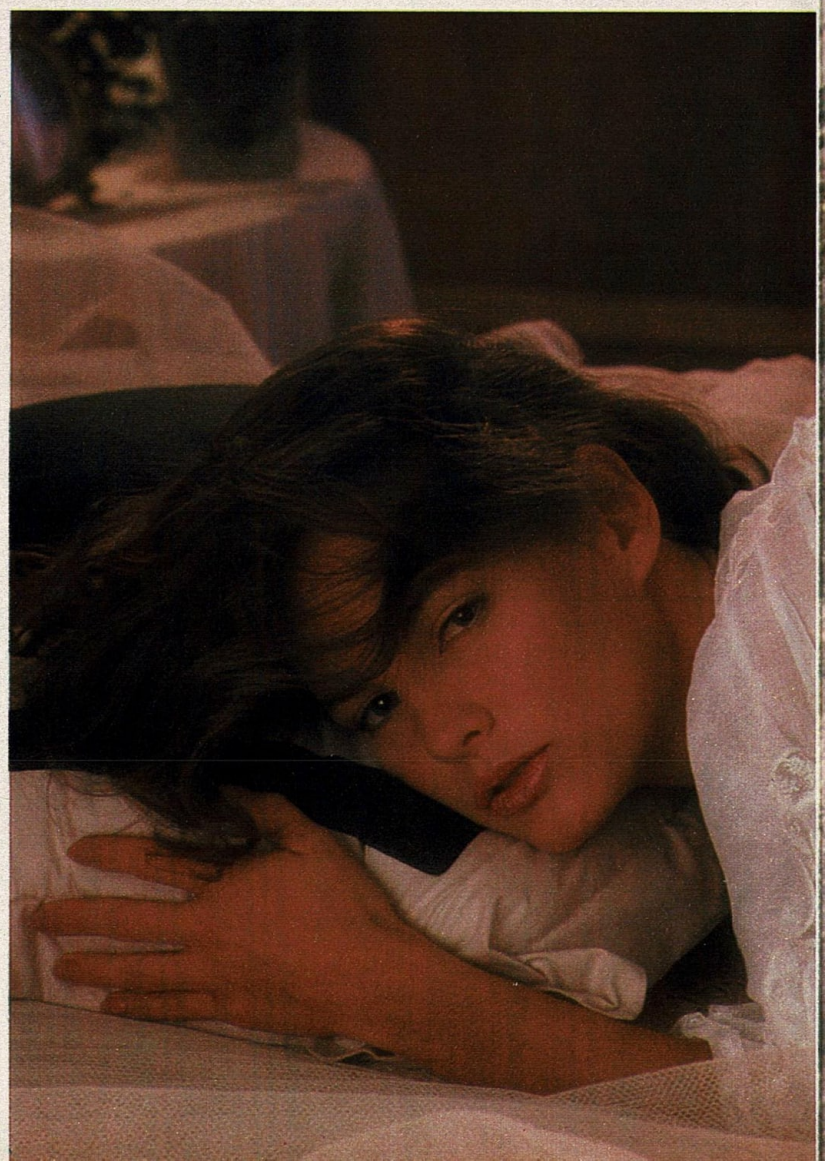
© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

BEAU-TIDE BELLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE WAYDA

It's perfect, she says,
to be a Pet, when you keep
so many pets yourself.
According to Donna
Stevens, when she talks
to her animals, they listen.
Men's ears perk up, too,
but that's called magnetism.

Location courtesy of LeCaille at Quail Run, Salt Lake City, Utah

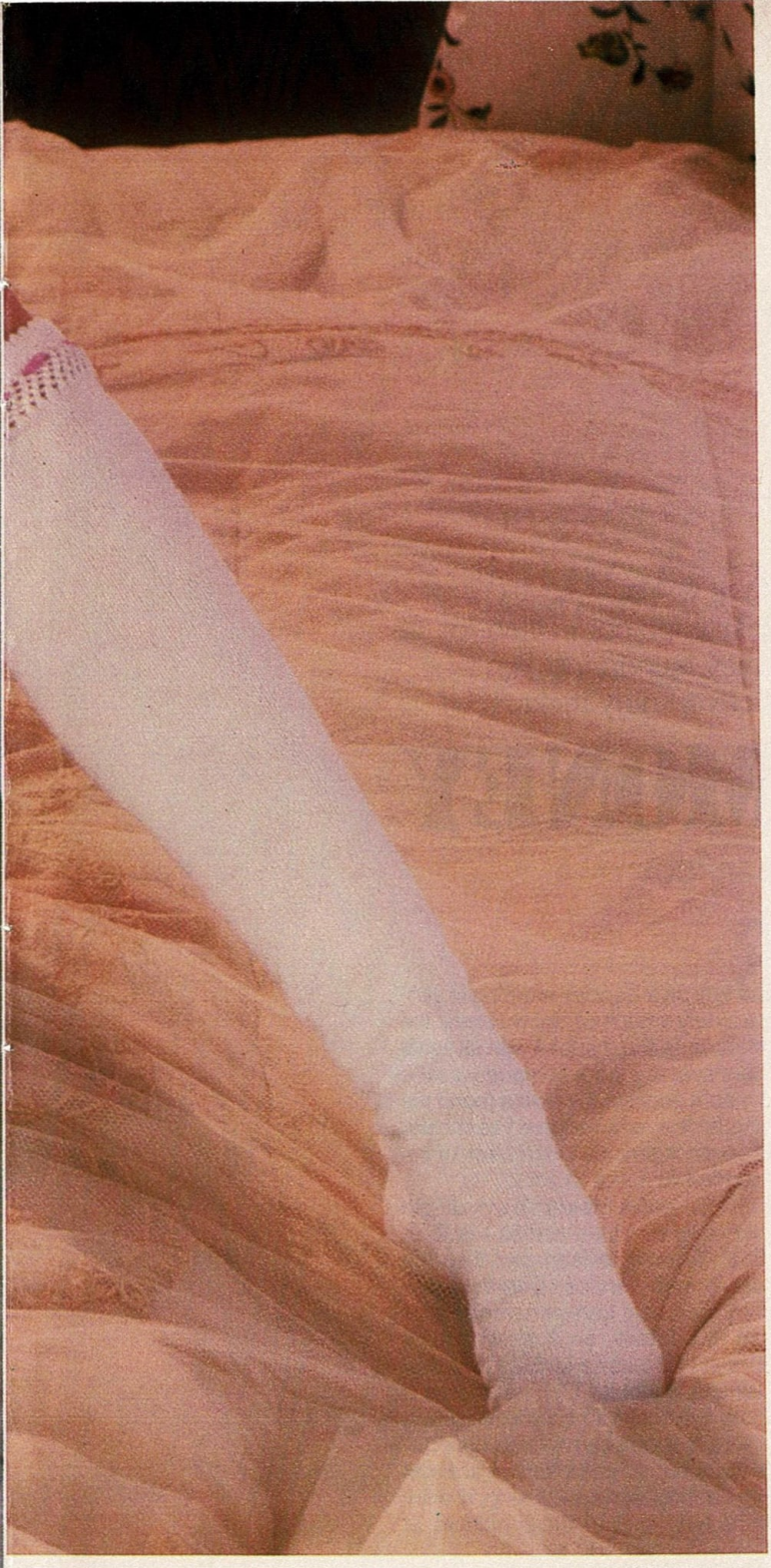


This doesn't bother our dusky Charleston native. Like most blue northers, the women's movement ran out of steam by the time it reached Alabama. "Southern belles still kind of like being sex objects," she drawls, "so long as they can pick and choose their own admirers." Ahh, we sigh, a true Confederate.

Also, our magnolia-blossom special adores sunshine. She knows it's bad for her skin, but that warm, Southern sun beating down on a beautiful, bronzed body is pretty hard to resist. Most of her boyfriends, Donna says, are business tycoons who love golf. Personally, she prefers a more intimate outdoor pastime—call it a lawn party.

Makeup by Audrey Anderson

Just being at one with her 36-23-35-inch self isn't half bad either. Smoothing on lotion, admiring herself in the mirror...



With salty heroines like Scarlett O'Hara as examples, it's easy to see why vanity is still considered a woman's virtue. After all, when a pretty young Pet pampers and preens herself, isn't it her beau who benefits?

The story of the CIA's
Nugan Hand Bank—an institution committed to
heroin dealing, money laundering,
arms trafficking, and covert dirty tricks.

BLOOD MONEY

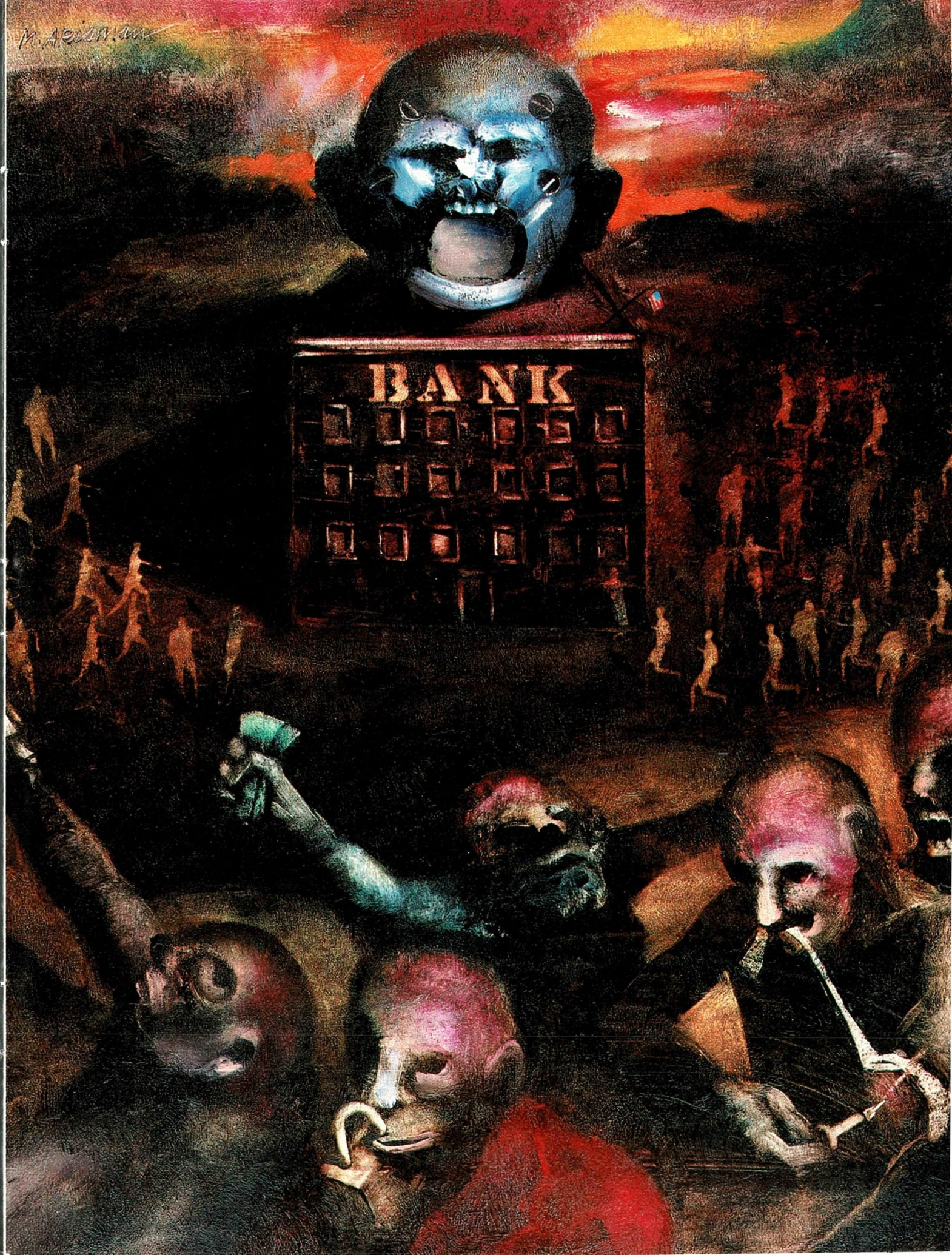
BY PENNY LERNOUX

Early on a Sunday morning in January 1980, two policemen driving along a lonely stretch of highway near the Australian city of Sydney came upon a Mercedes-Benz sedan with its lights on. Inside the car slumped across the front seat in a pool of blood was the body of a middle-aged man. In the dead man's pockets the police found the business card of William Colby, a Washington lawyer who three years earlier had been director of the Central Intelligence Agency. On the back of the card was the itinerary of a trip Colby intended to make to Asia.

Next to the body was a new rifle. Alongside it was a Bible with a meat-pie wrapper as a place mark. On the wrapper were scrawled names—William Colby's and California Congressman Bob Wilson's. Wilson was then the ranking Republican member of the House Armed Services Committee.

The dead man turned out to be a Sydney merchant banker named Frank Nugan. He was a co-owner of the Nugan Hand Bank, an Australian bank with 22 branches worldwide. Investigators at first theorized that Frank Nugan had killed himself because of business troubles. Only later was it learned that among the people with whom his bank did business were a number of prominent mobsters. But this would soon seem like a minor detail. For Frank Nugan's apparent suicide triggered an international scandal that continues to this day, involving heroin dealing, arms trafficking, money laundering, the CIA, and enough high-ranking U.S. military officers to

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN


BANK

launch a major invasion.

At the time of his death, 37-year-old Frank Nugan was facing criminal charges for defrauding shareholders in the Nugan-family food business. Auditors had discovered big cash payoffs by the company to people apparently linked to drug trafficking. Three months later, after the Nugan Hand Bank collapsed, it was learned that Nugan had illegally diverted $1.6 million of the bank's money to the family business. The bank's directors knew of Nugan's legal troubles, and one of them frequently accompanied him to the hearings that led to formal charges. This man was General Edwin F. Black, former commander of troops in Thailand during the Vietnam War and later assistant army chief of staff in the Pacific. He was then the Nugan Hand Bank's representative in Hawaii.

Frank Nugan was also in hot water with the bank's auditors, who had refused to approve the accounts for the bank's Bahama and Cayman branches. This meant that the bank was about to be decertified. If it *were* decertified, it would lose its commercial status with other banks and would collapse. Stephen K. A. Hill, a Nugan Hand director who later testified that he rewrote the books on Frank Nugan's instructions, had had no problem with the auditors during earlier meetings. On at least one occasion he was accompanied by another high-ranking former U.S.-military officer, Earl P. ("Buddy") Yates, retired U.S. admiral and former chief of staff for strategic planning with U.S. forces in Asia and the Pacific. Yates was the Nugan Hand Bank's president.

Nugan, at that time, had taken to going to church almost daily. He wrote mystical notes to himself in a Bible, which was always with him. "Visualize 100,000 customers worldwide," said one. "Prayerize. Actualize." And he spent money as if he owned the mint—$500,000 to remodel his family's lavish waterfront home in Sydney, complete with sand for an artificial beach. On the day he died he was completing negotiations for the purchase of a $2.2-million country estate.

If such actions reflect suicidal intent, none of Nugan's associates seemed aware of it. Witnesses described Nugan as his "usual chipper self" to the very end. And one would not expect a man to go through the motions of buying an estate on the same day he intended to take his life. As shown by the papers found with his body, Nugan apparently had made plans to see William Colby the following month. And when an official inquest was held, the coroner's suicide verdict was challenged on the grounds that only a contortionist could have shot himself in the head with a rifle from the position in which Frank Nugan was sitting.

Three months after Frank Nugan's death, the Nugan Hand Bank collapsed. Three years later, the repercussions from the bank's many sordid dealings continue to be felt worldwide. What has emerged in the aftermath has grown into a fascinating, complex web of criminality and intrigue—a story that has reached the United States only in isolated bits and pieces, in part because of the U.S.-intelligence community's reluctance to help or supply information to Australian investigators.

The Australian government's investigation of the bank's dealings is still under way, and among the details that have emerged so far are the following:

- The Nugan Hand banking group participated in at least two U.S.-government-covert-action operations.
- The bank had strong links to the U.S.-intelligence community, and some of the banking group's executives were involved in large weapons shipments to American-aided forces fighting against Communist guerrillas in Angola.
- According to the report, retired Admiral Yates, while president of Nugan Hand, as part of a bank project urged a CIA contract agent to threaten the Haitian government with a coup. (Yates told the *Wall Street Journal* that the overthrow threat wasn't proposed by him but by a prospective bank client. Yates said he quickly rejected the idea.)
- Most of the bank's business was found to have been money laundering rather than deposit taking.
- The bank was also involved in dealings with international heroin syndicates, and there is evidence of massive fraud against United States and foreign citizens.

The reasons U.S. intelligence has held Australian investigators at arm's length should surprise no one. As the Nugan Hand story has unfolded, the names of several leading members of U.S. intelligence have cropped up. William Colby, former head of the CIA, admitted to having met Frank Nugan in 1979. In an interview with *Penthouse*, he said Nugan wanted to discuss tax matters with him. He denied having had an association with Nugan at any time previous. According to an Australian government report released to Parliament last year, Ted Shackley, the former No. 2 in command of the CIA's clandestine services, is one of the leading

A NUGAN HAND WHO'S WHO

FRANK NUGAN, co-owner of the Nugan Hand Bank in Australia, died in 1980—an apparent suicide.

MICHAEL HAND, ex–Green Beret, CIA contract agent, and Nugan's business partner, fled Australia after Nugan's death; his whereabouts are unknown.

GENERAL EDWIN F. BLACK, commander of U.S. troops in Thailand during the Vietnam War and later assistant army chief of staff for the Pacific, was president of Nugan Hand's Hawaiian operations.

EARL P. "BUDDY" YATES, retired rear admiral and former chief of staff for strategic planning with U.S. forces in Asia and the Pacific, was Nugan Hand's president.

WILLIAM COLBY, CIA director from 1973 to 1976; was a Nugan Hand lawyer.

THEODORE S. SHACKLEY, former No. 2 in charge of CIA clandestine services, former head of CIA covert operations in the Far East, and an Edwin P. Wilson associate.

EDWIN P. WILSON, former CIA agent and arms trader who used the Nugan Hand Bank for undercover operations. Convicted of smuggling arms to Libya.

BERNIE HOUGHTON, former undercover agent with U.S. Naval Intelligence, was Nugan Hand's representative in Saudi Arabia; in hiding.

TOM CLINES, director of training in the CIA's clandestine services and later with the Wilson-trained international-trading firm A.P.I. Distributors, was involved in the Nugan Hand takeover of a London bank.

RICARDO CHAVEZ, Cuban exile and former CIA agent and also on A.P.I.'s payroll, was involved in a London bank takeover by Nugan Hand.

GENERAL RICHARD C. SECORD, former Middle East adviser to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, introduced Clines and Shackley to Houghton.

DONALD BEAZLEY, head of Nugan Hand operations and later president of a Miami bank owned by a Colombian wheeler-dealer.

MITCHELL WERBELL III, CIA mercenary recruited for Caribbean resettlement of Meo refugees and paid by Nugan Hand Bank.

TIRATH KHEMLANI, Pakistani trader who worked with the CIA on the Whitlam "coup," was convicted in the U.S. of an organized-crime swindle.

GOUGH WHITLAM, Australia's prime minister until 1975, when a CIA disinformation campaign financed by Nugan Hand contributed to his government's fall.

JAMES CAIRNS, Whitlam's deputy prime minister, was politically ruined by a CIA disinformation campaign.

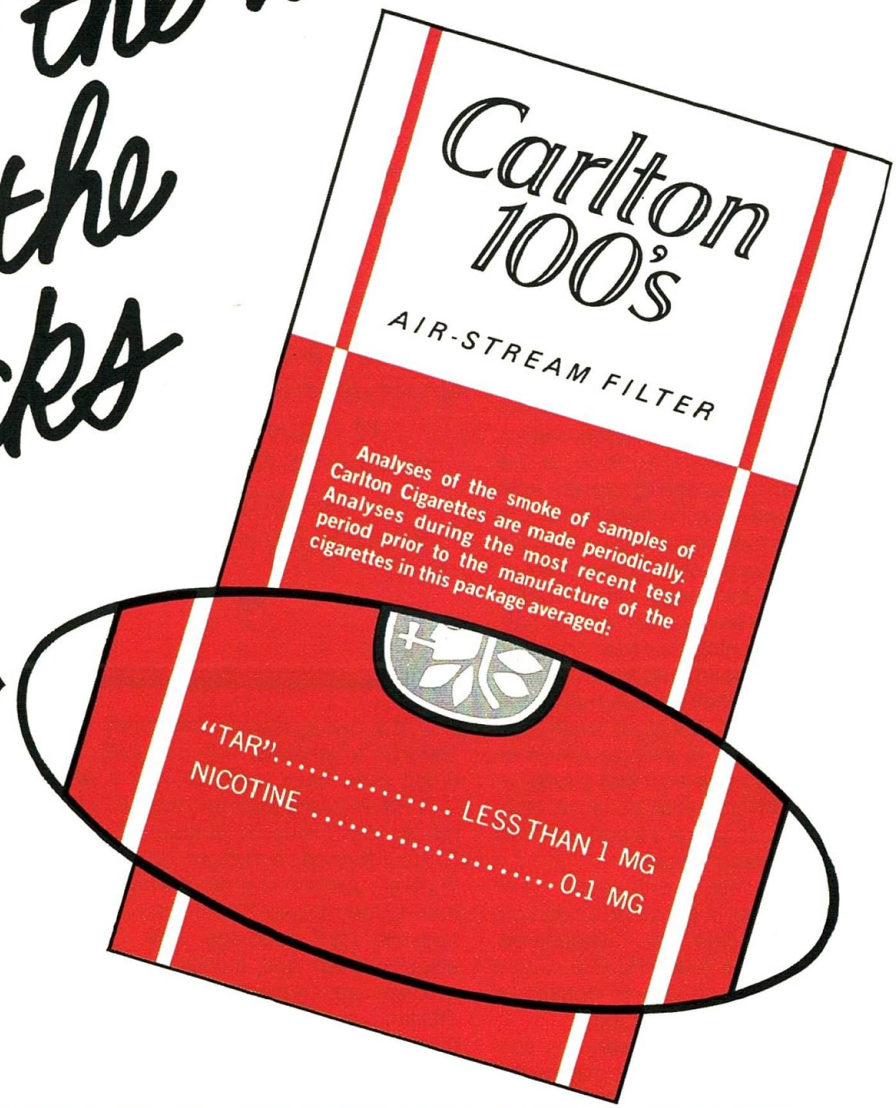
JOHN KERR, the British Crown's CIA-linked representative in Australia, sacked Whitlam.

U.S. Gov't Report

Carlton Box 100's
1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

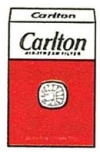
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Read the numbers on the packs


Carlton
100's
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:
"TAR" ..... LESS THAN 1 MG
NICOTINE ..... 0.1 MG

Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.



U.S. Gov't Report—no brand lower than Carlton Box King—less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

characters whose "background is relevant to a proper understanding of the activities of the Nugan Hand group and people associated with that group." In addition to General Black and Admiral Yates, a number of retired Pentagon and CIA officials also served as executives of, or consultants to, Nugan Hand. The Australian report also states that in both cases of Nugan Hand participation in U.S. covert activity Edwin P. Wilson was involved. Wilson, Ted Shackley's longtime CIA subordinate, was convicted of illegal arms sales to Libya in 1982, and more recently of attempted murder.

For the investigators who delved into the Nugan Hand Bank's complex dealings, the experience has been like opening a set of Chinese boxes—each box contained another mystery or clue. Even the circumstances of Frank Nugan's death turned out to be peculiar. By an unaccountable oversight, the police neglected to check for fingerprints. Later, when the rifle that killed Nugan was examined, no fingerprints were found on it.

In the course of their investigations, Australian detectives have turned up an amazing collection of rogues operating on three continents, many of them doing covert dirty work linked to the CIA, others to the heroin traffic between Southeast Asia and the United States. The bank was used for a multitude of illegal and lucrative activities. Among these—in addition to the arms deals and laundering money from the heroin trade—was a successful CIA destabilization plot that brought about the fall of an Australian Labor government.

Furthermore, the Nugan Hand Bank, according to testimony, served as paymaster for CIA contributions to "friendly" politicians in Australia, and for an incredible Caribbean scheme that may have been connected to the drug trade. The bank was also used to swindle American depositors, who believed it was a safe haven for their investments because high-ranking American generals and admirals sat on Nugan Hand's board.

As the investigations proceeded, other leading characters in the story, aside from Frank Nugan, died or disappeared. Among them was Nugan's Bronx-born partner, Michael Hand. Others took refuge in silence, denying wrongdoing.

The CIA, predictably, denied any connection with the bank, this despite the fact that records seized by Australian authorities showed that Nugan Hand had been involved in activities more pertinent to an intelligence agency than to a bank. The authorities recovered lengthy reports about political and military activities in Southeast Asia. The CIA, the FBI, and U.S. Customs all refused, on grounds of national security, to release information they held on the bank's activities. When the Australian weekly the *National Times* petitioned under the U.S. Freedom of Information Act for FBI records, it received only half of the 150 pages requested. And of these, most had been blacked out in heavy ink with the notation *B-I*, meaning that disclosure would endanger U.S. "national defense or foreign policy."

There were reasons enough for a cover-up. The U.S.-intelligence community was being linked to illegal activities and evidence was surfacing that, once again, it had allowed its agents to run amok.

The choice of a bank to front for CIA activities—instead of the fake trading companies usually favored by the agency—reflects not only the scope of Nugan Hand's operations but also the changed nature of banking. Only a bank could handle the quantities of money passing through Nugan Hand's branches, and only a bank could hide the trail. It may seem shocking to some that the U.S.-intelligence community banked with a heroin Laundromat, but again, this fact should surprise no one.

The CIA has a long history of criminal associations, and drugs have frequently played a role in covert intelligence work. The CIA's relations with criminals and drugs goes back to World War II, when U.S. Naval Intelligence and the CIA's forerunner, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), formed a cynical alliance with "Lucky" Luciano to provide Mafia henchmen to patrol East Coast docks against possible Nazi sabotage. The CIA also shipped cash and munitions to opium growers and mercenaries in Laos and Thailand during the sixties. CIA planes then provided transport for drugs on the first leg of their journey to American cities. Although the original purpose of these alliances was to fight communism, the end result was that the CIA became a middleman for drug producers and organized crime. Later, as American involvement in Southeast Asia wound down, a number of CIA agents went into the drug business.

> Australian detectives turned up an amazing collection of rogues on three continents, many linked to CIA dirty work, others to heroin trafficking.

One CIA contract agent with connections to the drug trade was Michael Hand. He was a burly, tough-talking, ex–Green Beret who had been with the Special Forces in Vietnam. He had visited Australia when it was an R-and-R center for American troops.

Hand left Vietnam in 1968 and settled in Sydney. He had studied forestry and been a teacher before going to Vietnam, and he frequently boasted that he was frightened of no one, that he had killed men while outnumbered and under fire, and that he had good connections within the CIA. The latter was later confirmed by Australian investigators, who turned up the fact that he had been a contract agent.

Michael Hand was a natural partner for Frank Nugan, who was impressed by Hand's toughness and intelligence connections. Nugan had no background in intelligence, but he was a fast-talking quick learner with a flair for self-promotion.

In 1970, Nugan and Hand went into partnership as investment advisers, mostly to current or former American servicemen whom Hand had met in Vietnam or Sydney. The pair used Hand's contacts to establish a tourism, mining, and real-estate outfit called Australasian and Pacific Holdings, Ltd. The company may well have been a CIA front, since four of the 19 founding shareholders worked with Air America, the CIA airline that ran men and supplies into Laos and brought out opium. Others worked for a Continental Airlines subsidiary under CIA contract in Laos.

Three years later, the two men formed the Nugan Hand Bank. It quickly attracted depositors by offering the highest interest rates in the region, tax-free deposits, and complete secrecy. Within six years it had 22 branches around the world and was doing more than a billion dollars in business a year. But the bank's biggest profits came from money laundering. A word of explanation is required.

Professional money laundering is a huge industry—worth up to $80 billion in the United States alone. It earns hefty profits: Nugan Hand, for instance, took 22 cents for every dollar laundered. Drug-traffic proceeds account for a large part of the laundering businesses, but legitimate businessmen and corporations also use money Laundromats to evade taxes and to establish slush funds for bribes and kickbacks. And IRS agents who follow launderers' paper trails have noted the coincidence of interests between organized crime and the CIA, which often use the same banks for illegal operations.

It may well be more than coincidence that the Nugan Hand Bank was established in 1973, when the CIA needed a Laundromat for its destabilization campaign against the Australian Labor government. This was the year when William Colby became director of the CIA and Ted Shackley replaced Colby as head of covert operations in the Far East. The Nixon administration was winding down U.S. military involvement in Vietnam, but the CIA remained active in the region, particularly in the opium strongholds of Thailand and Laos. When one of the leaders, a Thai national, was arrested in the United States for trying to smuggle 59 pounds of pure opium through New York's Kennedy Airport, the agency cited national security to squelch the case and obtain the traffick-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

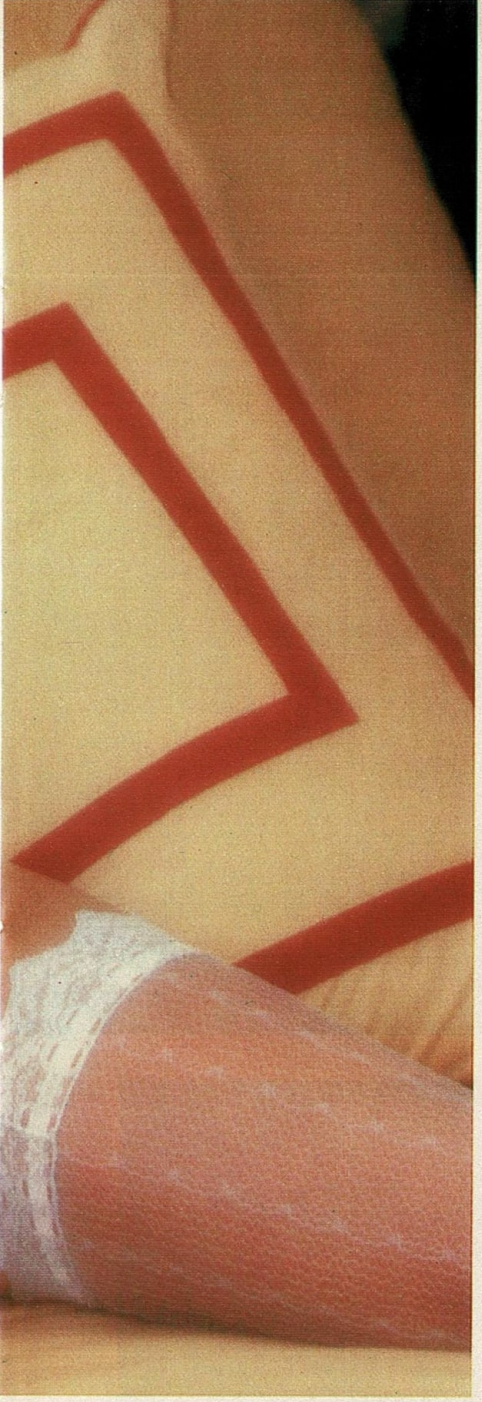
MARCIA
'When you're totally surrounded by wilderness, you've got a built-in excuse for running wild....'

NORTH TO ALASKA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN HICKS

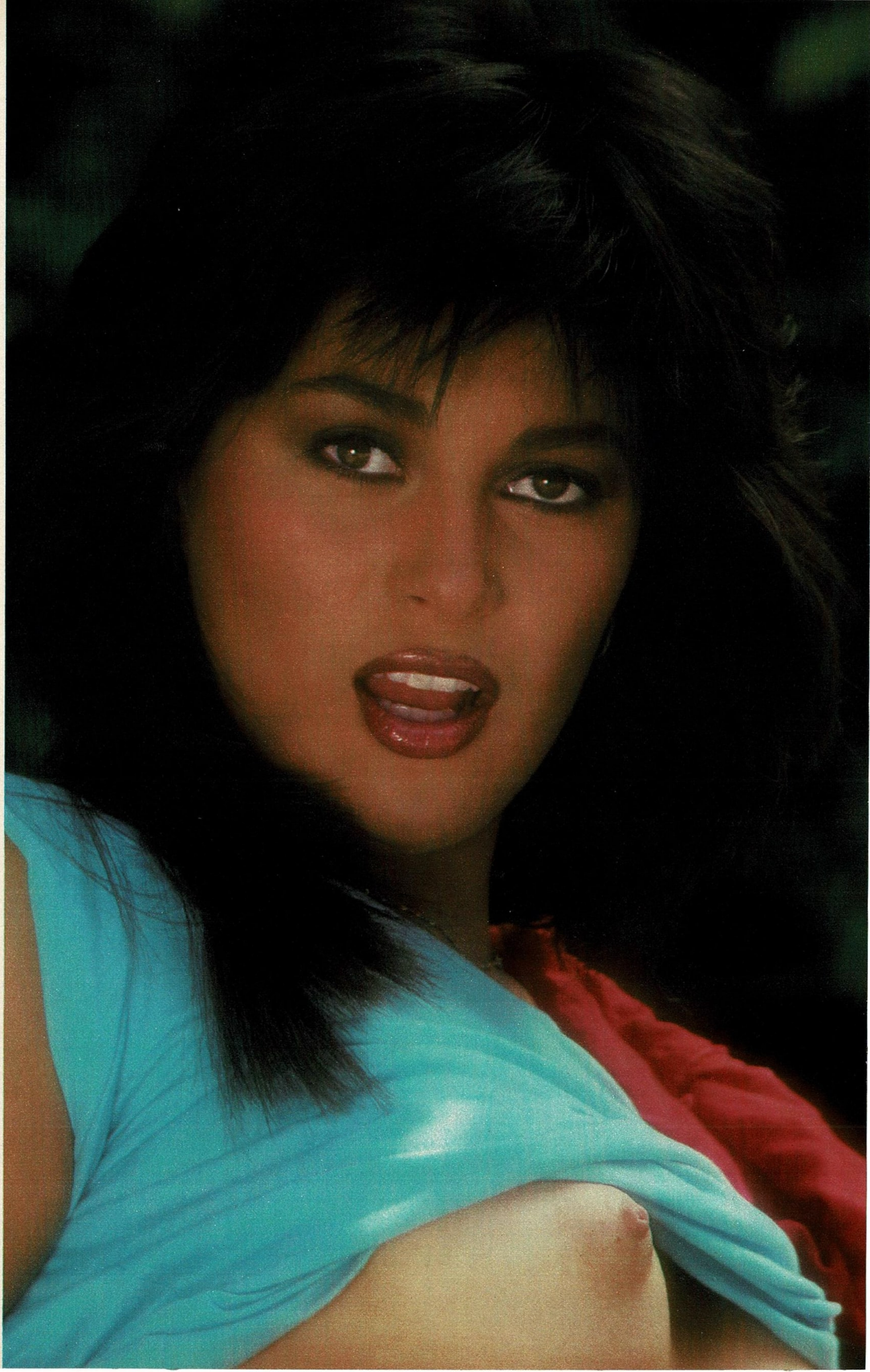
Hot, Latin blood nurtured in the icy Northwest makes for a steamy combination, as April Pet of the Month Marcia Ruks attests. Though born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska, our 35-24-35-inch 19-year-old has anything but a chilly temperament. In fact, she radiates warmth. During one fateful blizzard, when she was snowed in with a boyfriend for three days and nights, Marcia summoned sufficient fire from her ancestral blood to reverse an otherwise chilling experience. Good thing, too, since life in the Arctic isn't all that hot to begin with.

Actually, she'd like to be an entertainer and intends to take drama lessons when she migrates south, to Los Angeles. Her boyfriend, she reports, says she's quite a performer. Where? we wonder. In bed...the stage, or, for that matter, the slopes. Our racy downhill racer has been skiing since age seven. Sometimes she even offers lessons to spellbound tourists. "For beginners," she says with a smile, "they sure make a lot of advances...."

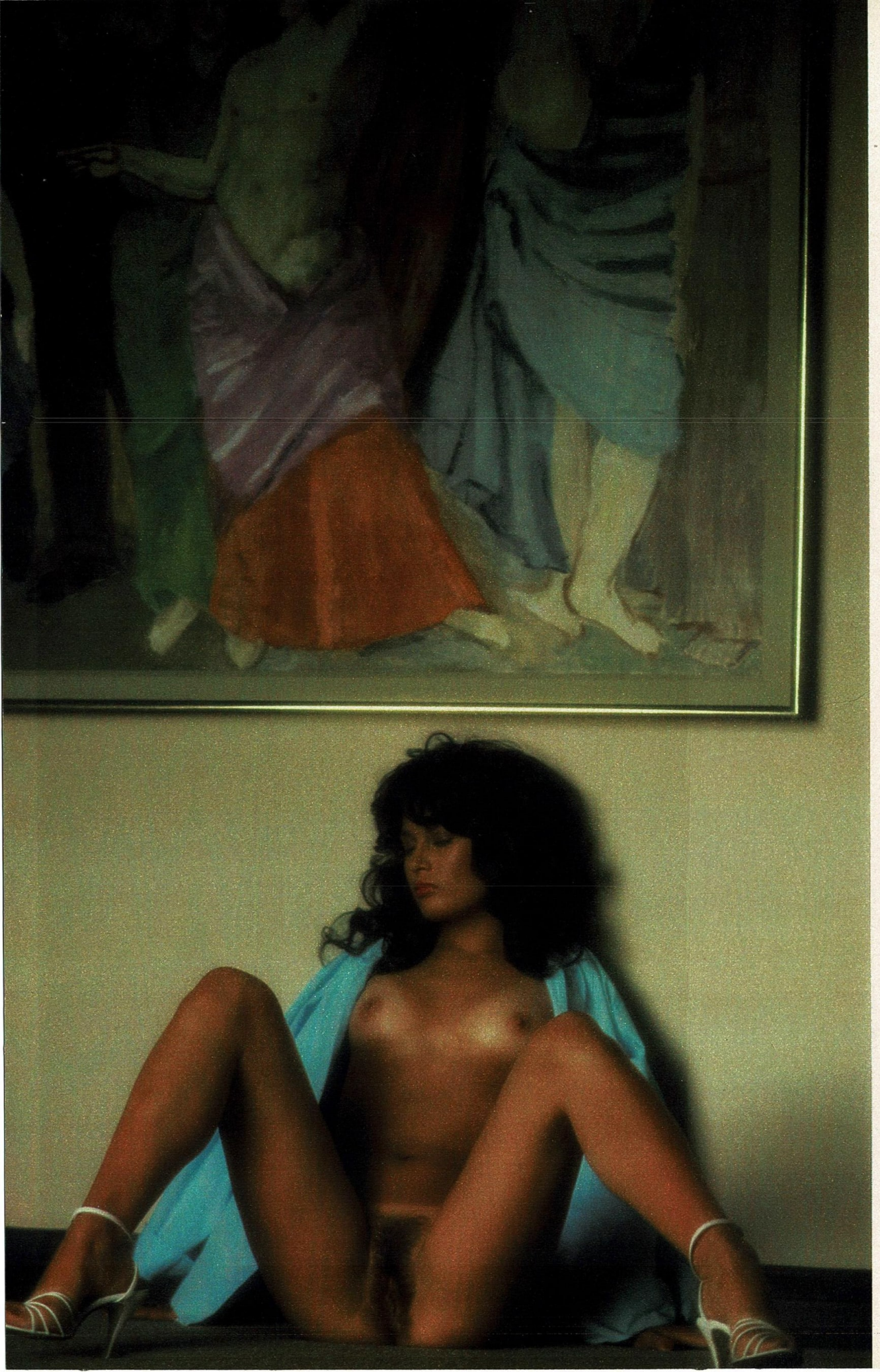


Hair and makeup by Steve Reiley

She once broke a leg on a ski jump, spent three weeks in traction. Giving a cast party of sorts, Marcia cheered up the hospital ward by offering a kiss for each autograph.



Ended up with a leg that looked like newsprint and a pair of very chapped lips. Both, it appears, have healed perfectly....



Presently, our young Pet lives with her boyfriend in her parents' upstairs bedroom. Liberated people, she boasts of her permissive progenitors.

But then, Alaska tends to be sexually progressive. When you live surrounded by wilderness, there's a built-in excuse for running wild....

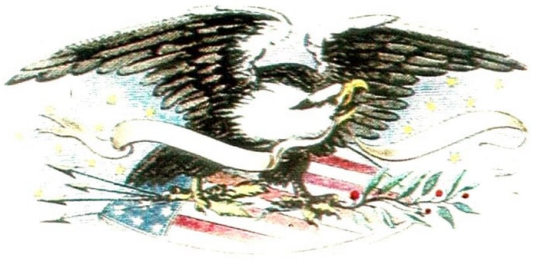
Despite this, her possessive mate gives her little or no latitude and disagrees with her contention that she's much too young to be monogamous.

In deference to him, she'll remain at least partially loyal. Of course, she admits that appearing in *Penthouse* is a flagrant form of flirting....

...But consoles him with the frequent reminder that she's hardly accessible. True, though hard to get, Marcia is worth heading north to Alaska for.

Our one-woman chamber
of commerce eagerly extolls the
virtues of her beautiful
natural habitat. You have to see for
yourself, she insists, how
incredibly gorgeous the scenery
is. Incredible Marcia,
just seeing you is believing....

MISS MARCIA RUKS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

After more than five years of legal skirmishing over the Agent Orange issue, the matter is about to be brought to trial. The original lawsuit was brought in behalf of all veterans of the United States, Australia, and New Zealand who served in Vietnam from 1961 to 1973. They say that they and their spouses, parents, and children born before January 1, 1984, suffered injuries, directly or derivatively, from exposure to the herbicide.

Some 15,000 Vietnam veterans and family members had joined this suit, filing claims alleging a variety of ills attributed to the veterans' exposure to Agent Orange. The massive number of claims and the complexity of the issues contributed to a long delay in their resolution. To resolve this impasse, Chief Judge Jack B. Weinstein of the Federal District Court of New York, who last October took over the five-year-old case from Judge George C. Pratt of the United States Court of Appeals, decided that certain cases would be used to test and resolve the suit's most complex and intertwining issues.

To this end, some ten cases will be tried individually. If juries are convinced that Agent Orange caused the plaintiffs' injuries, the balance of the 15,000 cases could be settled without further trials. The first trial is scheduled to begin on May 7, 1984. There are seven defendants: the Dow Chemical Company, the Monsanto Company, the Diamond Shamrock Corporation, Uniroyal, the T. H. Agriculture and Nutrition Company, the Thompson Chemical Corporation, and Hercules. These companies' assets total up to $16 billion. According to Sol Schreiber, a lawyer appointed by the court as a special master to dispose of pretrial issues, this amount is sufficient to satisfy any judgments the court may award.

> Various companies are being sued in the Agent Orange controversy, but there is no question that the U.S. government's involvement will bear heavily on the cases.

The veterans contend that the companies knew there was dioxin (a highly toxic, carcinogenic by-product of chemical manufacturing) in the herbicide sold to the U.S. government during the Vietnam War, and that they suffered damaging health effects from exposure to it. On the other side, the seven companies contend there is no proof that their products caused injuries and that, as government contractors, they are protected under the law that prohibits soldiers from suing the federal government.

There the matter stands. Its resolution will be an important milestone in the history of the Vietnam War. Over the years since the Agent Orange controversy burst open, the White House and the Veterans Administration have sought to delay this moment, insisting that there was insufficient evidence to establish a cause-and-effect relationship between exposure to the herbicide and the strange malignancies that developed in many Vietnam veterans. Now this question is to be decided not by the scientists, or the bureaucrats or politicians who have vested interests in its outcome, but by ordinary citizens carrying out their responsibility as jurors in the dispute between the veterans and the companies.

Consider for a moment the implications of being selected to serve as a juror in one of the test cases. Although the various companies are being sued and are on trial, there is no question whatsoever that the U.S. government's involvement in the use of Agent Orange in Vietnam will bear heavily on the cases. We have no doubt that Judge Weinstein will be able to empanel fair and impartial juries to hear these cases, but it won't be easy. Nor will the trials themselves be easy on the jurors. These men and women, though bound by the facts of law and evidence, will be called upon to come to grips with one of the most difficult decisions of their lives.

Three of the test cases to be tried are those of dead Vietnam veterans. They are:

- Orville E. Blackmon of East Point, Georgia, who died June 18, 1982, at the age of 35. His death was attributed to soft-tissue sarcoma in the lung. He served in the marines near Da Nang from 1966 to 1967.
- Thomas B. Champion of Atlanta, whose death April 12, 1983, at the age of 40 was attributed to cancer of the small intestine. He served with the army at Da Nang and Cam Ranh Bay in 1965 and 1966.
- Brian Quinn of Arlington Heights, Illinois, who died April 7, 1981, at the age of 35. His death was attributed to a soft-tissue sarcoma in the prostate gland. He served with the marines at Da Nang in 1966 and 1967.

Based on when and where these young men served in Vietnam, it can be expected that their lawyers will establish that they were, in fact, exposed to Agent Orange and that they, along with thousands of others, had no idea of its alleged pernicious effects.

We are far from certain that these test cases will finally resolve the Agent Orange controversy. The cases raise complex legal questions concerning product liability, and they also raise profound moral and ethical questions about the relationships between the U.S. government, corporate enterprise, and the people as a whole. But it seems that America is slowly coming to grips with its involvement in Vietnam, and these cases will serve to extend that process.—*William R. Corson*

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

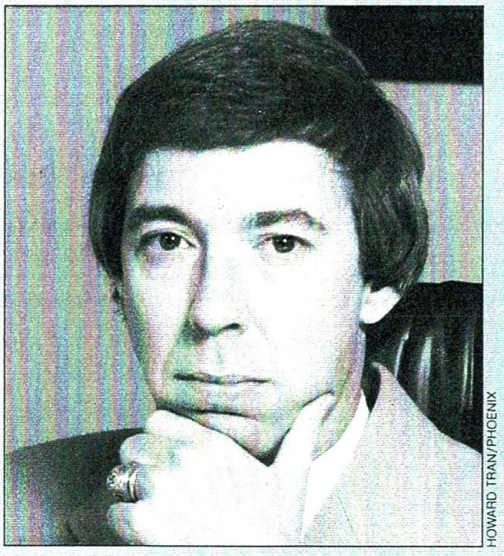
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—you get a lot to like.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



HOWARD TRAN/PHOENIX

BY WILLIAM WARREN NORTHROP

The author is one of this country's best-known homicide defense investigators. He has helped defend dozens of cases in the United States and abroad. He is a lecturer and consultant to several police departments, and is based in Phoenix. He was the chief investigator for the Williams Defense Team.

WAYNE WILLIAMS IS INNOCENT

Atlanta is a wonderful city. It is beautiful, modern, and full of good people. But like many other cities it also has a mean streak. For 22 months, beginning in the spring of 1980, the nation's headlines were dominated by the case of Atlanta's missing and murdered children. And the hysteria surrounding these murders didn't end until Wayne Bertram Williams was convicted at the conclusion of the largest law-enforcement effort in this country's history.

For 22 months, we were told continually that some mad killer was loose in Atlanta, slaughtering its young black children. This was not the case. The simple fact is that an "attrition rate" cuts down Atlanta's young blacks like some unseen plague. They die in accidents, from natural causes, and, of course, they're also murdered. According to the statistics, a black youth in Atlanta runs a higher risk of premature death than does his white counterpart, although no one seems to have a satisfactory explanation for this discrepancy.

The tragedy is that this attrition rate has been going on for years, and to believe that a child-killing maniac was loose on the streets is to believe, well, what you read in the newspapers. In fact, there was actually a *decline* in the attrition rate during the 22 months of what was really the Atlanta "media crisis."

But the mother of a missing or dead child does not care about simple statistics. When two or three of these distressed mothers got together and, dissatisfied with the efforts of the local police, called in the press, it was as if a horrible machine had cranked up—fed by the facts of the attrition rate and growing media interest. It could do everything but stop. Every death, despite the cause, became a "murder." Within a few weeks, the whole world was aware of Atlanta's missing and murdered children, and the (imaginary) killer stalking its streets.

The authorities were overwhelmed. They formed a "task force" and the task force drew up a list of victims. Mayor Jackson asked for federal help. He was given money, and the FBI entered the case on shaky jurisdictional grounds. The National Police Union sent five of the country's top homicide cops, and Guardian Angels, Hell's Angels, celebrities, politicos, weirdos, and certifiable crazies descended on Atlanta.

The investigative effort, in size and scope, was unequaled in American history. One of the facts that struck me early on was the seeming inability of the task force to come up with a suspect. Homicide is, in actuality, a simple crime, and suspects are usually standing there waiting to be arrested. The simple fact of the matter was that the task force, caught up in all the media hype, was looking for one killer. In looking for one killer, the task-force management concentrated on the "pattern." But since there was really no single killer, they were lost from the outset.

There was another factor that bore directly on the inability of the task force to find a killer, and that was the question of just

"When all the reporters left Atlanta, the hysteria left with them. But the incredible fact is that the deaths of young blacks continue, and the media could begin the nightmare again, at any time."

who on the task-force list had been murdered. In fact, of the 30 cases on the list, only 5 were legal, medical homicides in which there was direct evidence of foul play. Jimmy Ray Payne and Nathaniel Cater, the two "children" Wayne Williams was convicted of murdering, were not included among these five. In truth, theirs were non-murders.

As the hysteria grew to international proportions, the authorities, realizing that the case could go on forever, decided to end it. There was only one way to do so, and that was to arrest a suspect. And there was only one suspect, Wayne Bertram Williams, who after being stopped on the Jackson Parkway Bridge was the focus of media attention.

Wayne was arrested and the media orchestrated a collective sigh of relief. The attrition rate continued, of course, but the new cases were not assigned to the task force and therefore did not make the task-force list. The media shifted its attention to Wayne and, with only a few exceptions, missed the continuation of the attrition rate. The defense subpoenaed these statistics for use in Williams's trial to show that the killings continued after his arrest. But the judge quashed the subpoena and this evidence never got to the jury. The prosecution, on the other hand, told the jury that there had been no other murders since Wayne was arrested.

Even more damaging, the prosecution was allowed to introduce evidence of ten additional cases from the task-force list. Wayne had not been charged with any of them, but the prosecution wanted to show a pattern. The effect was horrible. Williams, in effect, had to defend himself against 12 cases instead of 2. The judge made other rulings against the defense, but all of these were within the purview of the law, and I hesitate to comment on them.

On April 27, 1981, the body of 21-year-old Jimmy Ray Payne was found in the Chattahoochee River near the Jackson Parkway Bridge. Payne's body was in the classic "floater" position, indicating that he went into the water alive and then drowned. He was clad in a bathing suit. At the time of his death, Payne was only a few months out of Georgia's Reidsville Prison. The word on the street was that he had just pulled a big "score." Payne became victim No. 26 on the task-force list.

Around 3 A.M. on Friday morning, May 22, 1981, Wayne Williams drove across the Jackson Parkway Bridge. He slowed down but did not stop because he knew, as did just about everyone else in Atlanta, that the bridges across the Chattahoochee were being staked out by the police. Police recruits posted under the bridge, who could not see that Wayne did not stop, reported hearing a splash to their supervisors stationed above. Wayne continued down the road, turned around, crossed the bridge a second time, and was finally stopped by police after he had entered the freeway—a mile or so from the bridge. He was questioned, identified, and released.

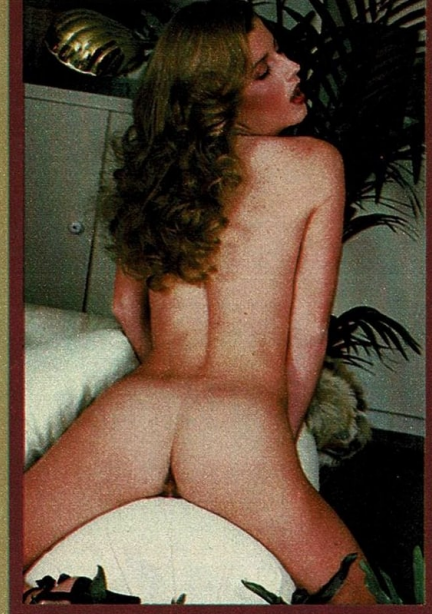
The following morning, divers went into the river looking for a body. They found none. Next, a helicopter was brought in to beat the water with its prop wash, and no body surfaced. But on Sunday, May 24, two days after Wayne was stopped, the body of 27-year-old Nathaniel Cater was found a few hundred yards from the bridge. The list now had victim No. 28.

Like the body of Jimmy Ray Payne, Nathaniel Cater's body was in an advanced stage of decomposition. Atlanta's defense-pathology experts said there was no evidence that a crime was committed in either the Payne or Cater cases. But on July 17, Wayne Williams was indicted for the Payne death.

By far the most damaging physical evidence to be presented at the trial of Wayne Williams was the fibers that were found on the victims' bodies. Not because they were conclusive—they were not—but because their existence so impressed the jury that they became a determining factor. Frankly, I never took the fiber evidence that seriously. The bodies of both Payne and Cater were too far gone to have retained any fibers from anywhere. Both evidenced what is known as "skin slippage," which means that the outer layer of skin had dissolved, and since both were found in the river, it is more than reasonable to assume that any fibers picked up were washed away with the skin. Just for a test, we took a clean pillowcase to the Chattahoochee River near the Jackson Parkway Bridge and held it in the water for ten minutes. We then took the pillowcase to the laboratory at the Georgia Institute of Technology, and one of our experts stopped counting after finding 750 fibers.

Finally, we come to the bridge incident, which the prosecution used to tie Wayne Williams to the two deaths. In order to buy the story, one has to believe that Wayne Williams drove onto the Jackson Parkway Bridge the morning of May 22 with the dead body of Nathaniel Cater in the front seat of his car. You also have to believe that Wayne, while steering the car with his left hand, picked up the body with his right and threw it out the passenger-side window, over the guardrail, and into the river. There were only two days between the bridge incident and the finding of the body. The body of Nathaniel Cater had been in water for approximately seven days. So you must additionally believe that prior to throwing the body into the river, Williams kept it in a large bucket of water.

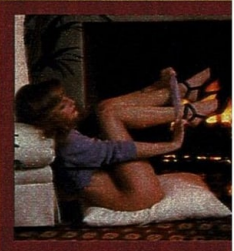
In the end, Williams was convicted and sentenced to life. The system devoured him, killing his dreams and producing yet another victim of the Atlanta nightmare. The authorities cleared a total of 25 unsolved cases on the task-force list and then slipped quietly away. The reporters told their stories on television and in their newspapers. And when they left Atlanta the hysteria over the missing and murdered children left with them. The incredible fact is that because the terrible attrition rate of young blacks continues to this day, the media could begin the nightmare again, at any time.



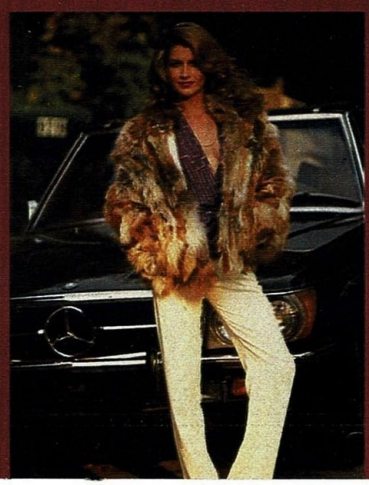
GO FOR THE BROKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Not many 22-year-olds drive their own Mercedeses, own their own homes, run their own lives. Lovely Lynn Roberts does all three. She credits her parents for always extolling the virtues of self-reliance. Clearly, our looker listened. After two years learning the ropes as a real-estate agent's girl Friday, she got her broker's license. Now, she buys and sells up a storm. Easily, we'd say, the best thing to happen to the suburbs since air-conditioned malls. The secret of her success: boundless energy, a friendly disposition, persuasive charm. Her tumble of glossy curls, almond eyes, and 37-24-36-inch dimensions, she claims, are only an indirect help. Beautiful girls, she explains, automatically have more confidence. Which means the positive force is with her.



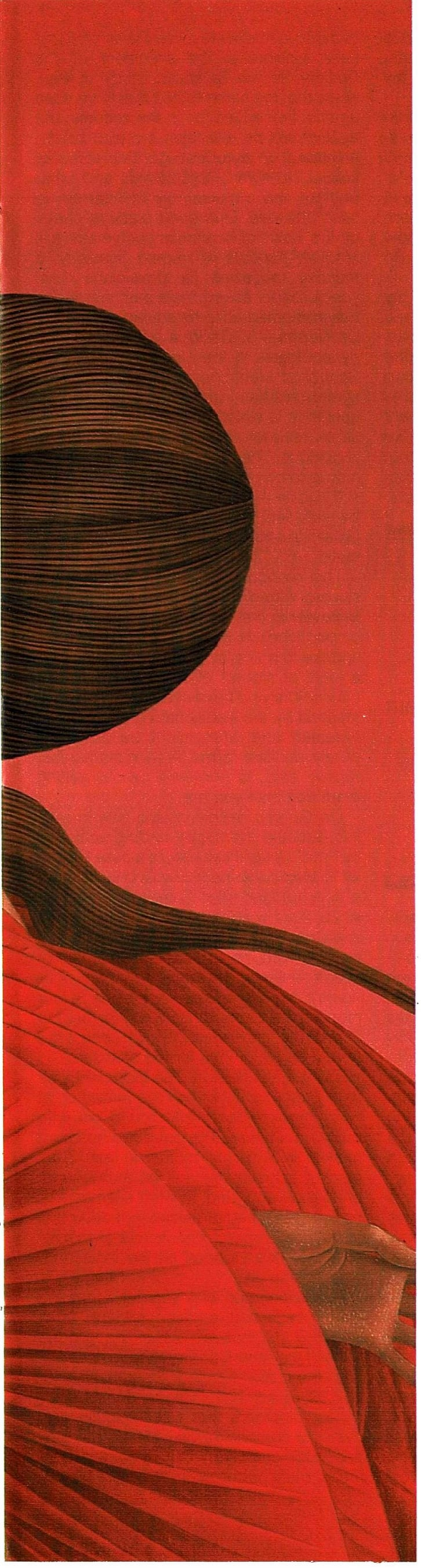
Each admirer is positive, too, she claims–positive he'll be the one to settle her down. But as far as brief encounters go, the spirit is forever ready, willing, and attentive....



Sort of a Lynn-leasing program? Smiling and settling back for a cozy fireside chat, she invites us to have a drink and look around her newly purchased duplex.

Sorry, we reply, but our attentions are already riveted elsewhere. She sympathizes completely. For despite her hard-work ethic, Lynn is hardly the reserved type...and she's well aware that her curvaceous terrain is an irresistible playground...to be savored even on those rare evenings when no man is around.

Only her heart's reserved–for a man devoid of false pride. A man who won't find her success threatening. Whose only real weakness will be her. Lynn, we'd gladly swallow our pride for some overnight success with you.



Is it ever possible
to have too much of a good thing?

THE HYPERSEXUALS

BY PATRICK OWENS

It's all over for Ted and Elena. She was No. 4, just counting the legals, and he's only 36. What hurts worse, though, is that Elena was his kind of person, the first who seemed to belong in Ted's go-go world of sex, grass, music, and more sex. They met at an orgy, so it would never be necessary to tell her, as he had spent so many hours trying to tell Juanita, Janice, and Merrygrace, that he was one of the world's virtuoso long-fuse, short-notice nonstop fornicators, with all the talent for monogamy of a hound in a pack of bitches in heat. "So I took up with one of my own, and it was a disaster," Ted laments.

He and Elena are hypersexuals—two of those people who distinguish themselves from ordinary folk by having more sex than most people could manage or realistically imagine. Such people have at least as much trouble settling down with a mate as most of the rest of us. Their couplings, transient or enduring, have been shadowed throughout Western history. Hypersexuals are often troubled in their own minds about their sexual appetites. But despite the judgments of centuries of experts, they are not all alike. There is no one kind of hypersexual and no single destiny awaits them. The union of Ted and Elena may have gone down in flames, but they survived to screw again. Other hypersexuals, like Dick and Dawn, Fat Fred and his mother-in-law, Carol and Richard, Will and Sissy, and Bob and Sheila, are all quite different people who have, so far, at least, met quite different fates. What they most obviously have in common, besides the size of their sexual appetites, is the luck to be born in the right century. A hundred years ago, nymphomania killed its more flagrant victims. Satyriasis, the male form of hypersexuality, is not apparently lethal, but it gave some of its victims enough trouble that they must sometimes have wished they were dead.

"I have been into sex since I

PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HUTTER

was 16," Ted remembers. "Every chance I get. Three, four, six times a day. . . . I'm enough of a baseball fan to be called 'Numbers' by my old friends from high school. I still remember every Red Sox roster since I was nine. I haven't fared too badly in business either. (Ted has done a good deal to build up a menswear distributorship that he will eventually inherit from his father.) But I missed the 1969 World Series. I was sacked out for a week with Velma." Ted smiles blissfully. "That woman had legs to wrap the kings of France." He wrinkles his forehead reflectively. "I've lost way more secretaries than I've lost wives. Either I put the move on them wrong and they quit, or else we do get down and then the old man steps in when he sees what's going on. There never was a woman yet who went to bed with the boss without wanting something for it. If you're lucky, it's something simple like a new typewriter. Usually it's a promotion or something else she can use to show the other women how far ahead of them she is."

So Elena was different. The two met at a swingers' party, at the edge of the conversation pit. They saw themselves as two warm and willing souls in what seemed then, with the party just getting started, a platoon of snowmen. "That was our first date," Ted recalls, "even though we had both come with different people. We did a four-way with some other people still. She used to say she hadn't fallen in love with the curl of my hair or the crinkle of my eyes. It was the way my balls hung and the little red head on my dick. So we moved in together, and we swung together, and then we got married because, what the hell, there is more to life than sex.

"Besides, I really do think it's good to be honest." Ted muses "And then nobody balled me like Elena. We used to say that, being married, we'd always know where to find each other. No restrictions, no jealousy, and no demands. Except we'd always finish up in the same bed every night for the rest of our lives."

There were two weddings. At the one with their swinging friends, everybody was naked, even the preacher. Ted wakened the next morning to earthy growls. He had a splitting headache and a superb view of the back of the head of Boris, a squat but powerful Yugoslavian chemist. The front of the head was in Elena's crotch. "I'd seen and heard it all before," Ted summarizes. "Many times before. *I* like seeing it. But Elena was not my wife then. I couldn't figure out what had hit me. I was sick to my stomach. I thought I'd throw up. I got her the hell out of there and never took her back." They had a very active sex life at home but their world became very complicated. "I wanted sex as much as ever, and I had as many places to get it. I had absolutely no problem that I could define intellectually with Elena fucking around, meeting her own needs. But all of a sudden the idea of sharing her, or even of her off somewhere sacked out, just flattened me, emotionally. I just had to picture her with another man or woman, and then I'd get a headache and feel my stomach start to turn over."

Elena thought that Ted had welshed on a bargain. "He had the spies out," she recalls. "He really is a good executive, and he delegated keeping track of me to a lot of people. The cleaning lady. The guy at the gas station." She smiles conspiratorially. "There was quite a bit he didn't know about me and Pedro at the gas station. So I fought back."

"I came home before daylight from my new secretary's apartment, and I was barred from my own house," he recalls. "Elena had changed all the locks. She took me for the house and $132,000 lump sum." But money has never been real to Ted exactly. "I didn't mind the settlement so much as the feeling that this was strike four and I was out." Ted feels bad about this and has incorporated it very effectively into the rap he runs on new conquests.

"I've lost way more secretaries than I've lost wives," says Ted. "Either I put the move on them wrong and they quit, or else we get down and the old man steps in."

Like some hypersexuals, Ted probably is destined to serve from 30 years to life in the emotional solitude he enjoys complaining about. It is likely that the solitude will be broken by further short marriages, some of which will prove more expensive than others. He is by no means the only free spirit to encounter performance problems on his wedding night. Such folk are sufficiently numerous these days to constitute a minor branch of sex therapy and counseling, a booming business. But, unlike many of his fellow sufferers, Ted has not lost erectility—his capacity to get it up. He usually ejaculates, too, thus avoiding a second major complaint of wide-ranging lovers who find themselves locked in matrimony or its counterfeits. So he is in a strong position, performancewise. But Ted is a poor candidate for permanent union and thus bears at least a passing resemblance to what might be called the classic hypersexual.

In the historic view hypersexuality is compulsive, joyless, isolating, and bad for you. For a time, through the sixties and seventies, a less devil-ridden perspective appeared likely to prevail in medicine and psychology. But tradition is making a formidable comeback. Clive Davis of Syracuse University, the president of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, notes that the same forces that have risen against sex education in the schools and against sex on television are also having an impact on attitudes regarding personal sexual behavior. Psychiatrists and other doctors play a crucial role in determining such attitudes. One good place to check on the views of healers in such matters is *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, a monthly magazine for physicians. Last year a reader asked, "Is a man married to a nymphomaniac to be envied or pitied?" Dr. Raphael S. Good, a psychiatrist and gynecologist at the University of Miami School of Medicine, responded: "Since nymphomania is defined as a pathological condition in which a woman has an insatiable need for sexual activity, the answer is obvious: The husband of a nymphomaniac is to be pitied just as the woman herself is to be pitied. By definition she cannot be satisfied, and . . . this will certainly prove frustrating to both her and her mate. . . ."

This response offered no hint that the sainted Alfred Kinsey's definitive *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* had been on bookshelves for 27 years. Kinsey's response to a similar question has become a kind of slogan of sex therapists and counselors who have escaped being traumatized by the traditional view in both its Freudian and what might be called its purely punitive forms. A nymphomaniac, Kinsey said, is someone who's getting more sex than you are.

Dr. Good's definition also fails to take into account the happy ending achieved by Fred, as we'll call him, in a case reported in *Medical Aspects*, by Dr. Harry Krop, a psychologist from Gainesville, Florida. At 20, Fred weighed 340 pounds. If traditional assumptions about fat people were well founded, he should have been out of action entirely. Instead, he spent four hours a day having sex with his wife of four months. He came to Dr. Krop for help in controlling his urges, having been fired from a series of jobs for the offense of incessant masturbation. The treatment was briefly interrupted when Fred turned up at home unexpectedly and found his wife balling his father. The outraged husband moved in with his mother-in-law. They quickly achieved sexual harmony, went on to marriage, and, in what seemed like no time at all, had three children. After five years Fred reports new levels of marital bliss. He has stopped all the indiscriminate jerking off.

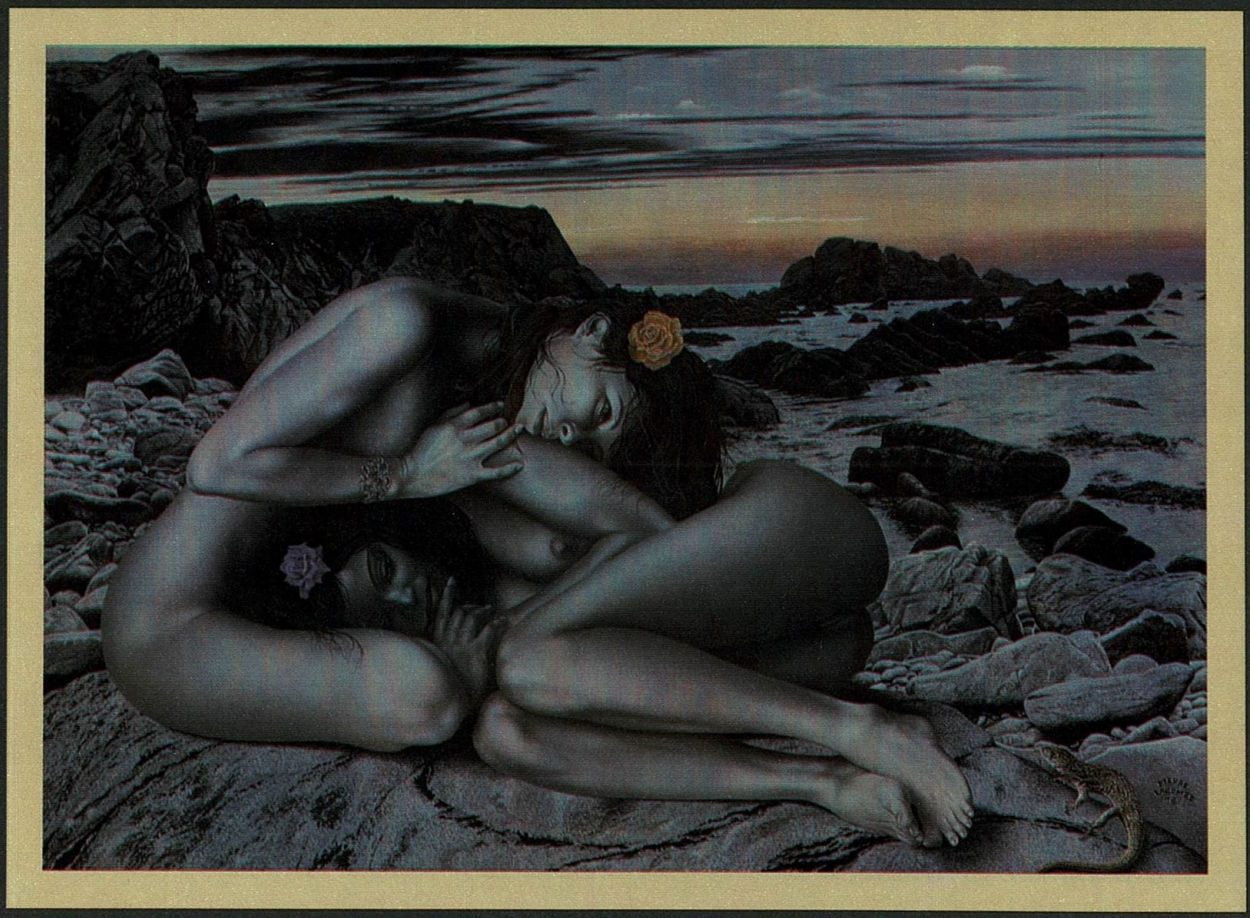
Nymphomania and satyriasis are no longer regarded as independent, free-standing diagnoses. Under the ground rules of the American Psychiatric Association they are lumped instead in No. 302.89, a catchall category for psychosexual disorders that also includes ego dystonic homosexuality—the sick kind—and "Don Juanism." Don Juan, the most fabled male performer in the entire history

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

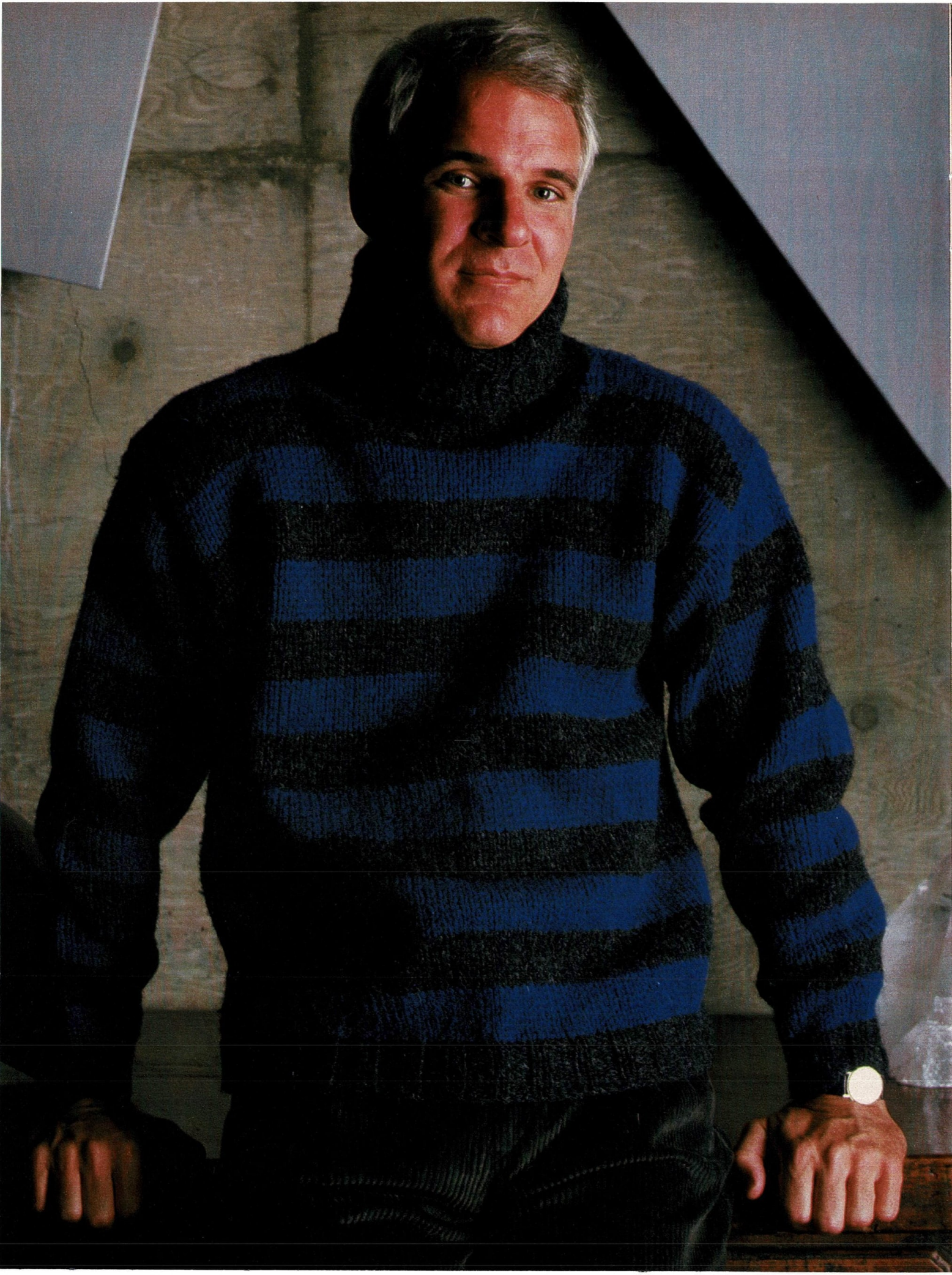
REVELATIONS

PAINTINGS BY PIERRE LA COMBE

The beast that thou sawest was, and is not;
and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit... Thou
sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth
herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants
to commit fornication, and to eat things
sacrificed unto idols. And I gave her space to repent of her
fornication; and she repented not.
(From the Revelation of St. John the Divine)



I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse:
Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved. I sleep, but my
heart waketh, it is the voice of my beloved that
knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my
dove, my undefiled...
(From the Song of Solomon)



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"It's not very sexy to be innocent. And I'm older now. You can't act like an idiot anymore. Nobody's going to buy it."

STEVE MARTIN

Steve Martin has accomplished what no other comedian of his postwar-baby-boom generation has even come close to: He has survived unscathed and intact, and he has remained true to his comedy. For the last ten years, he has undoubtedly been America's most prolific comedian, having produced in that time his stunning and hugely popular stand-up comedy act; four comedy albums (two won Grammy Awards); his best-selling primer on surrealism, *Cruel Shoes;* several successful television specials on which he has run the performing gamut from dancing like a dream to sporting a small pink trunk in a hilarious parody of *The Elephant Man.* He has made untold appearances on shows such as *Saturday Night Live* and the *Tonight Show,* fashioning balloon sculpture, playing the banjo, and juggling cats. And he has starred in six major motion pictures, five of which are original comedies that he cowrote. In light of these whirlwind accomplishments, it is perhaps more worthy than usual to note: He does not do drugs, he is not always "on," and he does not eat meat. He is an intellectual. He is a clotheshorse. He is an art collector. And in his living conditions at least, he is a minimalist, preferring his home environments to be white and spare. He was born in Texas, grew up in Garden Grove, California, and says his childhood was "perfectly normal." He is 38 years old.

Martin's first movie, *The Jerk,* grossed $100 million on an investment of $4.5 million, after which Hollywood gave him its two-edged mandate: "Keep doing whatever it is you're doing, kid, make another $100 million . . . uh . . . create."

He has—and he hasn't. Steve Martin has turned out three original comedy movies: *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid,* a tight, sweet, Sam Spade–type parody that, in its inventive cinematic technique of intercutting with forties detective films, predates Woody Allen's *Zelig; The Man with Two Brains,* which is based on the most culturally interesting comedic premise of the last 20 years—the idea of planting an intelligent woman's brain in the body of a bimbo—and which, among many other hilarious moments, contains a scene in which Martin makes love in a rowboat to a brain in a jar of formaldehyde; and *The Lonely Guy,* in which he teamed up with America's other great absurdist comedian, Charles Grodin, to re-create the bittersweet plight of undatable men. What Steve Martin has not done is . . . uh . . . create another $100-million blockbuster.

Martin takes his usual yin-and-yang stance on the peaks and valleys of show-biz popularity, saying, "What is big is, by definition, out." And then adds, thoughtfully, "With the exception of *The Jerk,* maybe, I don't think I've made a perfectly satisfying comedy movie. But that is my goal. I've been feeling my way around in these movies. Right now, I'm in a period of rethinking."

Martin, who in his stand-up-comedy days reminded many of the world's only gray-haired six-year-old, might be said to have reached puberty. In "rethinking," he has come up with the missing link—as he sees it—in his work so far. "I want to be more sexual," he says. "I want to be more of a 38-year-old man." An interesting statement, coming from a comedian whose comic persona has been a force of innocence, the Fool in the tarot pack, a surrealist to whom love is a rope trick.

In life, as well as on-screen, Martin describes himself as a "lonely guy, the guy who's always alone even when he's with people." And, indeed, up close Steve Martin is a very complete-looking person.

Emily Prager, a *Penthouse* contributing editor, first met Martin in 1982 while working as a performer on his TV special, *Steve Martin's Best Show Ever.*

Last fall she met with Martin again on the set of *All of Me* to interview him for *Penthouse.* "He almost has an outline around him," says Prager. "No unkempt edges, very contained. He has dark, dark eyes of great depth that stare out at you from under his neat gray hair and white skin and

PHOTOGRAPH BY BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

make you wonder if there might be a whole other creature inside him. He has, in fact, an alien look to him, as if his blood might not be red.

"The mammoth quiet of his exterior clearly belies the fact that Steve Martin must be a major workaholic. A man who will practice until he tap-dances like a pro—when he is already over the age of maximum physical flexibility—is a man who has great command of his interior being, who is happy to spend hours alone, inside himself, whose timing is very, very sure, and who is deeply in love with what he does for a living."

Martin, with characteristic simplicity, sums up the key to his phenomenal success as "fear of failure."

Penthouse: In past interviews you talked a lot about wanting to be in the movies. Now you've done five movies—*The Jerk*, *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, *Pennies from Heaven*, *The Man with Two Brains*, *The Lonely Guy*—and you're working on a sixth, *All of Me*. So how's it been going?

Martin: Well, I'm in a period of adjustment right now, rethinking.

Penthouse: What are you coming up with?

Martin: The first thing is: It's not natural. The transition from comedian to movie actor is not automatic.

Penthouse: Why not?

Martin: Because the education is different. You think you know comedy? Make a movie. It's like that.

Penthouse: Are you talking about getting the right timing onto film, editing, that stuff?

Martin: No. It's the degree of projection in performing. How subtle you can be. How heartfelt things have to be. The source of a laugh can be something you established about the character 30 minutes ago. I've learned you can say as much in a movie with the raising of an eyebrow as you could doing an entire stand-up comedy routine. It's learning how to be emotional in an instant, or how to get a laugh with very little. See, the natural inclination is to think, "Hey, I know how to be funny, so I'll just make funny movies!" Then suddenly you realize you have to have a character, and you have to listen to other people, and your jokes and your situations have to be developed. My act was very scattershot. I could go anywhere at anytime. But I'm finding that the best movies have structure. Even though I think my act had a beginning, a middle, and an end, it was very abstract. My goal now is to lay my knowledge of comedy in on a compelling story. I think that's an ideal comedy movie—like *Arsenic and Old Lace* with Cary Grant. God, he's so funny and the movie's so funny. All the elements are there. The story's there. The performances are there. And sometimes you can get away with murder, too.

Penthouse: Comedies with a purpose. Comedies that have a heart to them.

Martin: Well, not because I have this big thing about heart. I just happen to think it really works. *That* is an ideal comedy. Alternatively, you have a movie like *Airplane*, which I loved. I would have given anything to have made *Airplane* because that reminds me of my sense of humor. Off-the-wall stuff. But now *Airplane* has been done and everybody's done their imitation of *Airplane*, and there's no point in doing it. And I'm really finding that my natural inclination is to feeling.

Penthouse: You are one of the few American comedians, besides Mel Brooks and Woody Allen, who has made a series of comedy movies in which you've starred, and which you've conceived or cowritten. Is there a development in your comic character, do you feel, from being the Jerk to being the Man with Two Brains to being the Lonely Guy?

Martin: You mean conscious?

Penthouse: Well, I guess.

Martin: No, I really don't think it represents a conscious development. The thing about Woody Allen's films is that he consciously has something to say. All I've been trying to do up to now is get laughs.

Penthouse: Yes, you always say that. You've always said you have nothing to say.

Martin: Consciously. But I would say that the last films, *The Lonely Guy* and *All of Me*, which I'm doing now with Lily Tomlin—especially the one I'm doing with Lily—represent a real step for me. I play a genuine character with heart. Even in *The Man with Two Brains* the character is not totally real.

Penthouse: There are some recurring themes in your movies. Marriage, for one. Marriage is a theme that occurs negatively again and again.

Martin: Really? Like, for example?

Penthouse: In *The Jerk*, for example, the sniper says the reason he's been out killing is that he's had a "bad marriage." *The Man with Two Brains* begins with a bad marriage. It seems you have a cynical attitude toward marriage.

Martin: It so happens I do have a dim view of marriage, but all those examples don't really prove it because, even in *The Jerk*, the thing the character really wanted to do was marry his girl. But here's the thing: To lay claim to a theme in any of these pictures right now is premature because I'm still feeling my way around. And I don't have total control of these movies.

Penthouse: So you're claiming that because you don't have complete control there aren't any themes?

Martin: I haven't had a real direction in my filmmaking. It's been rather hit and miss—this would be fun to make, that would be fun to make. To extrapolate anything from the films means to extrapolate from the subconscious.

Penthouse: Okay. But would you comment on this line from *The Man with Two Brains:* "All my life I've wanted women with great bodies, for the first time I'm aroused by a man—"

Martin: Mind. That's "mind."

Penthouse: Mind. Of course, mind. Sorry, Freudian slip. Anyway, that line is an interesting thought. A classic American thought.

Martin: Right. But you know how *The Man with Two Brains* ends: She comes out of the brain-transplant operation and she turns out to be fat, and he loves her anyway—he loves her soul. Well, a woman came up to me and said, "You took all the pleasure away for me." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "You should have made her be beautiful at the end." And I said, "Well, that would be terrible. That means I'd get mind *and* body." And she said, "Aw, who cares?" So I started thinking: Gee, it might have been funny if this beautiful girl had turned up with the mind that I really loved, and I gave this huge grin to the camera like, "Hey, my scheme worked!" But then I realized, "Hey, you can't do that."

Penthouse: You seem to have a lot of hookers in your movies.

Martin: I have to tell you that I despise the fact that in every movie I see, and a lot of movies I've been in, there are hookers. I think it's terrible. On television, it's like every woman's role is a hooker. Really sickening. Now in *The Man with Two Brains* there's a hooker because, well, it boils down to—she had to be someone you couldn't have too much sympathy for. In *Pennies from Heaven*, she certainly was a hooker. *Pennies from Heaven* is a legitimate drama. It works in there. But this snap thing of making all these women hookers, I really do despise. In *The Lonely Guy* there are no hookers. In *All of Me* there are certainly no hookers. Are there any in *The Jerk*?

Penthouse: They're in the background a lot. It seems that hookers are always juxtaposed to your innocence.

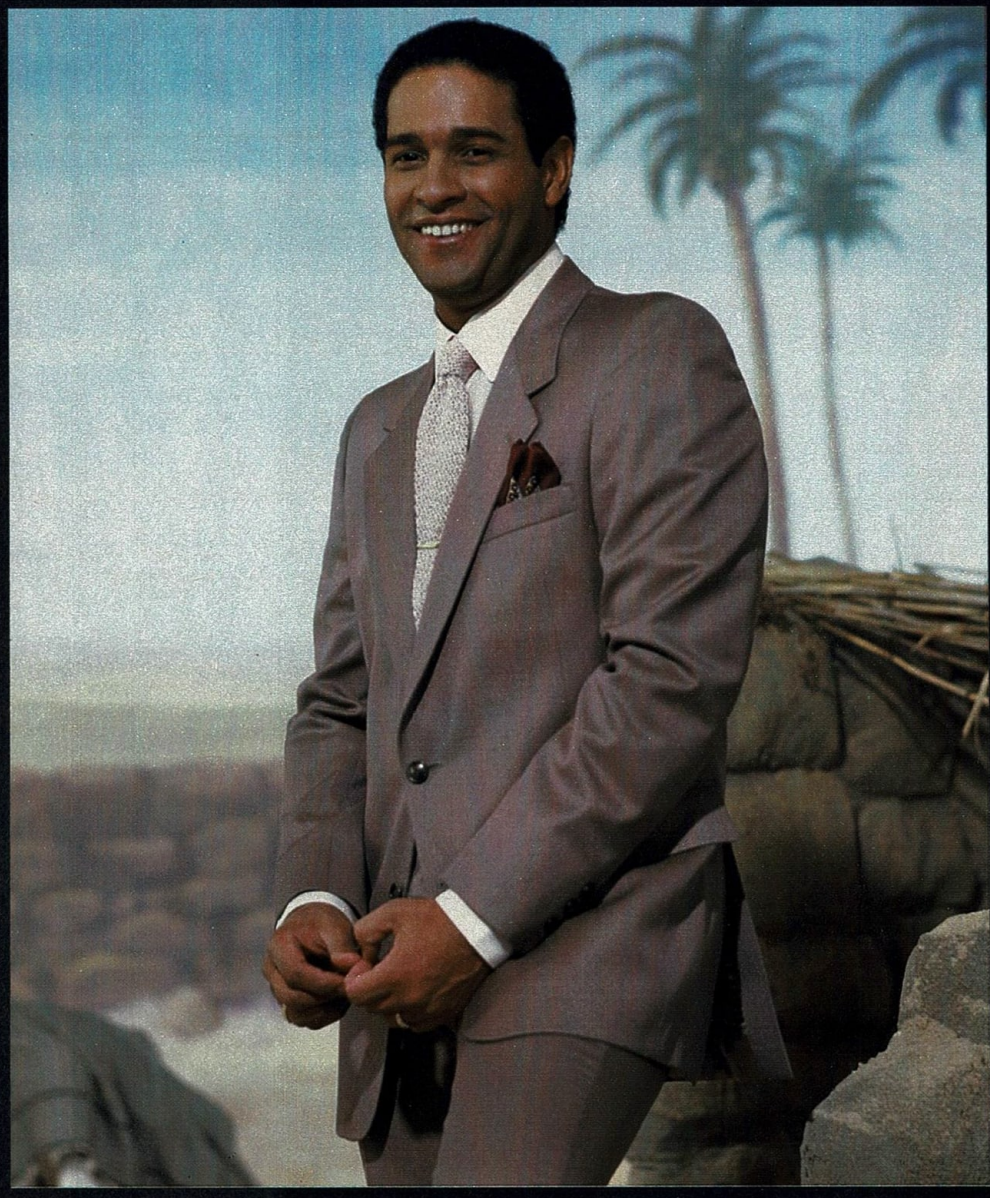
Martin: What are you getting at here? That there's some sort of theme about women in my movies?

Penthouse: Well, in your films women tend to be characterized as either sexy and dumb, or intelligent and not so sexy.

Martin: But in my personal life I've always been attracted to more intelligent women. Then I treat them like they're dumb. No, listen, what about *Pennies from Heaven*? I loved that movie so much. The most heartfelt thing I've done was *Pennies from Heaven*. And I understood the character of Arthur so well, and his problems with hope. One reason I got the part is that when I first met with Herb Ross, the director, he asked me, "Do you understand this—about the songs and everything?" And I said, "Oh, yeah. Those songs that Arthur listens to are the same songs I listened to in the fifties. Everything was very simple: You love her, and then you break up or you get back together, and she's the only girl for you. It's all very simple. That's the promise that didn't turn out to be true." So those moments of fantasy when Arthur could transcend the shit that was happen-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

Bryant Gumbel, co-anchor of NBC's popular *Today* show, knows that dressing for success often means getting back to basics.



TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

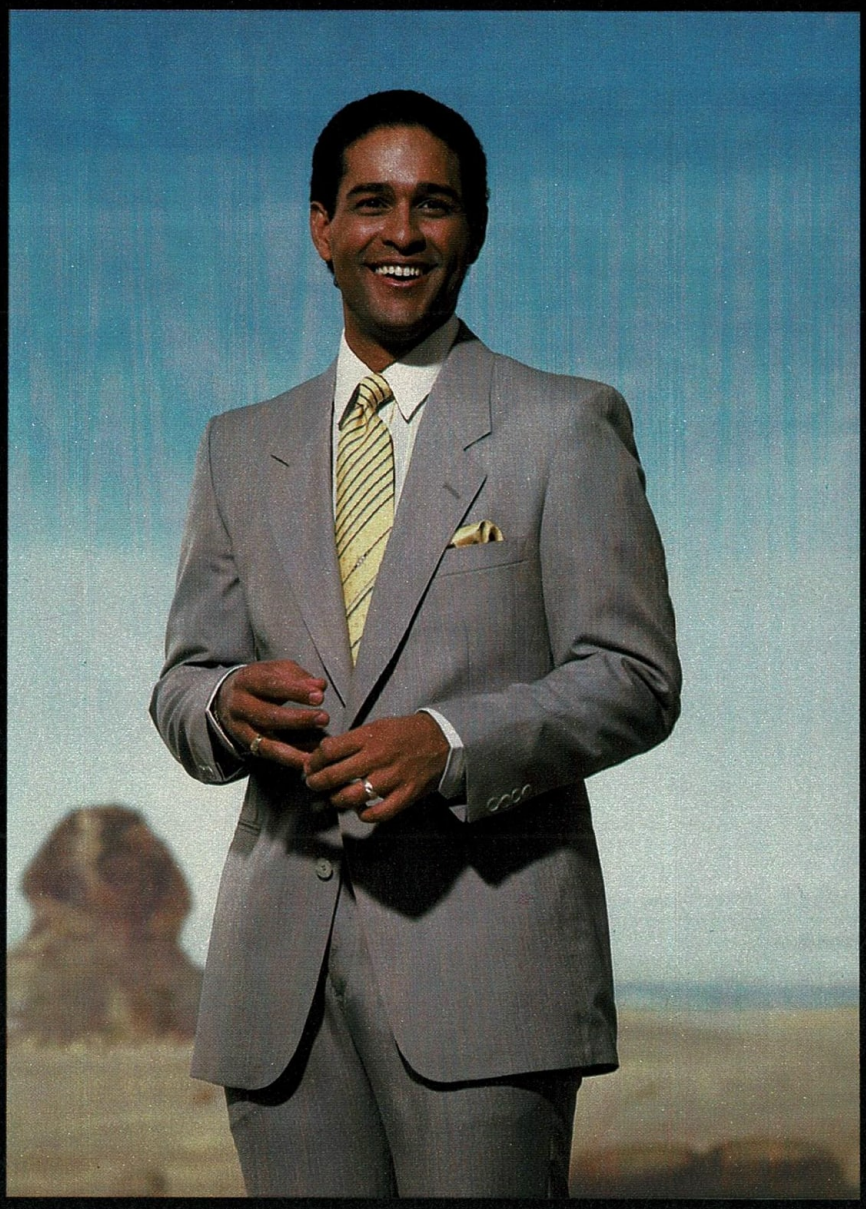
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Suits unquestionably mean business. It is evident that they are widely recognized emblems of authority. Although it may appear that men's fashion in the last two decades has become less sartorial and conservative, suit sales are soaring at such an impressive rate that last year in America alone over 18 million were purchased. Stylistic details may come and go—evident in this year's wider lapels and roomier silhouettes—but the nucleus of corporate style is steadfastly ruled by the archetypal two-piece suit.

Engineering one's image, especially if you are just emerging in the business world, is vital and often crucial for success. Bryant Gumbel, co-anchor for NBC's *Today* show, frankly states, "I dress the way I want to be perceived." And adds, "If you are just starting out

For days at the office or sultry summer evenings, tropical-wool-blend suit by Monsieur Adolfo has a subtle iridescence (about $350). The cotton-and-Dacron shirt (about $27.50) is by Damon; cotton-and-silk-knit tie (about $15), by Oscar de la Renta; and tie clip, by Swank.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY ABRAMOWITZ

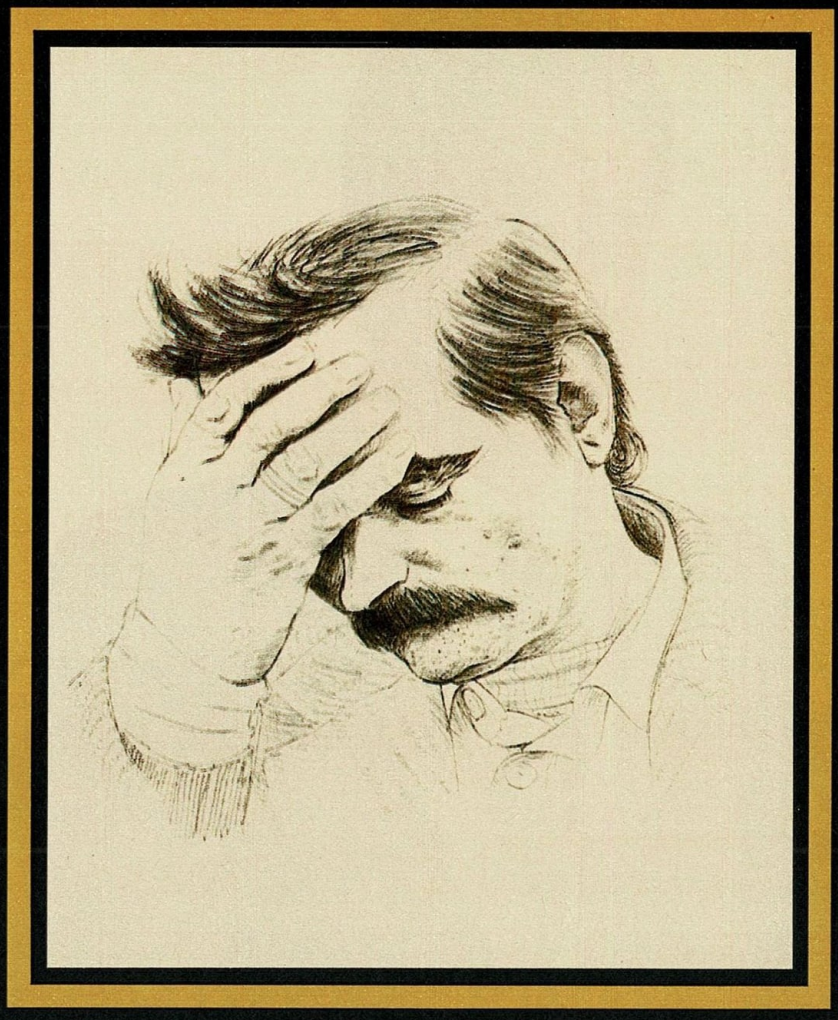


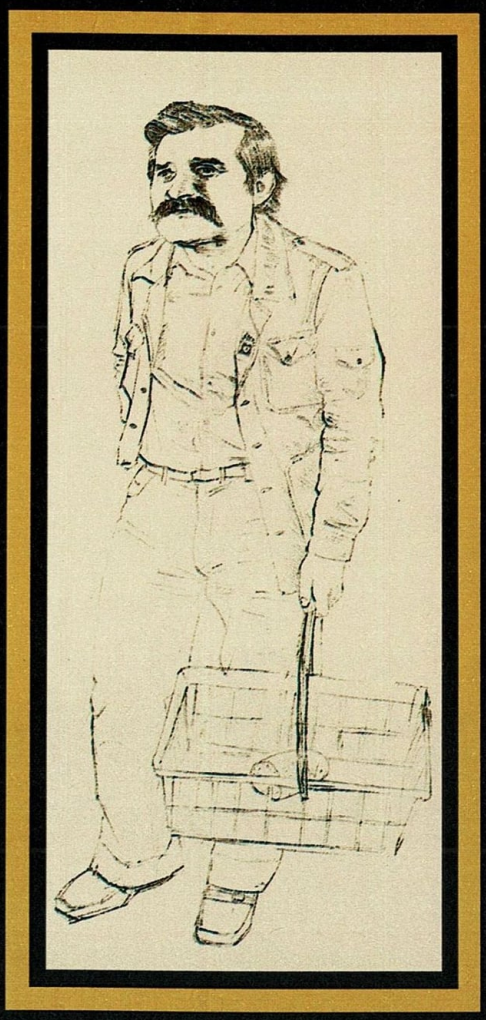
in business and you haven't any credentials, clothing becomes a vehicle with which to convey an image." Gumbel's fashion preferences are basically conservative. "In a suit I prefer a natural shoulder and a center vent. I stay away from bold plaids and large stripes, and I like natural fibers." And what clothes does Gumbel prefer when he is not co-hosting *Today* but enjoying his bi-coastal life-style? "I wear cotton sweaters, jeans, and cowboy boots."

Juggling human-interest stories and newsbreaking events makes for a demanding career that leaves little room in Gumbel's life for other things. However, he tries to spend as much time as possible with his children, in addition to entertaining regularly and personally selecting everything he wears. He says, "It's most important to understand the image your clothing conveys. I always buy my own. If a man has his clothing bought for him, he doesn't have the same involvement with it."

(Page 119) Windowpane wool-blend-and-linen sport coat (about $140) and cotton-and-linen trousers (about $40); both by Robert Stock. Shirt (about $22) and silk tie (about $16.50) are by Daniel Hechter. Gold-tone quartz watch (about $295) is by Longines. (Above) The silk-'n'-satin look in a wool-and-silk-blend suit ($225) is by Daniel Hechter. The cotton shirt (about $30) and silk tie (about $25) are by Lanvin. (Right) Striped tropical-wool-blend suit (about $210) and cotton tie with pocket square (about $15) are all by Allyn St. George. Cotton shirt (about $30), by Oscar de la Renta for Excello; analog digital watch (about $49.95), by Casio. Silk pocket squares are by Ashear Brothers.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 154.





HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 12

A hero who tried to negate
The terrible plight of his state
Found Nobel Prize winning
Is just so much trimming
When the Russians have used you for bait.

THE COLOR OF LIGHT

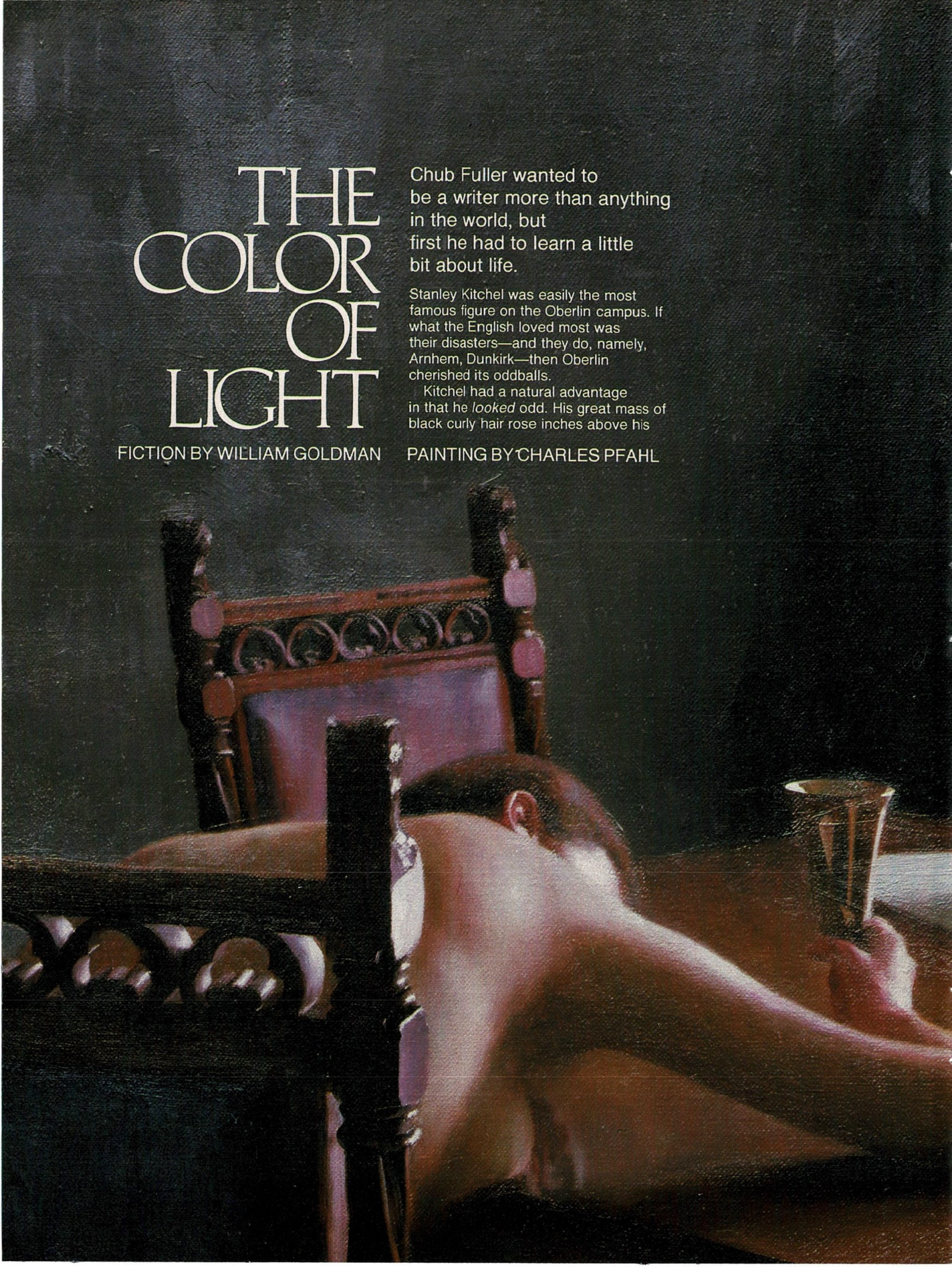
Chub Fuller wanted to be a writer more than anything in the world, but first he had to learn a little bit about life.

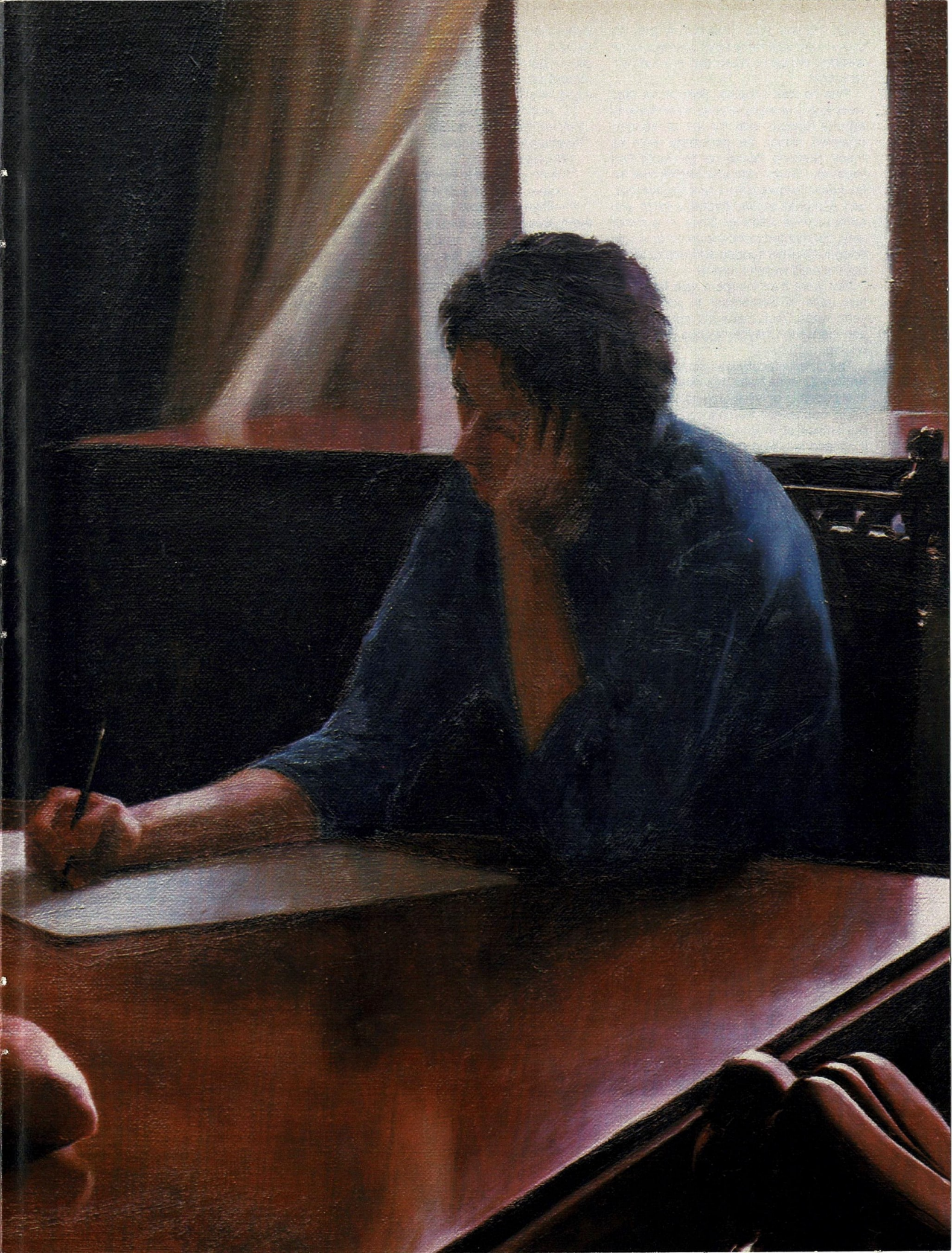
Stanley Kitchel was easily the most famous figure on the Oberlin campus. If what the English loved most was their disasters—and they do, namely, Arnhem, Dunkirk—then Oberlin cherished its oddballs.

Kitchel had a natural advantage in that he *looked* odd. His great mass of black curly hair rose inches above his

FICTION BY WILLIAM GOLDMAN

PAINTING BY CHARLES PFAHL





head. He was also a good forty pounds overweight and he always seemed to be wearing the same black-and-red lumberjack shirt.

Plus he was crippled. Both of his legs were totally useless, and he made his way around campus with the aid of wooden crutches, which he decorated with as many obscene decals as he could find room for. Chub Fuller and Kitchel met for the first time toward the end of September, just a month before Kitchel was to win campus-wide celebrity. Chub, in a minor way, contributed to the incident that would bring Kitchel his sudden and lasting fame, but they still weren't friends.

Nor were they friends a year later, the first days of September in sophomore year, when Chub made his move to gain admittance to Cheyney's class in creative writing.

The Oberlin faculty was not famous, but Andrew Cheyney was. His class was normally open to only juniors and seniors, so Chub was aware his chances were slim. But it meant so much to him that he sucked it up and knocked on the door to Cheyney's office. He had seen him around campus—a little man, a dynamo, who looked no more than forty-five but must have been edging in on sixty.

"Who is it? Come in."

Chub entered and stood across the room from Cheyney, who was seated at his desk, writing with an old-fashioned pen—there was an open inkwell near his papers. Chub had a whole speech prepared, but it was gone the instant Cheyney looked up at him. "Fuller, sir," he managed, finally.

"I won't bite you, Fuller," Andrew Cheyney said. He studied Chub awhile. "What's on your mind?"

"Writing class . . ."

"It's very limited in number."

"I know. And I'm just a sophomore—"

"—Then you know I don't like to admit them. Besides, I've already admitted Kitchel for this semester and I think that more than fills my quota for underclassmen. You want to be a writer?"

More than anything, Chub thought, and it was the truth, of course, but he had never said that to anyone. He shrugged. Made another smile. Turned.

"Fuller, you said?" he heard from behind him. "Are you the library Fuller, the one old Durning's always talking about? Look at me, Fuller."

Chub did. "I work there, yessir. Nights I do."

"I believe old Durning referred to you as being better than a health spa for him. And he's not given to flattery. I owe him a favor; you wouldn't mind if it turned out to be you, would you, Fuller?"

Chub shook his head. Cheyney and Durning lived together; Chub didn't know that then, but if he had, he wouldn't have minded. They could have been the Purple Gang and he wouldn't have minded.

"First class is Friday; I've given the others the initial assignment. It's to be a description. Of anything. But it must run less than a page, and there may be no character, no dialogue, nothing but a description. And you will have it *typed neatly* and in my box outside by Thursday noon. Good-bye, Fuller." He dipped his pen into the inkwell, went back to work.

Back in his room later that night, Chub picked up his Journal. Perhaps there were items in his possession he cared about more deeply, but he couldn't think what. His father had given it to him Christmas Day of his junior year in high school. He put only his best stuff in his Journal, carefully and clearly written in ink. He held the Journal (he always thought of it with a capital "J") closed between his hands and thought of his father, of the giving of the gift, how it was the last gift he had ever gotten from him because before the end of spring he was gone. And once begun, once Chub entered those last killing months, he couldn't stop tripping off. It was hateful, only this time was different: It was still hateful, but now it gave him his answer.

He would write about the men's room in Melchiorre's.

Melchiorre's was a bar in Highwood, a town not too many miles south of Athens, and one night Mr. Melchiorre called and Chub took the call and heard Mr. Melchiorre saying that his father was there and in no shape to do anything, much less drive, and to come get him before he hurt himself.

When he got there his father was kneeling over the toilet, the stall door half open, and Chub said, "It's me, Daddy," but his father went on vomiting so Chub waited, looking around—

—and then the power of the room hit him.

The ceiling was very low, and it wasn't the dirt or the stink that shocked him and it wasn't the urinal that flowed continuously and it wasn't the bugs that skittered across the walls—

—it was the walls themselves. Because every available inch was taken up with something foul. Virulent graffiti, not the kind at the No-Name, where what you might see written was "Nietzsche is pietzsche," with an answering "But Sartre is smarter" printed underneath. These were mindless growls from the darkness, but they weren't as malignant as the hundreds of drawings of gigantic penises dripping sperm and vaginas with spiders crawling out of them and breasts with gigantic nipples slashed off and lying nearby. Chub wanted to get the hell out but his father wasn't done yet and he stared away from the walls, up to the low ceiling, and they were up there too, the drawings and the rest, and Chub was totally surrounded, enveloped in this putrid cell.

Chub put the Journal down. There was never any mention of any of this kind of thing on those pages. The material was

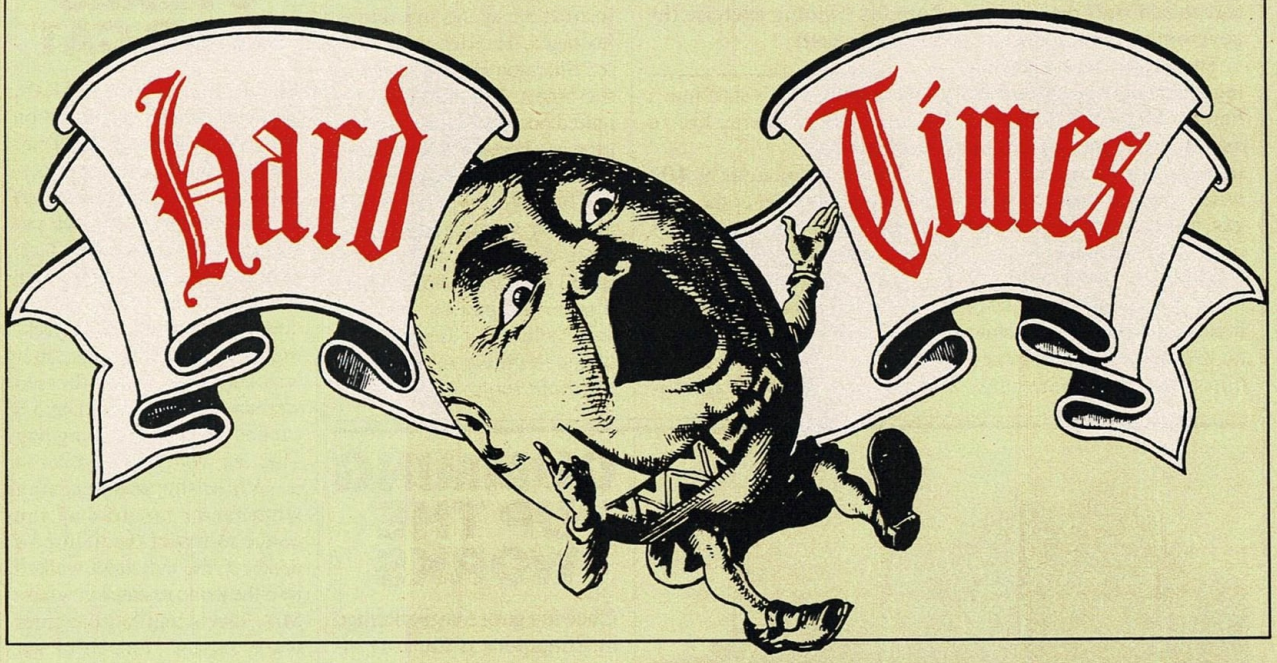
"Don't worry, Mr. Haskin. You couldn't have picked up AIDS from kissing the asses of only 20 office superiors."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 3, NO. 3

A REAL TEACHER'S PET

WIDE WORLD

Ed Christoph was 36 years old when he married a 14-year-old pupil in his English class. Neither the bride's parents nor the Erie, Pennsylvania, school board were pleased with the marriage. The school board fired Christoph for immorality, persistent negligence, and mental derangement. But the Wesleyville Baptist Church still lets him coach their girls' softball team. Christoph has a daughter from a previous marriage who is two years younger than his wife. Both daughter (left) and stepmother (right) will be entering the tenth grade this year. (*Syracuse Post-Standard*–submitted by Lee Perselay, Syracuse, N.Y.)

Are you certain that she's his wife? Only Ed Christoph knows for sure!–Editor

Room Service, Australian Style

Five heavily armed Australian intelligence agents stormed Melbourne's Sheraton Hotel, smashed down a door, and threatened staff members in a bungled training exercise the government denounced as "particularly nasty."

The agents, identified during a briefing to parliament by Foreign Minister Bill Hayden as trainees, put on clown masks, armed themselves with sledgehammers, tear gas, and submachine guns and burst into the hotel.

Sheraton Hotel manager Nick Rice said the agents broke down the door to a suite on the tenth floor, threatened him with submachine guns, and ordered Rice's staff into a kitchen before leaving from a rear entrance.

There were nearly 400 guests in the hotel at the time of the raid, but no injuries were reported.

"It was a particularly nasty and, as far as I am concerned, intolerable incident," said Hayden, who oversees the Australian Security Intelligence Service.

The exercise was held to instruct the agents in rescuing hostages, Hayden said, with the Sheraton Hotel selected as the target. The operation required one intelligence agent to pose as a hostage held in a hotel room by two strong-arm men.

The five trainees in the exercise were instructed to "use deception and subterfuge" to free the hostage and disarm the guards, Hayden said, adding, "Instead, the trainees chose to violently attack the room." (*Newsday*)

CAT BURGLAR STEALS DEAD CAT

Mrs. Davis of Provo, Utah, accidentally ran over a cat on her way to town to meet her daughter for lunch. Not knowing what to do with it, she put it into a shoe box and then put the box into a shopping bag. She then met her daughter in a restaurant and sat by a window that overlooked the parking lot. She and her daughter watched while a well-dressed woman went into Mrs. Davis's car and stole the shopping bag—the one with the dead cat in it. While she was deciding whether or not to call the police to report the theft of a dead cat, the lady thief walked into the same restaurant where Mrs. Davis and her daughter were eating. The thief sat down at a table, ordered lunch, and then opened the bag to see what she had stolen. When she discovered the contents of the bag, the thief fainted. When she revived, she ran out of the restaurant with the waitress behind her, calling, "Madam! Madam! You forgot your sack!" (*Salt Lake Tribune*–submitted by Ed Taylor, Ferron, Utah)

It's a good thing she didn't let the cat out of the bag.–Editor

GUMMING UP THE WORKS

Chewing gum may be banned in Singapore if the government can't find any other way to deal with a messy problem in the nation's housing projects.

Foreign and Culture Minister S. Dhanabalan said the nation's housing-and-development board has been paying about $75,000 annually to remove gum that was stuck on floors and walls in its projects. (*Newsday*)

That's a really sticky situation.–Editor

PHOTOREPORTERS

KEEPING COOL ON THE COURTS

These tennis fans in Copenhagen, Denmark, played on oblivious to the raging fire burning in their clubhouse. The fire was started accidentally by a painter's blowtorch. (*National Enquirer*–submitted by Ramen Fernau, Bronx, N.Y.)

Not surprising, if their court time is as expensive as it is in the United States.–Editor

MEANER THAN A JUNKYARD OSTRICH?

Dogs weren't mean enough for junkyard owner Fletcher Haynes of Lambert, Mississippi. So he replaced the dogs with a seven-foot ostrich. "I used to have a pair of Dobermans for watchdogs," Haynes said. "I lost tires, wheels, and other parts. They were taken from right under the dogs' noses." Haynes bought the ostrich at an animal auction in Texas. "These pens where they had the ostriches, the people kept getting way over to the side so they wouldn't get pecked. I said, 'Hell, that's what we need in the junkyard.' " Haynes paid $400 for Oscar the ostrich. "Since Oscar has been prowling around out there, we haven't lost a thing." (*Chicago Tribune*–submitted by Tony Pappalardo, Chicago, Ill.)

Besides, he needed the eggs.–Editor

MOON OVER PRINCESS DI

JAYNE FINCHER/OUTLINE

A Maori tribesman who lifted his grass skirt and bared his buttocks to Prince Charles and Princess Diana during their visit to New Zealand was fined $276. He turned his back on the royal couple and whisked up his *piupiu* (grass skirt) to protest their visit. A retired university lecturer testified that baring the buttocks was "a final act of derision," which had been used by Maori queens. (*Dallas Morning News*–submitted by Cole Schmeits, Arlington, Tex.)

Good thing they had a college man around to explain it.–Editor

YOU MIGHT SAY HE INHALES HIS FOOD

Wiley Brooks, 47, claims that the secret to his strength, health and good looks is diet. He says he hasn't eaten in 19 years–except for orange juice. Brooks has about 400 members in his Breatharians group, but scandal rocked the association recently when Brooks was charged with eating chicken pot pies and biscuits in a Vancouver hotel. (The *Daily World*)

They don't call him Wiley for nothing.–Editor

UPI

OUTHOUSE FELLINI ARRESTED

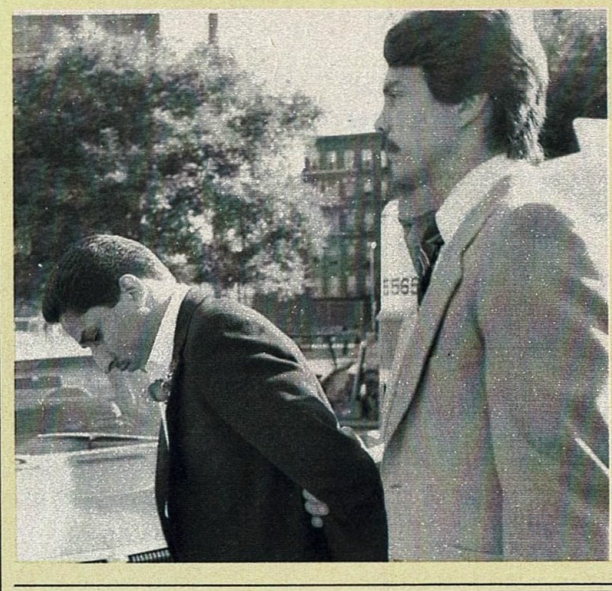
Probing new grounds of *cinéma vérité*, a man was discovered hiding inside the pit of a Millcreek Canyon, Utah, outhouse with a videocassette camera. He was trying to take pictures of women using the latrine. A woman came to use the outhouse, looked into the pit, and saw the man standing in waist-deep sewage. (*Salt Lake Tribune*–submitted by Danford B. Liston, Salt Lake City, Utah)

Bet you that's one guy who's got some interesting vacation pictures!–Editor

GROOM GETS NABBED ON WEDDING DAY

Just as the organist started playing "Here Comes the Bride," in came the cops–with a warrant for the arrest of the groom. Roland Santiago, dressed in his wedding tuxedo, was handcuffed and read his rights as the wedding guests stood around in shock. Santiago was charged with shooting a man three times in the face at point-blank range. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by M. Brown, Flushing, N.Y.)

Oh, well. His days as a free man were over anyway.–Editor



N.Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

GET YOUR HANDS ON THIS INCREDIBLE OFFER!

Get your hands on Penthouse 12 months of the year...at big savings off the cover price.

Get your hands on award-winning investigative journalism, the best of the new best-selling fiction, fashion that keeps you at the vanguard... and, of course, extensive and lavish coverage of the world's most beautiful women.

All it takes to receive the world's most provocative men's magazine month after month is a phone call. Dial toll-free 1-800-228-2233. (Nebraska residents call: 1-800-228-5200.) Or if you prefer, clip and mail the convenient coupon below.

PENTHOUSE
GET YOUR HANDS ON IT

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 6000
Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

- ☐ One year (12 issues) only $30! Save $7!
- ☐ Two years (24 issues) only $56! Save $18!
- ☐ Check enclosed.
- ☐ Money order enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Canada and elsewhere add $10.00 per subscription. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. H2HP5

COLOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

too fiery for him; he never thought he would be able to write it.

But he wrote it now. He let it pour out, censoring whatever he felt might prove tasteless, using euphemisms as often as he needed. He had no need to be overly specific—he knew the power of the room was there, and when he put the paper in Professor Cheyney's box the next morning, he felt, no point denying it, elation.

There were a dozen students in the class. They met in a seminar room the floor above Cheyney's office. Chub arrived early, but there were still half a dozen ahead of him. The table was round and Chub sat quickly.

Cheyney swept in late, pulled a chair from the corner. It was taller than the others and his head was above theirs. He carried a folder, opened it, closed it, studied them each in turn.

"I can and will make you better writers," he began. "And the reason I promise you that is this: We will work on basics.

"The procedure in class will be simple: I shall read aloud your various attempts at writing, but I shall never name the author. That way we can all feel freer to criticize. Clear?"

Everyone nodded again.

Then Cheyney had a paper in his hands, muttered, "Perhaps we'll have time for this," and he was reading aloud, reading about the men's room at Melchiorre's, and at first Chub felt panic, but that went fast, pride followed it, but then the panic overtook it and then he realized, it was so obvious from Cheyney's voice, that the professor didn't like it. He accented certain syllables strangely and he paused for emphasis where Chub had been trying for a faster rhythm. And now the others in the class were glancing quickly at one another, some of them shaking their heads, meaning "It isn't mine," and now they were all querying one another in silence, as Cheyney read on—his eyes on the paper. Chub tried not to notice, but he was flushed.

Chub locked his hands tightly together and stared down at the table because this couldn't be happening, if the best thing he could do was shit, and if more than anything what he wanted was to write, where did that leave him?

Long silence when Cheyney was done.

Chub lifted his eyes now. Cheyney was not looking at him but he was the only person in the room that wasn't.

"All right, we're running out of class time. Hear me now: This will not do for one simple reason—I do not want to know anybody who frequents such a place."

That was my father in there.

"My reading time I cherish," Andrew Cheyney said. "I want to discover glory. And there is no glory here. It deals with scum, and I do not want that in my literature, there is plenty on street corners."

My father wasn't scum. You didn't know. I knew. And he was a better man than you'll ever be, *he was.*

The bell rang.

"I don't think you can say that," Chub managed.

"I love disagreements, Fuller." He looked at the group. "Any of you feel free to leave."

No one budged.

"You find glory here, Fuller?"

"I don't know what 'glory' means."

"I suggest you look it up in the library. But let me ask you about your knowledge, Fuller. Answer this, please: *Today*, name me a writer you admire."

"Shaw."

"Excellent choice—Bernard Shaw was a brilliant dramatist and a far greater essayist. But this is not a course in play construction, so you didn't answer what I asked you."

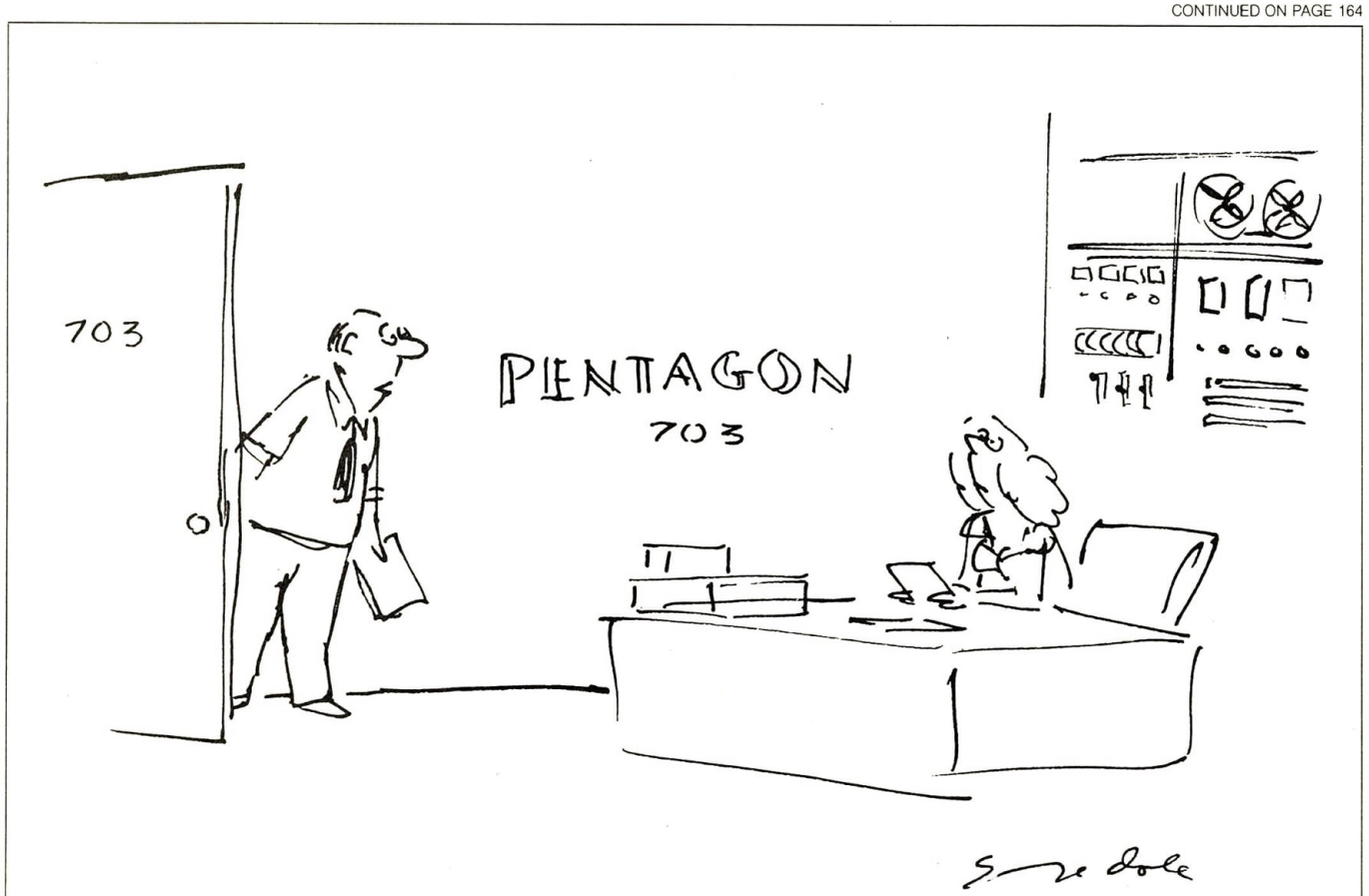
"I meant Shaw. Irwin Shaw."

"Ahhh yes, well, that explains a great deal, Fuller."

Helpless now, Chub sat there. So did they all. The silence lasted until, from across the table, Kitchel boomed in. "Your question was confusingly put."

"Come again, Kitchel? I'm told I tend to speak more coherently than most."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



"I've just completed the report on waste in procurement—hand me one of those $38 paper clips."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

WHO RUNS YOUR LIFE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

There are two basic ways of looking at the world. One man thinks it's cruel; another thinks it's just. One man is sure life is unpredictable; another is just as certain that it's orderly and predictable. For every person who feels like a helpless victim of fate, chance, or luck there's another who believes he can create his own destiny if he pulls the right strings.

This psychograph is designed to find out what your world view is and how it may be influencing your life.

Philosophers, of course, have argued for centuries over which view of the world is correct, but from a psychologist's point of view, objective reality (if it exists at all) is often of less interest than our reactions to what we *believe* is real. Faced with the same set of circumstances, the man who believes life is fickle and unjust is likely to behave very differently from one who thinks it's fair and controllable. Consequently, our basic view of the world will affect every aspect of our lives—from how we talk to women to how we manage our finances to how we approach our jobs.

Since the 1940s psychologists have conducted well over 600 studies on how one's basic view of existence shapes—and is shaped by—personality. They've found that certain traits and skills consistently correlate with one world view and not another. Some of the most important work in this field has been done by Dr. J. B. Rotter, who developed what became a standard psychological test for measuring people's feelings about how much control they have over their lives. In addition, U.C.L.A. professor Barry E. Collins further refined Rotter's testing scale and found that he could predictably distinguish between people who thought the world was cruel, unjust, or enigmatic and those who believed it to be friendly, just, and controllable.

We've reviewed a substantial body of research in constructing this psychograph. Each item on the questionnaire consists of three statements. Choose the statement that comes closest to describing your views on the subject. You *must* select one statement for each item even if none seems to express your feelings perfectly.

Be honest. Don't select answers just because you think they're the most sophisticated or socially desirable responses. Remember, you're testing yourself; nobody else is going to know your results. Besides, a high score on this psychograph is not important. Scores will be used simply to classify your world view. One type of world view is not intrinsically more desirable or valuable than another.

1. (a) Most jobs include a large portion of bullshit and busywork that really doesn't serve any useful function. It's your boss's way of letting you know he can make you do whatever he wants even if it's stupid.
   (b) Most jobs serve a useful function. There's also usually some amount of time-wasting busywork, but I suppose that's just part of the game.
   (c) Most jobs include some amount of work that seems dumb and wasteful, but there's usually a reason for it. I may not understand why I'm required to do something that I think is stupid, but I assume it wouldn't be there if it didn't serve some useful purpose.

2. (a) Success is a crapshoot. Lucky breaks have more to do with making it big than anything else.
   (b) Luck, of course, plays a part in success, but you don't succeed unless you know what to do with your lucky break when it comes along.
   (c) Luck, as they say, is the residue of design. People who achieve great success don't have to rely on luck because they plan for all the contingencies before they arise.

3. (a) Some people are born stupid. Even if you gave them every possible advantage—like sending them to the best prep schools and colleges—they'd still be jerks.
   (b) Some people are smarter than others. But you can improve yourself—within limits—if you try.
   (c) Just about everybody, except perhaps those who are severely retarded, can achieve great intellectual feats if they try hard enough. Science shows that we use only a small portion of our brains.

4. (a) When I'm stumped by a problem I usually just throw up my hands and walk away from it. I say something like, "Well, you tried to solve it and couldn't. Now you may as well just wait and see what happens when the shit hits the fan."
   (b) Sometimes I give up on problems; other times I keep working until I come up with a solution, even though I know it's not the best solution.
   (c) I almost never give up on a problem. I hate to admit defeat. I know that somewhere out there lies the solution.

5. (a) I make plans but sometimes I wonder why I bother. Something usually comes along to foul them up.
   (b) Some plans I make work out as I intended them to; others don't.
   (c) Most of the plans I make are successful.

6. (a) Most politicians are crooks, but even if they're not, there's little the average guy can do to get them to listen to him.
   (b) An individual may not be able to make much impact on the national political scene, but he can usually get local politicians to listen to him.
   (c) Most people underestimate how much political impact one person can have if he really works at it.

7. (a) If I could play only one game it would be roulette.
   (b) If I could play only one game it would be poker.
   (c) If I could play only one game it would be chess.

15 mg "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Winston.
America's
Best.
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTERS
FULL RICH
TOBACCO TASTE
Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.
© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"Our basic world view affects every aspect of our lives—from talking to women to managing finances."

PSYCHOGRAPH

8. (a) Some men are just naturally successful with women, and if you're not born with that knack there's no way you can acquire it.
(b) Nobody can turn into a Casanova if he wasn't that way to begin with, but most people can learn at least some social skills that can make them more successful with women.
(c) Almost anybody can become highly successful at attracting women, even if he isn't particularly attractive to begin with. It's all a matter of learning the right skills.

9. (a) Athletes are born, not made.
(b) Practice can greatly improve anybody's athletic performance, but you won't become an Olympic-class athlete unless you have superior skills to begin with.
(c) Native athletic ability is of minor importance in creating an athlete. There are lots of stories about major-league athletes who showed only average ability as kids and who overcame great handicaps in their pursuit of excellence.

10. (a) I really enjoy recreational gambling (sports betting, casino gambling, etc.).
(b) Gambling is all right sometimes.
(c) Gambling as a recreational activity doesn't interest me at all.

11. (a) Most people whose lives are mixed up are the victims of bad breaks.
(b) We cause some of our problems and others are not our fault.
(c) People whose lives are mixed up usually have caused most of their problems themselves.

12. (a) Complaining to your superiors at work is dangerous. Usually it'll just get them mad at you.
(b) Complaining to your superiors is sometimes the only alternative.
(c) I may not like people who complain to their superiors, but it's surprising how effective that tactic often is. The old saying "It's the squeaky wheel that gets the grease" is true.

13. (a) Most of what they teach you in school is of little value in later life.
(b) Some of what you get taught in school is worthless.
(c) Many of the things taught in school may seem pointless at the time, but they usually serve a useful purpose in later life.

14. (a) Most people judge you only by surface appearances; they don't take the trouble to really get to know you.
(b) Many people aren't willing to take the time but some will.
(c) Most people are willing to be sincerely friendly as long as you meet them halfway.

15. (a) Most people in authority (teachers, employers, etc.) play favorites. They reward brownnosing more than performance.
(b) Some people in authority show a lot of unfair favoritism; others reward performance.
(c) Even if they don't like you, most people in authority will reward you if they feel you're doing your job well.

16. (a) Most people will take advantage of you if they can.
(b) Many people are selfish opportunists, but just as many aren't.
(c) Most people only want what's fair, even though it doesn't always look that way.

17. (a) Most disagreements between people and nations are inevitable because it's just about impossible to get inside somebody else's head and understand his thinking.
(b) Some disagreements can be resolved through mutual understanding; others are hopeless. Even with all the negotiating and understanding in the world, some people will never be able to get along.
(c) Most problems between people and nations can be resolved if both parties make an honest effort.

18. (a) The average guy really doesn't have much control over his life.
(b) You can control some things in your life; others are pure chance.
(c) It is surprising how much control you can have over your life if you work at it and if you're willing to try unusual ways of doing things.

19. (a) I don't pay much attention to servicing my car. A good car will keep running like a tank even if you ignore it, and a lemon will remain a lemon no matter how nicely you treat it.
(b) I give my car "normal" servicing.
(c) I'm very careful about servicing my car. I get things like oil changes, lube jobs, new points, etc., according to the recommended schedule.

20. (a) I often get depressed.
(b) I sometimes get depressed.
(c) I rarely get depressed.

SCORING
Give yourself 1 point for each (a) answer, 3 points for each (b) answer, and 5 points for each (c) answer.

If you scored 20 to 46 points:
You see the world as a confusing, unfriendly, and basically unjust place. You believe human beings are relatively powerless and are at the mercy of powers like luck and fate that are beyond their control. Because they feel they have relatively little influence over what happens to them, men in this category are often quite unsure of themselves. They are more likely than most men to be influenced by others and to conform. On the other hand, since they feel little responsibility for the bad things that happen to them, such men are usually able to lead lives that are remarkably free of guilt.

47 to 73 points:
Men in this category tend to be among the most pragmatic people. They are *situationally* oriented. When they encounter an unfamiliar set of circumstances, they look it over to see what it has in common with their past experiences and how it differs. Such men can be highly successful, but they can also be unpredictable since they don't approach life with a consistent philosophy.

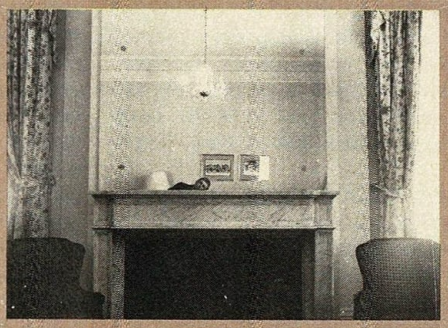
74 to 100 points:
You believe you can do anything. You see the universe as a friendly, just, predictable place. You feel that if you do your part, you'll get what you want. Men in this category have a strong belief in their own capabilities. They feel they can affect the course of events. High achievers in most fields share this world view. These men sometimes can be done in, however, by one fatal flaw. They are not quick to recognize a situation that is beyond their control. Since they believe they can overcome anything with the force of their own will, they may beat their heads against a stone wall for years and wonder why they're not getting anywhere.

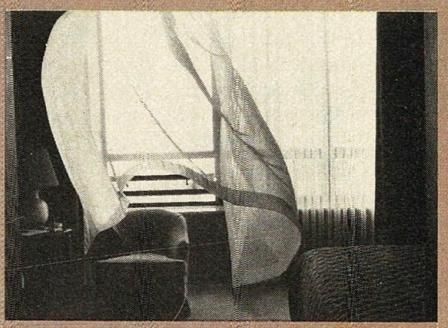
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY

Andy Summers's throbbing guitar
helped make the Police the world's hottest rock band.
Now he's achieving synchronicity
with his idiosyncratic black-and-white photographs.

EVERY SHOT HE TAKES

BY LYNN KEARCHER





The brooding, complex, intellectual lead guitarist for today's hottest rock band, the Police, is a man who toys with the mystical, challenges the conventional, and aggressively investigates the individual. After years of playing rock

All photographs on this page are by Andy Summers. (Top) I Advance Masked. *(Bottom left)* Untitled. *(Bottom right)* Elvis Has Left the Building.

music—at one time with such noted English rock groups as the Animals and Zoot Money—he has found another medium in which to explore, and sometimes exorcise, his persona. The medium is photography; the man is Andy Summers.

I met him for the first time in Manhattan. He was smaller than I had expected and emanated a disquieting serenity, staring intently with piercing blue eyes. He was dressed in black and red—the cover colors of his recently published photography book, *Throb* (Quill, a division of William Morrow)—and I asked if he wore those colors intentionally, because they were the colors of anarchy. The ice was broken. He laughed and said, "Is that right? I didn't know they were the colors of anarchy. That makes me very happy. The reason I have red and black on is because a few weeks back I was dressing to go on a British TV show, and I disliked my clothes. Itwas bizarre—I had on these red pants so I put on a black jacket, then I realized I was wearing the same colors as the book. So when I arrived in New York I thought I would carry on with this theme."

Like many elements in Andy Summers's life, instinct directs him—talent and intelligence carry him through. His first photojournalistic book, *Throb,* is a pictorial autobiography that intimately and successfully reflects the loneliness and humor of life on the road. His pictures are grainy, fragmented black-and-white images that at times appear snidely calculated. Summers has clearly epitomized a rock star's nihilistic and somewhat jaded vision that finds relief through humor.

The juxtaposition of images in *Throb* cleverly takes you into the dark, isolated life of a rock star, then thrusts you back out, almost saying you mustn't take this seriously, it's important to laugh at yourself. Summers comments on the book's focus, "My life on the surface must seem quite wonderful. But it has its strange and dark side. I travel in the back of dark limos, eat in strange restaurants, and I'm in some pretty weird places most of the time. Then again, if I look for it there's a side filled with humor and irony. When I compiled *Throb* I wanted to show both those sides."

To be prolific in one medium is applauded and respected. However, when an artist aggressively explores and openly displays interest in a second medium, the public often feels conned and manipulated, and will more often than not cynically prejudge his work. Summers, however, is an artist who can straddle two mediums without sacrificing content and integrity, or disappointing his audience. Aware that photography, like all art, is evolutionary, Summers considers himself a journeyman whose methods are eclectic and probing, and he believes that formula and style can lead to atrophy. His work clearly represents this philosophy—Summers uses innovative camera angles, toys with space, and varies the quality of light. Summers does not intellectualize a photograph; he arrives at it through a more intuitive process. "You feel a picture, you take several shots of it until you get the right one. It is similar to playing a phrase on an instrument. A picture can reveal itself, just as a musical composition will. I may see a picture spontaneously, and then work toward it until I get the best out of it. That may include changing lenses or altering the angle."

Although his initial move toward photography was purely whimsical—"I got my first serious camera in 1979 when I was touring with the Police. We were bored so we all went out and bought cameras one day."—diligence and enthusiasm soon led him to seriously study the art. He culled information from professional photographers who followed the Police, read several books—technical as well as aesthetic—and scrupulously studied his own contact sheets. The continual exploration of photography brought Summers to the point where music and photography appeared analogous. "As I went on studying photography I found that a lot of my sensibilities seemed to transfer across . . . In other words, that which I bring to music I was able to bring to photography as well. It seemed to become a process of simplification, not that the skill is simple, but I can present something that is really quite dense and complex with a very simple surface."

> My life on the surface must seem quite wonderful. But it has its strange and dark side. I travel in the back of dark limos, eat in strange restaurants, and I'm in some pretty weird places most of the time.

Summers looks for a wider "unconscious" in his photographs. They are not to be taken too literally, but seen as dream states, where the association of images is so alien and the camera angles so disquietingly personal that they become the most potent form of visual poetry. Drawn toward surrealism, and the work of Man Ray, Summers says, "I view my own life as a kind of surrealistic fabric. My life is sometimes like a dream—or nightmare—but really a dream, and when I'm traveling on the road the unconscious often operates at the most unexpected times. I see *Throb* as presenting a kind of dream existence. Sometimes my images are contrived—I set them up because I see the picture in my mind. And at other times images I've been thinking about will appear in real life. The most surreal moments are out there already, you just have to find out how to get them."

We are interrupted by room service delivering a steak sandwich and fries. While Andy struggled with a catsup bottle, I queried him about the technical side of his art. Summers has experimented with everything from a four by five to a 2¼ Format to plastic Diana cameras and various Polaroids. The camera he continues to use, and feels the most comfortable with, is a 35mm SLR. While his subject matter is clearly that of a rock star on tour, one can draw a parallel to Robert Frank's (*The Americans*) style.

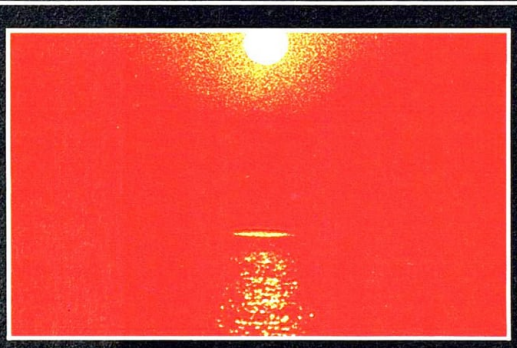
Like Frank, Summers produces large prints that are somewhat off-center and intentionally dark and grainy. And he uses black-and-white film rather than color because "I have an emotional response to it that I don't have at this point in time with color."

To achieve the diffused quality in his prints Summers shoots with Tri-X ". . . which I rate at 320 and develop in Rodinal, which gives me a denser negative." A hand-held camera allows for spontaneity, and because he prefers natural light he seldom uses strobes or floods.

It is not an accident that Summers's approach to photography is pure and minimalistic. His understated mastery of the guitar and intentional pausing clearly translates into austere images and positive-negative spatial qualities in his photographs. "I think that if you train your sensibilities in one medium there's a possibility of carrying them to another. Ansel Adams is someone who's always cited. He began as a concert pianist and became one of the greatest photographers of the twentieth century." He pauses, then continues, "Just as I have acquired an ear for music, I acquired an eye for photography. I became more selective in the culling of images and began to notice the subtleties and nuances. You know," he says, seeming to drift, "I definitely think that photography is a magical medium. There are people who say that it is merely a technical skill, the camera takes pictures and that's it. But for me there is magic in it because I have a response to it that's the same as music, and something moves in me." At this point, Summers frames my face with his hands as if to determine how I would best fit a camera lens. Squinting, he goes on, "Photography is like music in the sense that it can be regarded on more than one level. It doesn't have to be deep and meaningful all the time. There's a place in both art forms that is light and frivolous and that's what makes it interesting." The phone rang; it was the hotel operator reminding Summers of a book-signing commitment. He adjusted a camera lens, collected a few stray boxes of film, and turned to me, saying elusively, "I intend to carry on with photography. For me it's very much like playing music. I need both those things to stay alive. Like music, photography is a way of finding your own face."

COMING IN THE APRIL Omni

SATELLITE RESCUE



The satellite had been designed to reap data about solar flares and other activity on our star. But five months after it was launched, the Solar Maximum Satellite began wobbling in orbit when a fuse burned out. Now, in one of its most adventurous missions, NASA is about to stage the first attempted satellite rescue. Astronaut George Nelson will leave an orbiting shuttle more than 200 miles above Earth. He'll ride a rocket pack to the crippled satellite and try to return it to the shuttle cargo bay for repair. Space writer James Oberg provides an inside look at this bold plan.

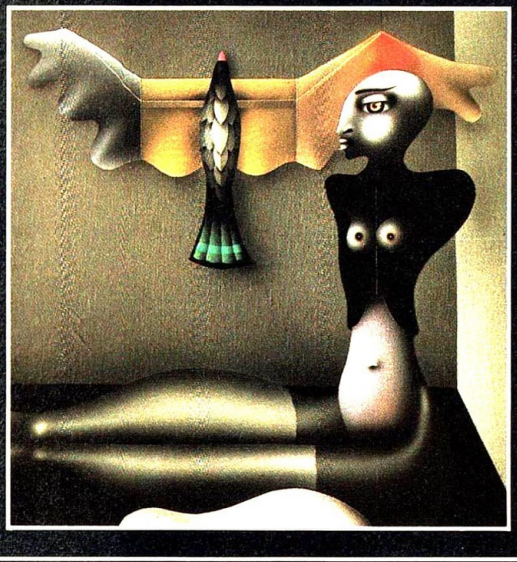
FICTION

An innocent love song from the hit musical *Oklahoma!* inspired Harvey Jacobs to speculate on the nature of obsession and revenge. His first *Omni* story, "My Rose and My Glove," is a cautionary tale about a collector of useless objects who bears a grudge against his childhood tormentors. This humorous story also proves that reclaiming your past can be hard work. Another first-time *Omni* contributor, Elizabeth A. Lynn, wrote "At the Embassy Club," a tale of forbidden love and political protocol. An embassy-staff member on the planet Tanderai must decide whether he is willing to lay his career, and maybe his life, on the line to win the woman he loves.

COMET RIDES

While some scientists draft plans for intricate vehicles to carry humans to the stars, other futurists are looking to "natural" spaceships: comets. Future settlers may land on frozen cometary surfaces and build mines and solar collectors. Then the pioneers will construct space habitats to support future generations on their way to the stars. These plans, from two U.S. scientists—as well as speculation about the people who would hitch their fortunes to a comet—are outlined in *Omni*.

BIOCHEMISTRY OF DESIRE



The search for the ultimate aphrodisiac has led the lovelorn to try everything from moss taken from the skull of a murdered man, to a bracelet made from the right testis of an ass. But now it looks as if we don't need outside help. New findings indicate we all come with our love potions already installed, and researchers have now managed to isolate some surprisingly potent hormones that help keep our sex drives in tune. For example, prolactin, the same hormone that triggers milk production in breast-feeding mothers, also surges into the bloodstream during sex. One brain hormone, LHRH, is so powerful it even stimulates animals that had their sex glands removed. The biochemical triggers of love and lust can also go awry. There can be too much of a good thing; such was the case with the man who had to have sex at least three times a day. Read all about the biochemistry of love and lust, and the aphrodisiacs of the future, in the April *Omni*.

NO DEPOSIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

as the IRS (and the law) are concerned, a tax evader is a tax evader is a tax evader.

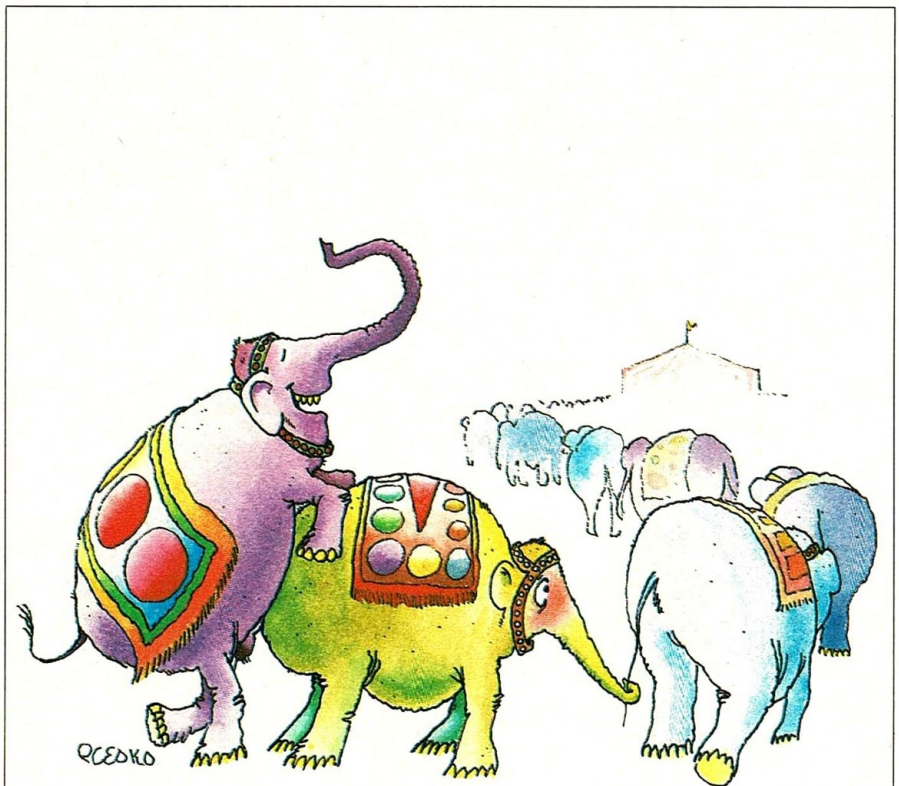
This may help the IRS enforcement division, but it doesn't address the problem of the growing percentage of Americans who simply refuse to pay any more taxes. They picture themselves not as criminals but as patriots in the great American tradition of the Boston Tea Party and the rebels against the king's stamp tax. Protest groups like to claim that there are millions of Americans who have taken the drastic step of refusing to deal with the tax system. That may be true, but there is a slight problem of definition. There are, by our own estimate, approximately 60,000 who openly defy the system. But there are many others who simply opt out of the system, i.e., they stop paying, mostly because they're disgusted with a system that has become too complex and is taking too much money from taxpayers. Are they tax protesters? Qualifiedly, yes. There is a relatively small difference between sending a tax return to the IRS with the accompanying scrawl, "Take this and stick it up your ass, you bloodsuckers," or not filing a return at all. In either event, the taxes have not been paid, which is really what the IRS cares about.

It also cares a great deal about the influence of tax-protest groups. Here, again, definitions can be slippery, for there are plenty of groups that charge $60 and up for "seminars" on ways to illegally avoid paying taxes. How much of this instruction actually results in a refusal to pay—or an opting out of the system entirely—is hard to say.

Like an amoeba, tax protest has a habit of dividing and subdividing geometrically, with each new tax-protest scheme spawning still others. Moreover, much of this movement is underground or surfaces only periodically. As soon as one tax-protest scheme is stamped out, another rises to take its place. No sooner had the IRS cracked down on the W-4 scheme and "Fifth Amendment returns," than it found itself confronted by something called the "family-estate-trust" scheme. In this one, a taxpayer purchases a trust package from a promoter and assigns all personal assets to it, then claims he has no personal income. In effect, it amounts to a vow of poverty, very similar to another protest scheme, in which individuals become "ordained" in various "churches," to which they contribute up to 50 percent of their income, the maximum allowed by law. Another one involves gold and silver—taxpayers refuse to pay on the grounds that paper currency, since it is not redeemable in gold or silver, does not constitute "income," and is therefore not taxable. The IRS, backed by the courts, vigorously disagrees and is prosecuting anyone who files such a return.

Still, how many people can the IRS reasonably expect to throw into prison for protesting the payment of taxes? A simple question, but it lies at the heart of the whole problem. Obviously, the more people involved in the tax-protest movement, the more difficult it is to eliminate the movement. The government cannot hope to imprison every tax protester. The IRS solution has been selective prosecution, targeting the leaders and organizers of the movement. But that has proven to be a failure, too, for new leaders, new schemes, and new movements keep popping up just as fast as the IRS stamps out their predecessors.

As the IRS is aware, personal income taxes make up the fragile thread on which the entire tax system hangs—these account for $322.8 billion of all taxes collected by the IRS, and without them the government's well would run dry very quickly. The IRS is also aware that by 1981 somewhere around $75 billion in income taxes went uncollected, three times the amount for 1973. That figure represents a rapid climb, and some experts argue that it understates the real size of the shortfall. There is no doubt that more and more Americans are not paying their taxes, an alarming event for a nation that has had the world's best tax-payment record for over 40 years.



"I love a parade. . ."

That is why a distinct chill runs through the IRS when its investigators run across something particularly disturbing as they monitor the proliferating pamphlets, booklets, and newsletters produced by the tax-protest organizations. One of the more disturbing incidents occurred last year when almost all these publications eulogized the late Gordon Kahl as a freedom fighter, a patriot who had bravely done battle with a faceless government bureaucracy whose impact on the lives of all Americans extends much further than any other government agency.

The eulogies took as their starting point a letter Kahl wrote to friends while he was on the run: "I would have liked nothing other than to be left alone, so I could enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which our forefathers willed to us. This was not to be. . . . I must now depart. I have no idea where I am going, but after some prayer, I will go where the Lord leads me, and either I will live to carry on the fight, or die if that be the case, and for the present, at least, I bid you all goodbye."

As no one needed reminding, this letter, despite its messianic tone, was written by a decorated World War II hero who had been badly wounded in the defense of his country—a soft-spoken North Dakota farmer and the grandfather of nine children.

And he was also the man who killed three people because the government tried to force him to pay taxes.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit
Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
LIGHTS
20 CIGARETTES
Salem
LIGHTS
100s
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A humble combination of vodka and tomato juice, named after a terrifying English monarch, has become America's most popular cocktail.

BLOODY MARY

BY WILLIAM COLE

The attractive young publicity woman was taking me to lunch at a small midtown-Manhattan restaurant. The waiter appeared for our drink orders. "Virgin Mary, please," the woman requested. I said, "Bloody Mary for me." We were deep in talk when he hovered over us with the drinks. "Virgin?' he said to her. She blushed. There was a moment of silence, then all three of us burst out laughing.

The Bloody Mary has become the most popular brunch and before-lunch drink in America, edging out the martini in recent years. What's more, it's better for you than any other mixed drink, especially when made with vodka. Most liquors get their taste from congeners—substances that add flavor. Vodka—and gin, to a lesser extent—has low congener content. When these substances get into your system and stick around for a while, well, that's hangover time. In addition, tomato juice is healthy, replete with vitamins A and C.

The Virgin Mary, sometimes known as the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

Bloody Shame, is as nourishing before lunch as a cup of soup. The fact is that in many bars when you order a Bloody Mary you get a Virgin Mary. It's impossible to get a grip on the flavor of vodka when it's mixed with tomato juice and spices. So, the vodka being the costly ingredient, some unscrupulous bartenders simply leave it out. Thus you might see a table of businessmen getting buzzed at lunch on tomato juice. Indeed, in the late 1970s *New York* magazine ran a series of exposés—"Bloody Mary Blood Tests"—checking the alcohol content of the drink in 15 city bars, among them such watering holes as Tavern on the Green and The Oak Room at The Plaza. Samples were laboratory tested by gas chromatography. The standard recipe calls for the Bloody Mary to be at least 24 proof, or 12 percent alcohol. Very few of the drinks tested lived up to that standard, most coming in under 20 proof, and on one of the tests Maxwell's Plum turned out a Bloody Mary with no alcohol whatsoever. If you have the nerve, ask for the vodka on the side, unless you witness the preparation. That reminds me of a man who was impressed with the size of the olive in his martini. "How generous!" he remarked, but changed his mind when he realized how the large, relatively inexpensive olive displaced the more expensive gin.

There are many theories about how the Bloody Mary got its name. There was an English queen—Mary Tudor—who persecuted so many people during her reign that she was called "Bloody Mary." Maybe it's that simple. Then again, George Jessel claims to have invented it. The authority for this attribution is the late Leonard Lyons. According to Lyons, Jessel was in Palm Beach and wanted a pick-me-up before playing in a charity softball game. "The bartender had some unopened cases of a strange Russian imported vodka. And there was some tomato juice on hand." Jessel said to mix them and then accidently spilled some of the concoction on his date—Mary Kirk Brown—and thus named the drink Bloody Mary. Hmmmm. A few days later, fellow columnist Walter Winchell countered by saying that Hemingway invented the drink. No real evidence. Only that in one of his letters Hemingway states: "I introduced this drink to Hong Kong in 1941 and believe it did more than any other single factor except the Japanese Army to precipitate the fall of that Crown Colony."

The story that has more of the ring of truth to it is that it was invented in Harry's New York Bar, in Paris, in 1920 by bartender Fernand Petiot. In an interview many years later he said, "We had just been to a little Russian place in Paris and we came back to Harry's to try to mix something with vodka." This resulted in his filling half a glass with tomato juice and adding vodka to the brim. One of the regulars at the bar, an American entertainer named Roy Barton, christened it Bloody Mary because it reminded him of a Chicago nightclub, the Bucket of Blood, and his girl, Mary. The drink didn't catch on in Paris, but in 1934 Petiot was lured to New York to be head bartender at the St. Regis. He revived the drink as the Red Snapper, because the owner, Vincent Astor, thought the original name too indelicate. Serge Obolensky, then president of the hotel, found the drink too bland, so Petiot added salt, black pepper, cayenne, and Worcestershire sauce, and the Bloody Mary as we now know it was born.

As with the history, there is disagreement among barenders and food writers about the makeup of the perfect Bloody Mary. The main point of agreement is that the drink is to be shaken, not stirred, and certainly not mixed in a blender—which makes it come out pink and frothy—and it should be served straight up. Tomato juice and ice do not make a lasting marriage. When the drink is served on the rocks, the juice separates as the ice melts and you get a horrible-looking mess. To

"I introduced the Bloody Mary to Hong Kong," wrote Hemingway, "and believe it did more than any other single factor except the Japanese Army to precipitate the fall of that Crown Colony."

go back to the most probable inventor, Petiot, here's his recipe, in his own words, for the Bloody Mary: "I cover the bottom of the shaker with four large dashes of salt, two dashes of black pepper, two dashes of cayenne pepper, and a layer of Worcestershire sauce. I then add a drop of lemon juice and some cracked ice, put in two ounces of 100-proof vodka and two ounces of thick tomato juice—shake, strain, and pour." I assume he pours into a six- or eight-ounce glass. His recipe differs in strength and a few other details from the most widely accepted one, which reads:

- 1½ oz. vodka
- 3 oz. heavy tomato juice
- ½ oz. lemon juice
- 2 dashes Worcestershire sauce
- 1 dash Tabasco sauce
- 1 shake salt or celery salt

Then there are the lemon people versus the lime people. favor lemon, and Mimi Sheraton put it best in the *New York Times:* "There is a world of taste difference between the aromatic, bittersweet, complex pungency of the lime and the clear, sunny astringency of the lemon. In very few cases can these citrus cousins be considered interchangeable. Each has its place, but the lemon reigns supreme where tomato juice is involved." Yet *Times* writer Craig Claiborne goes for lime in his. I note in passing that the Hotel Carlyle's Perfect Bloody Mary calls for "squeezes of both lemon and lime juice."

No other drink allows for so much variation as the Bloody Mary. You can change the taste, subtly or boldly. I find a delicious variation to be the addition of a half teaspoon of horseradish. A.1 or HP steak sauce can be substituted for Worcestershire—or soy sauce, for that matter. I've made it with a touch of chili powder—even with a base of some leftover gazpacho. Terrific. Instead of spices, use some Old Bay seafood seasoning. Angostura bitters gives the drink a certain something. Parenthetically, let me say that celery salt is preferable to celery flakes; a friend recommended the latter. I tried it and spent ten minutes picking the flakes off my lips.

Vodka promoters are ever inventive when it comes to the Bloody Mary. They suggest variations in ads and in the pamphlets you find in liquor stores. I've tried Smirnoff's Blood Hound, which substitutes dry sherry for the spices, a subtle change; and their Smokey Mary, with a touch of barbecue sauce: a bit more fiery, and good. Majorska has an interesting suggestion: Use dry vermouth instead of the spices, or make their Reviver, which uses lemon-pepper seasoning.

Successful versions of the Bloody Mary can be made with liquors other than vodka. Fleishmann's recommends an Add-In Gin Mary, which is very good, and with tequila you have a Bloody Maria. The bartender at Berry's restaurant in New York's SoHo makes the drink with caraway-flavored aquavit. Aalborg aquavit advertises that their Danish Mary is "not just another bloody drink." You get an interesting variation, a French Bloody Mary, using Pernod instead of vodka. Then there's a Myer's Mary, using rum, and a Bacardi Bloody Mary. California Brandy has their Brandy Bloody Mary. The drink seems to work with just about everything but scotch. Yes, there exists one made with bourbon, which the bar at the Orly Hilton, near Paris, calls Back to Work—a hangover softener: tomato juice, lemon juice, bourbon, and Tabasco. I've even seen a letter to the editor from a joker who claimed to have invented the Oy Vay Maria—Manischewitz wine and tomato juice.

A few words about tomato juice. What kind of tomato juice is best for the Bloody Mary? Most bartenders say "a heavy one," and some specify Sacramento. That's the one I prefer. Then there's the augmented tomato juice—the Bloody Mary mixes. These I would resort to only in an emergency. Some harried bartenders and all airlines use them. Craig Claiborne, who's against them, writes that when he travels by plane he carries his own

Worcestershire and Tabasco and orders tomato juice, lime, vodka, and ice. (But he can't shake it, can he?)

I will sometimes use V-8 juice instead of tomato juice. Perfectly fine, but a different drink. The V-8 people have an advertisement for their V-8 spicy hot vegetable juice that makes a drink they call the Bloody Merrier.

Getting away from tomato juice entirely, we have the Bullshot, or Ox on the Rocks, which is a perfectly wonderful first course for a lunch. This drink, which substitutes beef bouillon for tomato juice, originated at the Caucus Club restaurant in Detroit in the early 1960s when the then owner, Lester Gruber, and a representative of a national soup company together created the cocktail. So says John F. Mariani in *The Dictionary of American Food and Drink.* I suspect the soup company was Campbell's, for their beef broth seems to me to make the best Bullshot.

And then there's the Bloody Bull, first presented at the Pen & Pencil restaurant in New York. I must admit that after years of experimenting with the Bloody Mary this is my favorite variation. It's the drink I prepare when someone is coming to lunch. I make it beforehand, without ice or vodka. Some lunch guests have to go back to the office. I ask them if they want the real thing or the virgin version, then shake it up with ice accordingly. I'm pretty loose about proportions—just go heavy on the lemon juice (and *real* lemon juice, please). For one, it goes like this:

- 1½ oz. Sacramento tomato juice
- 1½ oz. Campbell's beef broth
- 1½ oz. vodka (optional)
- ½ oz. lemon juice (or more, to taste)
- 3 dashes Worcestershire sauce
- 2 dashes Tabasco sauce
- 2 shakes celery salt

The usual reaction: "The best I've ever tasted!"

The Bloody Mary is an international drink. I've had one at the Zanzibar in London (low-keyed), at the Villa d'Este on Italy's Lake Como (perfect), and various pubs in Dublin (too tame). I once read that a restaurant in Kathmandu serves a Yak's Tail Cocktail, which turned out to be a Bloody Mary.

There's a time for everything, and the time for the Bloody Mary is the forenoon, noon, and early afternoon. Later than that, *gauche.* In his recent delightful and satirical book: *Class: A Guide Through the American Status System,* Paul Fussell lists the drinks favored by America's elite, among them the Bloody Mary, " . . . but never after 3 P.M."

But before 3 P.M., lead me to it! There's no other drink that's so much fun to experiment with, nor any other so delicious. The Bloody Mary has been called the queen of drinks, and so it is.

"Listen to the wild. It's calling you."
Robert Service
The Call of the Wild.*
YUKON JACK
IMPORTED
The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.
Discover Yukon Jack. Proud and potent at 100 proof. Yet so smooth, so flavorful, it tempts even the most civilized. Straight, mixed or on the rocks, Yukon Jack truly stands apart.
Always Smooth. Always Potent.
100 Proof.
Yukon Jack®
Yukon Jack Liqueur. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *© 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

Are you a turtle?
You bet your sweet ass I am.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Last November, in a column about secrets, we spilled the beans on the International Turtle Club, a society of clean-thinking people. It has existed for at least 40 years, probably longer. (Your humble games editor joined in 1963; one correspondent said he joined while serving overseas in 1943.)

To become a Turtle, you must give clean answers to questions that might lead others—and you know the low-life scum we mean—to think impure thoughts that would embarrass any true Turtle. Questions like:

What does a man do standing up, a woman do sitting down, and a dog do on three legs? (Answer: Shake hands.)

What can you find on a pool table that you also find in a man's pants? (Answer: Pockets.)

What is round, has hair on it, and when it sticks out of a man's pajamas is so hard he can hang his hat on it? (Answer: His head.)

In ancient times, it seems, all Turtles owned a donkey. Therefore, whenever you are asked the secret pass question "*Are you a Turtle?*" you have to give the traditional answer, "*You bet your sweet ass I am!*" Wherever you are, whoever you are with, and no matter how embarrassing it may be under the circumstances, you must give the official answer. If you don't you have to buy a drink for the fellow Turtle who asked the question.

In some initiations you are expected to buy a drink for everyone in the room, or *everyone within earshot.* The closest that any Turtle came to being totally wiped out was during the flight of *Apollo VII* when Deke Slayton, speaking from Houston Control, asked Wally Shirra, then on his last space flight, the critical question: "Are you a Turtle?"

Shirra might have had to buy a drink for all of the 20 million people then "within earshot." Instead, he cut off the microphone for a few seconds, then came back and told Slayton, "I recorded my answer on the ship's [tape] recorder."

Some Turtles applaud Wally Shirra for quick thinking in a tight situation. Others think that he owes us all a drink.

We asked readers to send in examples of dirty questions with squeaky-clean answers. These top ten are presented in order of their popularity. Nearly 200 of you sent versions of question No. 1, for example, and five of you, No. 10.

TOP-TEN TURTLE QUESTIONS

1. What is a four-letter word that ends in *k* and means the same as intercourse?
2. What is it that a cow has four of and a woman has only two of?
3. What is long, hard, tubular, and is full of "semen"?
4. What can you find in a man's pants that is about six inches long, that has a head on it, and that women love so much they often blow it?
5. What word starts with *f* and ends with *u-c-k*?
6. Name five words that are each four letters long and end in *u-n-t*, one of which is a word for a woman.
7. What does a dog do that a man steps into?
8. What four-letter word begins with *f* and ends with *k*, and if you can't get one you use your hands?
9. What is hard, six inches long, has two nuts, and can make a girl get fat?
10. What four-letter word ends in *i-t* and is found on the bottom of a birdcage?

Of the non-duplicated entries, here are the ones we liked best. We awarded a one-year subscription for the first of them. Entrants' names are with the answers.

1. All men have one, it's longer on some men than others, and the pope doesn't use his. A man gives it to his wife after they're married.
2. What word starts with *c* and ends with *t* and is synonymous with pussy?
3. When a man takes his pants off in a hotel room, what is the first thing to hang out?
4. What does a man have that gets bigger when you stroke it?
5. What does a man have in his trousers that a lady doesn't want in her face?
6. What part of a man's body enlarges to three times its normal size when excited?
7. What's wrinkled and smells like ginger?
8. What goes in white and clean and comes out soiled and smelly?
9. What do you do with an elephant with three balls?

A IS FOR APRIL

Our friend Mel Stover of Winnipeg, Manitoba, collects sure-win bets and sucker questions. Here are some of the prime posers from his collection.

1. SPEEDY. Joe drove from his home to the University of Chicago at 30 mph. He wants to average 60 mph for the entire trip. How fast does he have to travel home?
2. VOLUME. What book has its preface in the middle, its appendix at the beginning, and reaches its climax before the plot appears?
3. BANNER. Under what circumstances would it take longer to raise a flag to half-mast than to raise it to full mast?
4. AGED ATHENIAN. Laryngytus, the Greek orator, was born on July 4, 30 B.C. He died on July 4, A.D. 30. How old was Laryngytus when he died?

CATALOGS U.S.A.℠

Your Shopping Guide for Home and Fashion

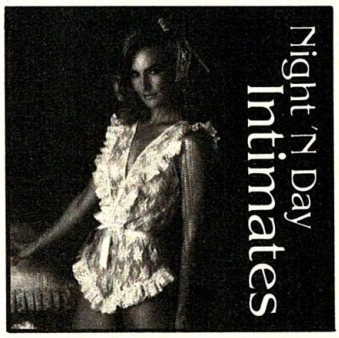
Suddenly it's Spring! The time for refreshing new ideas. Browse through these fabulous catalogs. Each of them is a joyous celebration to this most glorious time of year. Choose from a spectacular variety of merchandise—exciting electronic products, inflatable boats, apparel and shoes for the larger man, outrageous novelties, sensuous lingerie, personal and business gifts from around the world, even best selling books to listen to . . . and much more. Order from the coupon below, and the catalogs will be sent to you directly by the companies offering them.

ADAM YORK

1. It's the distinctive tall narrow catalog with a collection of hundreds of items of special interest. It's full of personal and business gifts of good quality, intelligent gadgets, new electronics . . . plus the practical, the trendy and the latest in apparel for men and women of joyful spirit. $2.00.

Mellow Mail

2. Join over 100,000 satisfied customers nationwide who love shopping (& laughing) with the upbeat *Mellow Mail Catalogs*—aimed at the adventurous and young of spirit. Original & funny T-shirts, sensuous lingerie, swimwear, jogging outfits, mood music, outrageous calendars, smoking accessories, gourmet munchies, exotic gifts & much more. There is no one quite like Mellow Mail. Enjoy! For our latest full color catalog, send $1.00.



3. A Unique Collection of feminine treasures . . . Intimates caters to *today's woman*, her lifestyle, her moods, her *budget*. Intimate *underfashions*, dreamy lingerie, versatile loungewear. The special additions that make a woman complete . . . the difference is Night and Day. Four issues, $2.00.

Quality Inflatable Boats for Under $300.00

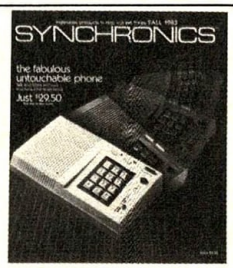
11' Sea Eagle 9 holds 5 adults

4. Fishing platform, motor runabout, river raft, camp boat, yacht tender and *now* true sailboat. Sea Eagle motormount boats last for years, go almost anywhere and cost $180-$250. Lakes, rivers, ponds, bays and oceans. Sea Eagles give you real value for your money. Write for FREE COLOR BROCHURE.

Heard Any Good Books Lately?

5. Listen for Pleasure features 86 best selling books on cassette. Listen while driving, travelling or relaxing. Recorded by well-known masters of the spoken word. Two cassettes, playing time 2-3 hours, deluxe gift package, $13.95 per title. Plays on home or automobile cassette player. Free catalog.

6. TALL & BIG MEN . . . send for free color catalog of apparel and shoes specially designed for your fit and comfort. Fully Guaranteed Before and After Wearing. FREE 88 page catalog.



7. Synchronics—ingenious products in step with the times. A wonderful selection of the newest and most exciting electronic products for the 80's—telephones, video, audio, health, exercise, luggage, watches and much more. And a convenient deferred payment plan, with no finance charge, so you can join the *Electronics Revolution* now! Send for your full color Synchronics catalog. One year subscription. $2.00.

8. Victoria's Secret. A romantic catalogue collection of affordable luxuries. Gowns, kimonos, silk stockings, fashion pantyhose, French bras and bikinis, camisoles, tap pants, teddies, nightshirts . . . and much, much more. Send for one year's subscription. $3.00.

Send to: CATALOGS U.S.A., Dept. PH484
P.O. Box 460, Stony Point, New York 10980

CATALOGS U.S.A.℠ Offer expires
Your Shopping Guide May 17, 1984

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose a check or M.O. for the total, including a $1.00 handling charge. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Send to: **CATALOGS U.S.A., Dept. PH484 P.O. Box 460, Stony Point, New York 10980**

____1. Adam York ($2)
____2. Mellow Mail ($1)
____3. Night and Day ($2)
____4. Sea Eagle (Free)
____5. Listen For Pleasure (Free)
____6. King-Size (Free)
____7. Synchronics ($2)
____8. Victoria's Secret ($3)

total cost of catalogs ordered $____
Add $1.00 charge for handling $ 1.00
Total Enclosed $____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Make check or money order payable to: CATALOGS U.S.A.
No cash or stamps accepted.

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Catalogs U.S.A. pages, contact Stanley I. Fishel, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 350-1800.

GAMES

5. VERBS. What do the words *work, catch, seek, buy, fight,* and *teach* all have in common?

6. JAG FAN. A man with a nagging wife preferred to drive an English Jaguar rather than a Corvette. The man was American, not English, and the cars cost the same amount and had equivalent features. Why the preference?

7. RESTRICTED MEMBERSHIP. What law would prevent a black man living in Mississippi from being buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery in California?

8. CURDLED QUESTION. If a cheese weighs 12 pounds plus half a cheese, how much does a cheese and a half weigh?

9. WITHOUT LOOKING IN A DICTIONARY. Which of these words is misspelled? *Kimona, ukalele, Phillipines, insistant,* and *ecstacy.*

10. SECONDHAND CIGS. A hobo found that three butts would make one cigarette. One night he turned up at the hobo jungle with eight butts. What is the maximum number of cigarettes he can make?

11. PLAY BALL. In a regular baseball game the home team scored four runs every inning while the visitors got three runs in the odd-numbered innings and four runs in the even-numbered innings. What was the final score?

12. TRANSPORT. More New Yorkers ride to work on this vehicle than any other. What is it?

13. FUNNY MONEY. An archaeologist found a coin with the head of a Roman emperor and the name Augustus I. She immediately looked for the practical joker. What alerted her?

14. BANK ON IT. In what way does a sperm bank differ from a commercial bank?

JASON'S CARD. Jamie Jason, the famous late-night disc jockey on two different radio stations, FM and AM, plays rock and roll day and night, all year round. He gives out a business card that looks like the one at the top of the next column.

Jamie's wife, June, was the first to notice that there is something very unusual

J. JASON, DJ
FM/AM

about the arrangement of letters on her husband's business card. Their daughter May at last agreed that the pattern is remarkable. What makes this disc jockey's calling card so unique? (*Hint:* Jason always started each rock-and-roll year with Neil Sedaka's "Calendar Girl.")

LEVITATION LESSON

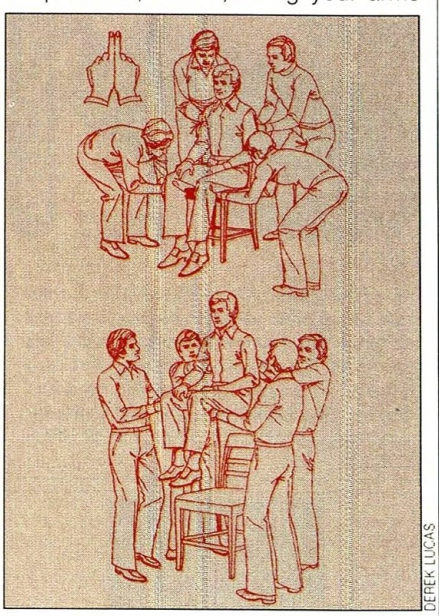
Here is a good way to demonstrate your supernatural powers. In his famous diary, Samuel Pepys described this as an oldie in 1665, but it is always good for a revival. You can see it demonstrated by Uri Geller, Thelma Moss, and others at "psychic fairs," where witnesses are often so impressed that they sign up for seminars to learn how to harness their personal powers.

As a public service, we will tell you the trick so that you can make a bundle by signing up other people to take *your* seminars. You'll need four volunteers. Seat the heaviest volunteer (200-plus pounds is best because it is most impressive) on a chair or stool. Call him *H* for heavy. Get three average-size volunteers to assist you as lifters. You and one other lifter should stand at *H*'s shoulders, the other two at his knees, as in the illustration at the right. Have each lifter hold two index fingers together, as shown. The lifters at *H*'s shoulders should position their fingers under *H*'s armpits, from the rear, while the other two place their fingers under *H*'s knees.

At a count of three, all four lifters will try to hoist *H* as high as they can above the chair. You apply your own strength and lift as hard as you can, but the four of you together still find that your eight fingers are insufficient to raise *H* more than an inch or two above the chair.

Next comes the magic part. Apply hocus-pocus liberally. Say that you have found ways to tap human auras, or magnetic vibrations, or animal energies, and that you will now apply the power that anyone can learn by buying your book or taking your seminars.

Have all four lifters place their hands on *H*'s head, overlapping one on top of the other. Explain that this will synchronize your energies with those of *H.* When you feel that all four lifters are attuned to *H*'s vibrations, count down from five. On the count of *one,* all of you are to take a deep breath, hold it, swing your arms


DEREK LUCAS

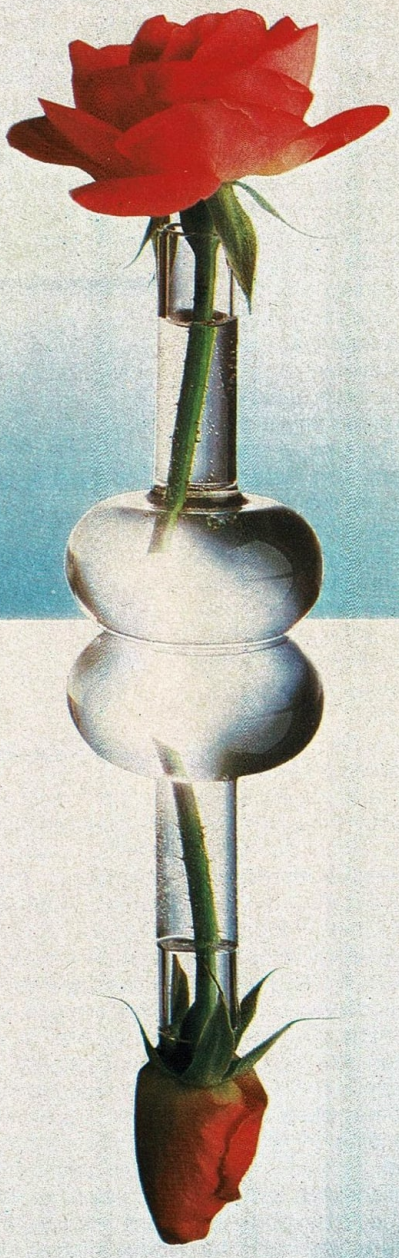
down, place your index fingers under *H*'s armpits or knees, and lift.

Incredible! Your plump volunteer floats into the air as if he weighed only a few pounds. The four lifters who could barely budge *H* a minute before now find that they can lift him easily, way above the chair, with no strain.

A great many people believe that this test proves the existence of supernatural levitation. After all, what else could make a 200-pounder so light, or make four average people suddenly so incredibly strong? If it isn't supernatural power, then what is it?

Answers on page 176

Reflect on the lighter side.



The Benson & Hedges low tar cigarette

Created and perfected by the House of Benson & Hedges

HYPERSEXUALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

of sex, was a user, incapable of close relationships, according to the several distinguished authors who have told his story. He was the possessor of what Dr. Merle Sondra Kroop, a New York sex doctor (and no kin to Florida's Dr. Krop), calls "the Kleenex syndrome," in which sex partners are treated as disposable objects. You unload in them and are on your way, though Kroop doesn't put it quite that way.

"You still see nymphomania used as a descriptive term," says Dr. Oscar Neumann, who teaches family medicine at the University of California at Davis. "It does indicate a familiar personality pattern, the woman who is thought to drive herself to get more and more sex in the hope it will become pleasurable. But I don't believe I've ever seen it applied as a literal diagnosis. That went out with the Victorian age. Now, I think, we're suspicious of the assumption that people who are having a lot of sex are doing it because they have to rather than because they want to."

Nor is there evidence for the general existence of frigidity and other forms of sexual blockage that—in the view of shrinks ranging over the years from Baron Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing, the Viennese old original, to Dr. Good—women who indulge excessively in sex are fighting a doomed battle to overcome. Dr. Mary Jane Sharfey, a Kinsey disciple despite being a psychoanalyst, is the author of the apparently unassailable finding that women are capable of virtually limitless pleasure from sex.

"In clinical practice a number of married and single women using the electric vibrator to achieve up to 50 orgasms in a single session have come to my attention in the past few years. . . . From the standpoint of normal physiological functioning these women exhibit a healthy, uninhibited sexuality—*and* the number of orgasms attained [are] a measure of the human female's orgasmic potentiality. Theoretically, a woman could go on having orgasms indefinitely if physical exhaustion did not intervene. . . ." It is man who ejaculates once, then must crumple to recharge his battery, a process that may take minutes, hours, or days, depending on his age, condition, and mind-set.

Dr. Harold Lief, of Philadelphia, is one of the nation's most respected experts on sex and marriage. "Sure, why not?" he says, when asked whether highly sexed people can form successful unions. "I would anticipate that as long as people have similar sexual desires and appetites and as long as they are reasonably well matched they will be all right." He quickly adds a warning: Never assume that a big appetite means its possessor cannot be satisfied with a single partner.

Dick and Dawn illustrate his point. Two redheads, they are in their early thirties, the parents of three children aged two to seven. He is chief purchasing agent for a middle-size corporation. She is a nurse at a hospital that specializes in difficult nerve surgery. They became sweethearts when they met at the beach the year they got out of high school. Neither had much sexual experience then. Neither is known to have strayed since. They seemed an attractive and wholesome couple, worth knowing but hardly out of the ordinary, until he showed up at his doctor's office one day with his penis chafed raw. Dick didn't know what was wrong. He had done nothing with his organ but copulate. How often did he do that? the puzzled doctor finally asked. Twenty-six times a week, Dick finally calculated, and all with his own wife. The doctor told him to take a few days off and hasn't seen Dick professionally since.

The truth is that psychologists and other experts know very little about happily married people who are highly sexed. Such people exist, despite the insistence of orthodox Freudians and other moralists that they cannot. But they show up much less often for therapy than do their joyless fellow hypers, they put up with much less guff and mumbo jumbo from shrinks when they do appear, and so they remain strangers to society's frostier, hence more respectable experts in such matters. Curiously enough, a fair proportion of highly sexed men who do manage to get themselves expertly observed seem to have performance problems opening night.

> "There were two weddings for Ted and Elena. At the one with their swinging friends, everybody was naked, even the preacher."

Will, a professor of romance languages and a Casanova for 20 years, married Sissy, an aide in the hospital where he spent six weeks recovering from an auto accident. He was a gifted seducer who had Sissy fellating him the last three weeks of his stay, despite casts on both legs, while he masturbated her with his one good hand. "She followed me home and took care of me till I was well—in every way," he says. "I knew right off that the situation was real good, but I bided my time. Finally I was out of my casts and that damned wheelchair and getting around on my own. I was still home on insurance, and we were having sex six or seven times a day. That went on for a couple of months. Then I asked her to marry me. I had decided when I woke up in the hospital that it was time to settle down. A drunk running a red light caused the accident. But I was on my way from one lover to another, hurrying a little. It hit me hard that neither of those women was likely to be spending any time with me in the hospital. That was my doing as much as theirs. It was clearly understood in both cases that these were affairs of sexual enjoyment and convenience." Will sighs. "But you know, I did not have a hard-on for three weeks after Sissy accepted. I don't know why." But—and this is probably the most important secret of the most proficient lovers—he did not worry much. "I just told Sissy, 'It's Kismet. The kiss of fate. It will get better, or it will stay this way. There are too many ways to pleasure a woman to worry.' "

But Sissy works at the hospital. She believes in medicine. "We went to a psychiatrist," Will remembers. "He told us to touch and hold but under no circumstances to screw. I got it up that night." Will was cured with one of the oldest tricks in shrinkage, one that exploits man's taste for the forbidden.

There are almost as many explanations for such a case as there are schools and prejudices in psychology. Elinor Polansky, a New York psychotherapist, notes that old attitudes toward sexuality cling tenaciously in some corner of the mind, even of people who think and behave in ways that seem advanced by contemporary standards. She adds that marriage involves issues of image as well as of emotion. "Behavior that seems perfectly acceptable, and even highly pleasing, in friends or lovers can become unmanageable when we see it in wives, husbands, and other mates," she explains.

Dr. Neumann says of such cases that we need to look at the person's background. Many people function very well sexually except in intimacy, when a close personal bond is created. Then the situation can become overwhelming.

There are many such cases, and the retreat into impotence is one of the most common ways in which men cope with the situation. Both Neumann and Polansky suggest counseling for such folks. But both acknowledge that it can prove expensive and time-consuming.

Stanley Siegel, a family therapist in Huntington, New York, thinks that sexual problems arise early in marriages because they are part of the struggle to determine who will be boss in a relationship. Who will hold the power is the issue, Siegel says, and the way to deal with the problems that result is to help resolve the struggle.

In the last analysis, though, there is no accounting for what people will do, let alone why. The moment Richard's seven-month-old marriage changed for the better is chiseled in his memory as on stone. "Carol was just lying there, motionless, on our big bed while I fiddled around with

her," he says. "I finally mounted her from the rear. Her face was turned away, which she had been doing lately. My face was buried in her hair. She really had wonderful hair. Light brown. Soft as a baby chick. I was really getting into it, the rhythm of it." He smiles. Ruefully. "Then she turned on the TV."

Carol had used the remote-control tuner on her television set to summon *Agronsky & Co.* to share the party. "She had done things like this before," Richard says. "She had talked about grocery prices. She had even made the remark in the joke: 'Richard, the ceiling needs painting.' She had chewed gum throughout. She'd answer the telephone. She had even dialed it herself. She liked hearing the weather report while I was in her. It was all baffling to me. I was just a Boy Scout on Mars. Sex had generally been good, sometimes even wonderful, before we got married, though Carol was turned off sometimes even then.

"Carol was the first woman I'd met since I turned 35 and my old marriage fell apart that I felt like I wanted bad enough to marry. So I got her. In retrospect, I should have staked out a firmer position on, or against, faithfulness. Carol talked a lot about commitment. She eventually confronted me point-blank about my other women. I never said much back. If she pushed hard enough, I'd say it took time to break old relationships and then I'd promise that I'd be hers alone after the wedding." Richard laughs, a bit nervously. He will tell a woman anything. "I resent the hell out of that kind of emotional blackmail," he continues. "Promises aren't for keeping if they're forced. I even got away from the wedding reception for an hour and got into my old friend Sara."

Only once, early on, when Carol called a maître d' she had been to bed with and made a luncheon reservation for one, did Richard lose his erection. He had even managed to incorporate Carol's expression of distaste and apathy into his own sexual script. "They provoked me, really turned me on," he says. "I really hate Agronsky, as of course Carol knows. When she hit me with him that way, I just spat on the head of my dick and buggered her right then and there without any other lubrication." Carol became passionate in protest, writhing helplessly under his weight, biting, twisting, scratching, spitting, crying bitter tears, and screaming "rape."

Strange sound to issue from a suburban Connecticut split-level Colonial ranch house on a sleepy Sunday afternoon. But she is basically passive. He is crazily aggressive. When he eats her, he sometimes bites. When they screw, he scratches. Mostly they finish with anal sex. If she reacts at all, it is to weep. Richard thinks that she is committed to him now and will stay despite his infidelities. He is proud of his performance.

"I handled her like a pimp," he says, as if he had planned his strategy. "I think she might kill me someday. But so what? I'm a fatalist. I live for the moment. And our sex is really something."

Carol is in therapy. She has attained what she thought she wanted, which was to center Richard's sexual interest on her. "I know he's seeing other women. But they're sideshows. They're not important. I'm what counts for him." Her problem is that she is not just feigning dispassion. Sex has become the terrible chore she once pretended it was. It often has its rewards, including huge, engulfing orgasms. But in her script the indifference and hostility have become essential preliminaries. Her sexual satisfaction is closely related to the animosity she feels toward Richard as he starts with her sexually and to the degradation he makes her feel as he goes along. "I used to fake being turned off. Now that's the way it is," she says in bafflement. "I have to feel tuned out to reach my biggest climaxes. Richard needs for me to be tuned out, too. We're really a set of loonies."

All of which is nothing new to either of them. Carol is fully responsive sexually and has been since she was 15. But every relationship she has entered has come round to a situation in which her characteristic feelings and expressions are indifference and hostility. Her problem is almost certainly that she is terrified of intimacy, fearful that any man she trusts will misuse her as her stepfather once did. But the result of her fear and of the responses to it that have become part of her personality is that she gets along only with men who do misuse her, and then only by being sexually passive but otherwise dismissive and provocative. Richard is the first to have understood enough of her act to get on top of it, in every sense. He does indeed love Carol, and he is also a goodhearted soul who means her no harm. He is a nonsmoker and has never put a cigarette out on her, as Ace did a few times before Carol found her senses and got the hell out of that adventure. So Richard has Carol and has been able to hang on to his string of other women.

"I resent the situation with every bone in my body," she says. "I'm going to change it, when the time is right. But we have sex at least once a day, often more, and it's the best in its oddball way that I've ever had in my life."

"I admit it. I'm an adventurer," Richard says. "Carol is not going to change me. But I do admit that I pay her more attention. Maybe I'm a little bit afraid of what she would do if I ever got really deeply involved with someone else." No one knows what will happen in the long run. But for now, their marriage would have to be rated a success. They illustrate a general principle: In a world where marriage and other sexual unions no longer come with warranties attached, finding a mate to meet an individual's needs can be as easy

ENERGIZE
Your Lifestyle!
GENERIC DIET AIDS AND STIMULANTS
Why let fatigue spoil your fun? Stimulate your performance and get a charge out of life, whether dancing 'til dawn or making the most of your day. Look and feel at your physical and mental peak with the most powerful diet aids and stimulants available without prescription. Add zest to your life! Call now for instant ordering and immediate delivery!
Regular and Double Strength $12 per 100
Triple Strength $15 per 100
Larger quantities available at discount prices
Orders only call TOLL-FREE
800-526-4387
NVE ENTS.
1282-84 St. George Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07001
For information call (201) 750-1570
Distributor inquiries invited. Will match or beat any reasonable price. "WE ARE THE SOURCE"
CAUTION: Persons under medical care for high blood pressure, diabetes or thyroid disease should consult a physician before taking these products. Do not exceed recommended dosage and keep out of reach of children.

as falling off a log or as tricky as dressing a zebra.

Unless the Moral Majority or other latter-day moral vigilantes succeed in remaking the country the way they say they want it to be, Richard is not likely to be stoned, hanged, or castrated. And no one expects sex to kill him. These are not the good old days. Baron Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing, of the University of Vienna, remains the preeminent authority on such matters. He was, sad to say, a man much pained by the subject matter to which his entire life was devoted: "A careful reading of his work reveals not a single form of sexual behavior toward which he displayed any sympathy, personal interest, or personal knowledge," Ernest M. Brecher has summarized.

In *Psychopathia Sexualis,* his masterwork, Krafft-Ebing warns against hyperaesthesia—"abnormally increased sexual desire"—which in its worst form becomes satyriasis in men and nymphomania in women. "In acute and severe cases, ethics and willpower lose their controlling influence entirely," the doctor wrote. The very worst afflictions progressed to *delirium acutum,* "acute deadly nymphomania." Krafft-Ebing found two noteworthy cases in the reports of other pioneers.

"A young girl became suddenly a nymphomaniac when forsaken by her betrothed, she reveled in cynical songs and expressions, and lascivious attitudes and gestures. She refused to put on her garments, had to be held down in bed by muscular men (!), and furiously demanded coitus [a Latin word, still in vogue among physicians, for the old "in and out"]. Insomnia, congestion of the facial nerves, a dry tongue, and rapid pulse [followed]. Within a few days lethal collapse.

"Miss X, aged 30, modest and decent, was suddenly seized with an attack of nymphomania, unlimited desire for sexual gratification, obscene delirium. Death from exhaustion within a few days."

Men seem not to have been quite so vulnerable, even in the good old days. But they could have it bad. Clemens, a famous Krafft-Ebing case, was a professional man, an engineer, but also "a congenitally peculiar man, with a character weak and devoid of energy. The facial expression had something lascivious and peculiar about it. He suffered from hemorrhoids." Lust overtook Clemens on July 7, 1874, as he rode back to Vienna from Italy. Leaving the train at Bruck, he set out for the dog pound, intending to have his way with a mutt. He found instead a 70-year-old woman alone in a house and fumbled an attempt to rape her. Krafft-Ebing found that Clemens had been injured at the age of five when he was hit on the head with a hoe, that he developed an "enthusiasm for me, though it was entirely platonic," that he masturbated at 14, scored at 17, and was "constantly in a state of sexual excitement." He was several times afflicted with gonorrhea and chancres before his marriage, at about the age of 22, after which "he was sexually satisfied but became a burden to his wife on account of his great sensuality."

Then there was Farmer D, a Belgian "compelled at times, when his sexual excitement was excessive, to perform the sexual act from 10 to 15 times in 24 hours, without deriving any feeling of satisfaction." Such frustrations developed in Farmer D a condition of general nervous hyperirritability. He took to drink, raged about, and "demanded that his wife give herself to other men or to animals in his presence, that she allow copulation with him in the presence of the daughter. . . ." But this story has a happy ending.

"After an attack of violent emotion, these attacks of sexual excitement suddenly disappeared." Nowadays he might be man of the year in the Swingers Club.

Present-day doctors and other mental-health professionals have all sorts of troubles with Dr. Krafft-Ebing's clinical notes.

> Will was a gifted seducer who had a nurse's aide fellating him, despite casts on both legs, while he masturbated her with his one good hand.

Obscene delirium, for example, sounds like a symptom of Tourette's syndrome, a fascinating affliction totally unconnected with hypersexuality. Rape is now generally regarded as a crime of violence, not of sexual inflammation, and the kind of progression that Krafft-Ebing reported in his case load is thought genuinely rare.

When Sigmund Freud was just a little bug at the University of Vienna, Krafft-Ebing was a big one, holder of the most prestigious chair of psychiatry in the world. Freud was a great innovator, the founder of a new and relatively humane school of sexual repression. The baron was a traditionalist. The views of both were shaped by their culture and allowed little space for a good time to be had by all. Freud, unlike Krafft-Ebing, sent forth apostles whose successors still cant the master's words as if they had been buried on golden plates in a field ripe for plowing or had been plucked from a burning bush on some mountaintop.

Dr. Erwin J. Haeberle, a sexologist at the Institute for Advanced Studies in Sexuality at San Francisco, says that Krafft-Ebing invented all his case histories. He also contends that in its infancy psychology sought to replace the church as a mechanism for sexual and social control. "With the church losing its grip, they looked for other machinery and found it in science," Haeberle explains.

But they are still seeking, if somewhat less assertively. Dr. A. F. Kinzel, a New York psychoanalyst who teaches at Columbia University, asserts: "Most people who impersonalize sex are, at least temporarily, incapable of personal or mature sexuality in a close relationship. Health professionals should help these people find ways of improving their capacities for better relationships." This is really the higher puritanism—if it feels good, don't do it. One trouble with such prescriptions is that almost no one pays any attention to them. It doesn't do much good to tell a hypersexual to go out and get involved in a mature relationship. The likeliest casualty of any heroic effort along those lines will be the part of the hypersexual's life that goes best so far as he's concerned—his sex life.

A basic textbook, *Modern Synopsis of Psychiatry,* by Doctors Alfred M. Freedman, Harold Kaplan, and Benjamin J. Sadock, defines nymphomania and satyriasis as forms of hypersexuality, hence being characterized by "an excessive and constant preoccupation with a desire for coitus. It is usually associated with compulsive masturbation. It may result from organic dysfunction, such as organic lobe disorders, cerebral syphilis, or excessive use of drugs, particularly marijuana, cocaine, or testosterone. Psychological causes include the need to prove one's masculinity or femininity, the search for intimacy and love, or manifestations of unresolved oedipal conflicts in which the individual is constantly searching unconsciously for the opposite sex parent."

The assumption underlying such a definition is that a lot of sex is not just chronic, incurable, and joyless, but bad for you. The authors say that most hypersexuals jerk off compulsively and say bodily decrepitude of one kind or another can cause the problem, as indeed it can. They also extend the discussion to dat ol' debil Reefer Madness, thus joining Harry Anglinger and other vigilante moralists of the good old days whose visions of sex-crazed drug fiends disappeared up the hash pipe about the time Dr. Kinsey was bringing a relatively balanced perspective to other sexual matters.

Dr. Thomas Lowery, a psychiatrist at the Kaiser Hospital at Vallejo, California, is an expert on drugs and sex. "They're just wrong," he says of Freedman, Kaplan, and Sadock. "The short-term effects of marijuana and cocaine on sex appear to vary a great deal with the individual. That they can cause satyriasis or nymphomania in the long run is a Freudian fantasy with no evidence to support it." As for testosterone, the male sex hormone, it does appear to increase sexual appetites, but nature is a joker. The increase occurs only in females. Testosterone is often pre-

scribed for women with ovarian tumors, Lowery explained. Its beneficiaries tend to grow beards, develop deep, firm voices, and get horny. This is not what Freedman, Kaplan, and Sadock seem to have in mind. And the resultant appetite is, in any case, far more modest than full-blown nymphomania. "In 25 years of practicing psychiatry I've never seen a true case of nymphomania or hypersexuality," Lowery adds.

One of the advantages of Lowery's perspective is that it allows for the existence of a guy like Bob.

"Sheila and I have more sex than most, I suppose," Bob says. "Five or six times a week. She also has several vibrators, and she'll tell anyone who asks that they give her bigger orgasms than she gets from me."

"It's bigger," Sheila readily explains, "but it couldn't be any better. The warmth and affection I get from sex with Bob is a different experience entirely from the blast-off from a big plastic vibrator. It's like lobsters and caviar. I wouldn't give either one of them up."

Bob has no reason to disagree. He is a photographer, mostly of portraits and family groups—the sort of work that a photo studio like his, in a small shopping center in an upscale neighborhood at the edge of a big city, lives on. Bob's hobbies are female photography and sex. From one to three times a day he couples with an old friend or works out with a new conquest in his photography studio. Mrs. Plum, a jolly old lady who keeps his books and acts as his receptionist, stands guard at his shop door.

"I know nothing about Mrs. Plum's sex life, I don't even know if she has one," he says. "I made some good pictures of her, picking up on the warm colors of her skin, all those wrinkles in her face, and those great, forceful, mellow eyes she has." He knows little more about his lovers, including Ellen, a seven-year habit. Including, for that matter, Sheila, his wife. Bob does not think in facts, really, or in emotional terms, either. He sees pictures. Period. Ask him what he's worth, and he sees nothing more than a bank statement and a tax return. Ask him who Cathy was, and he sees a fine, pert ass, a very slender waist, small, fine, and assertive breasts, and one of the greatest necks in New Jersey. He cannot tell you what he sees, though, without a truly incredible amount of effort. He will, if at all possible, show some pictures instead.

"Being married to Bob is like being married to a camera," Sheila says. "But I don't mean that exactly. He is too warm, too responsive. He is too right in what he does intuitively even if he is not articulate." She does not think much about what goes on in his studio. "His other life," she calls it. Pressed to imagine, she acknowledges: "Bob is not perfect. But I don't think he can be screwing all that much over there. I keep his candle lit and his wick trimmed." Little does she know. O

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

Moving? We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

New Subscription or Renewal? One year of Penthouse is $30 in the U.S. $40 in Canada and overseas. Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount and allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Listing/Unlisting Service? Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box on the coupon.

PENTHOUSE
P.O. Box 6000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

Please check the appropriate box below. Payment must accompany order.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.

☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Attach mailing label

H2CPO

AMERICA, ENJOY YOUR FREE CHOICE!

PRIME®, with new spermicidal lubrication, now yours for the asking in a package of 6

Prime has been an American favorite for over twenty years. Created by America's largest condom manufacturer, it has satisfied the family planning needs of millions of users.

Now Prime is better than ever. New Improved Prime is super-thin and super-sensitive, for the benefit of both partners. Almost like using nothing at all.

And Prime now contains a special lubricant with a *widely recommended spermicide* — a big step forward in offering maximum condom contraception. *There is no safer condom that you can buy.*

Prime is now yours to sample in a package of 6 when you complete and mail the coupon with $1 for handling charges. Try Prime, rely on Prime — you won't find a more contraceptive condom today.

Ansell Incorporated
Sample Offer A18
P.O. Box 429
Riverside CT 06878

Enclosed is $1 for handling charges. Please send me a package of 6 Prime condoms and more information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Ansell Incorporated
America's Largest Manufacturer of Condoms

Void where prohibited by law. Only one offer per household.

FASHION FINDER

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 117–121, contact these manufacturers or stores.

ROBERT STOCK
19 West 55th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 489-4841

The Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Higbee's, Cleveland, Ohio
Frank Stella, New York, N.Y.
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio

MONSIEUR ADOLFO
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 765-8100

Antons, Detroit, Mich.
The Forum, Miami, Fla.
Sydjerome, Chicago, Ill.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

ALLYN ST. GEORGE
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 397-3600

Levinson's, Evansville, Ind.
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Kaufmanns, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Emporium, San Francisco, Calif.
Silverwoods, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hecht Company, Washington, D.C.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.

DANIEL HECHTER MENSWEAR
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 765-7000

Grodin's, San Francisco, Calif.
Macy's, all stores U.S.A.
Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.
Sanger Harris, Dallas, Tex.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

LANVIN SHIRTS
16 East 34th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 683-2465

DAMON CREATIONS
16 East 34th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 683-2465

OSCAR DE LA RENTA FOR EXCELLO
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10104
(212) 586-8811

LONGINES-WITTNAUER
145 Huguenot Street
New Rochelle, N.Y. 10802

CASIO
Box C-5
Belmont, Mass. 02178
1-800-225-8493

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

ing to him and have this one little glimmer of hope—I found that so touching. And then to be suddenly cast back into the real world again—his lot gets worse and worse, and sort of through his own devices. But the thing that really brought him down, that made him die, was an act of faith. It wasn't anything he did, except sin a little, or will to sin. He didn't even sin. He just willed to sin.

Penthouse: Do you think in your other comedy movies that this belief is also reflected? There is always this streak of betrayal—betrayal of innocence—this promise that didn't turn out to be true. Do you think some innocence in yourself as a person is reflected here?

Martin: Boy, it's tough to answer a question like that. I don't know. I really don't know. Let's put it this way: It's very easy to say the character in *The Jerk* is an innocent because he didn't know anything. And I think I'm actually a pretty naive and innocent person—I mean, I'm not innocent but I never know if someone is bamboozling me or someone is lying to me until later, until it's too late to say anything. Or until I've been insulted—I'm not even aware of that stuff. I just figure everyone is pretty nice.

Penthouse: Have you found that you've been betrayed a lot as a result?

Martin: Oh . . . yeah. Yeah. Especially in the press. My dealings with the press, like *People* magazine, the tabloids: They just lie.

Penthouse: They print things about you that aren't true?

Martin: Not only do they say things that aren't true, they quote you saying things you never said. So you go to a lawyer and say, "Can they quote me saying things I never said?" And he tells you, "They can unless you can prove damages." Well, there're no damages. It's just an insult. *People* told me they wanted to do a story. So I said, "Okay. But the only thing I ask is that you don't print where I live." And they said, "Okay." So it comes out —*it's on the cover*. So they lied.

Penthouse: Are you loath to put pain in your comedy?

Martin: No, not anymore. Oh, I'm waiting. That's what I would like more than anything, but that takes great writing. I'm a real good joke writer—I know that. But when it comes to this ultimate thing—I've not learned that yet—I've not learned to break hearts. There are certain scenes, though . . . like in *The Jerk*, when I'm leaving her and I say, "I don't need anything . . . except this chair." That is right out of the act that I used to do. "Well, I'm leaving now. I'm going now. And I don't need you people. I don't need one thing." It came right out of my act so I guess it was pretty heartfelt. I felt pretty emotional about that scene, you know? The guy who doesn't need anything but this . . .

Penthouse: Were you pretty heartfelt about the idea of being aroused by a mind?

Martin: No. See, here's what I thought was worth making in that case: a brain movie. That's what I was all excited about. We should make a brain movie that will be funny. Then I said, "Okay, a brain movie. Now you've got to have a story. Okay, here's a story, here's this one. And hang a lot of jokes on it." That's what I've mainly been interested in: the jokes. The best part of all these movies is the jokes. That's what really gets me excited. When I say "jokes" I don't mean just setups and punch lines. I'm talking about the funny things that happen, little attitudes or something. Every movie we've done, a couple of the major laughs were things where we just said, "Let's try this." You're out there and you're experimenting and suddenly it's the biggest laugh in the picture. Like in *Dead Men*, the scene where I keep pouring and pouring the coffee—that was an ad lib.

Penthouse: That was genius.

Martin: Thank you. Here's my favorite line in *The Jerk*, just for the record, and I don't think anyone ever gets it. My character's name is Navin Johnson in the picture and I'm leaving home. I'm hitchhiking to St. Louis and this guy pulls over to pick me up and he goes, "St. Louis?" and I go, "No. Navin Johnson." I lay in bed one night and that line came to me. I laughed all night and I laughed all morning. And I told Carl Reiner when I got to work—I said, "This is the funniest thing." In the movie it just . . . uh, it goes by people. But I always thought it was funny.

Penthouse: You seem to play a very innocent character—a guy to whom things happen.

Martin: Well, that's been true. But in this movie, *All of Me*, I said, "I'm really sick of playing this innocent person. It's really dumb after a while. It's not masculine. It's not manly. Get it together and do something!" In *All of Me* my character is really strong, which I think is more interesting for me now, having done the innocent thing three or four times. See, I'm just beginning, so for the first three or four movies I went along thinking, "Okay. This more or less works this way." And everybody kept saying, "Do *The Jerk*, do *The Jerk* again." And you get a little trapped. It's a very easy thing for me to play. I'm trying not to do it.

Penthouse: So far, you've played the romantic guy. Do you want to keep doing that?

Martin: I feel real open right now. Although . . . I don't know if I want to kill people.

Penthouse: This discussion brings up a theory that a comedian can't become a leading man or a great movie actor unless the audience understands him sexually. A lot of modern comedians have problems defining themselves sexually on-screen.

Martin: Yes, I think you're right. And that's what I want: To be more sexual and let *that* thing come out. Because it's not very sexy to be innocent. And I'm older now, too.

You can't act like an idiot anymore. Nobody's going to buy it. You know what's going on sexually. I'm interested in bringing this out.

Penthouse: It does seem something that's difficult for comedians to do. You don't have much sexuality in your movies.

Martin: *Pennies from Heaven* is about sex.

Penthouse: That's true.

Martin: But the character came off so mean—I think it was hard. . . .

Penthouse: And if you don't have any flesh-and-blood characters, you don't have any sex.

Martin: *All of Me* does have a flesh-and-blood woman. But that's a good point. I'm glad we got around to this because if I were to say what I'm looking for, it would be more sexually funny roles. Let's put it this way: a real guy in a funny movie—which is what I'm doing now. Who was it—I think it was you—who said that there's nothing sexier than a heterosexual male who dances?

Penthouse: Well, *I* think so.

Martin: I think you're right. And I'll tell you, I've done a lot of entertaining and—maybe this is too reductionist, but—a specific time I knew I was entertaining people was when I tap-danced on my special with Gregory Hines. We sang a little song and then we started dancing and I felt the audience go "Ahhh!" Really happy. We were out there hoofing and dancing and there was no bullshit and there was no work. I mean, stand-up comedy was always work. Naturally there're nights when you soar, but this was just, "Hey! We're dancing! We're having a lot of fun!" It was like being a real entertainer.

Penthouse: Are you a natural dancer?

Martin: No. I learned all that for *Pennies.*

Penthouse: The guy who taught you said you had natural rhythm.

Martin: I always think I can do anything. If someone says, "We're going to teach you to do this," I know I can learn it. And when I got to tap-dancing, I was too dumb to give up.

Penthouse: You must have great concentration.

Martin: It's a fear of failure.

Penthouse: Do you think funny people are born funny?

Martin: I was funny early—or trying to be.

Penthouse: Performing for people—is that how it manifested itself?

Martin: I did that. But also I just sat around trying to crack jokes. The most fun I had as a youth was sitting around, dying of laughter. When someone tells me they had an unhappy childhood, I always think, "What about your friends? Forget your parents! What about your friends? Laughing your head off. Jeez." You see, humor is just an angularity on what *is.* And since there will always be *is,* there will always be some kind of angularity on it. If I ever think, "What about when I run out of stuff?" Then I think, "No, I'll never run out of stuff because there will always be something to twist." But as it's developed, my whole comedy personality—I'm not talking about onstage, but when I'm funny around people—is bent. It's tilted toward irony. It's the bore at the party.

Penthouse: Does being funny involve any rebellion?

Martin: I think if I was rebelling against anything, it's that I was so sick of truth. I was sick of the life-style of the late sixties.

Penthouse: But what made you become a performer?

Martin: When I was a little kid I loved Laurel and Hardy and Jerry Lewis and Abbott and Costello and all those guys so much that I thought, "Boy! Would I like to do that." It was that clear. I just liked those guys, and I liked the fact of getting laughs. So I would go to school the next day and get up and do something I saw on TV, and I would get these laughs.

Penthouse: But there are a billion people who drop out. Who can't take the pressure or the rejection or even the performing itself. What made *you* able to do it?

Martin: A lot of things go into it. But one thing is: When you've chosen something, especially in your twenties, you're not going to fail. You're just not going to let it get you. And I guess there's enough reward, there's enough people laughing to make you think you're doing something.

> The late-sixties generation was the most humorless generation ever. If someone walked into one of our circles with short hair, it was "Get that guy out of here!"

Penthouse: To get to the point where you are is a dream of many people.

Martin: I'll tell you something: Since I've been doing movies, it's dawned on me so much. When I was on the road doing the huge concerts, selling records, I would get paid according to how many records sold or how many people showed up for the concerts. So I never had any guilt, okay? If anybody asked me, "Why do you earn this money?" I'd say, "Look. Here's the money coming in. That's why. They're coming to see me." In the movies, it doesn't work that way. They pay you a salary and it's based on a lot of different things: prestige, status, who wants to work with you, whether you're hot or have a certain screen presence, whether you brought in money on one movie. . . . It's not based just on how many tickets you sold. And so this is the first time I started saying to myself, "Boy, am I lucky." When I'm around a lot of people who are extras or bit players, "Jesus," I ask myself, "how did I get here? I'm from Garden Grove." When I was in London, I was invited to a party and George Harrison walked up to me and he said, "I would really feel bad if I didn't come up and thank you for all the years of pleasure you've given me." And I wanted to go, "What are you talking about? What about all the years you gave me?"

Penthouse: Did you say that?

Martin: Well, I didn't want to get corny about it. I said, "Thank you. I feel sort of stupid accepting that compliment, but thanks." How did I get here? I was in a playground in Garden Grove a while ago. I really don't know. I don't know. What could I do that was so good?

Penthouse: Well, there was some luck and . . .

Martin: Yeah, some luck. Listen, I believe in my talent. I believe in what I do, especially as a stand-up comedian. There was a point where I could honestly say to myself, "I'm as good as anybody ever was" as an entertainer. Because the audience was falling over themselves. They were laughing. They were everything. I had the experience. I had the act. In other words, when it was time to go out in public and be popular, I could do it because I had this 15 years of experience behind me, writing and working in dives. That's where I do take credit. I persevered through all this adversity, and when the time came I was ready and I was adaptable. I started in a 500-seat house and went to a 20,000-seat house in a span of eight months. So I really had to be alert. And have the material. And have the experience to say while I was out there, "Okay, I'm taking this out, shifting this over, moving this back."

Penthouse: There's something else that happens too: For some reason, a person strikes a chord in a mass of people.

Martin: I think I know what it was in my case. I thought, "I'm sick of looking like this. I'm sick of everything being a tone poem." All the music was a certain way. I'll tell you, the late-sixties generation was the most humorless generation ever. And talk about freedom and love—if someone walked into one of those circles with short hair, it was *Get that guy out of here!* There was so much hate in the name of love, and people going, "Here. Take this flower." And also, it's just like a pendulum. It's so automatic. Whatever is big is, by definition, out in a certain amount of time.

Penthouse: Do you still play the banjo?

Martin: Just for myself. I pick it up every once in a while. If you made a list of my talents, it would probably be very unimpressive. I often wonder where I'd be if when I was a kid I had studied acting, dancing, singing, and all the standard talents instead of card tricks, juggling, trick roping, and banjo.

Penthouse: How did *The Lonely Guy* come about?

Martin: I was at David Picker's birthday party and Neil Simon and I started talking about "The Heartbreak Kid," which was a Bruce Jay Friedman story. And then one

of us mentioned "The Lonely Guy" as another Friedman thing and Neil Simon said, "I'll write it," and he shook my hand. And the next thing I knew he'd written three or four drafts of a screenplay. Then he had to go off and do *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, so Ed Weinberger and Stan Daniels came in to finish it. Here's why I did *The Lonely Guy*: I was on the road—this was about four years ago—I was sitting at an airport in Houston or somewhere, and I'd been on the road for months alone, completely by myself. And this friend of mine, actually the same woman, Victoria, who introduced me to *Pennies from Heaven*, told me to read a piece called "The Lonely Guy" in *Esquire*. On the road I always ravage the magazine stands, so I got *Esquire* and started reading the piece and I died laughing—it was so funny and so close to the bone . . . to where I was at that time in my life. So I talked to Neil Simon and he said, "You're perfect for it." Everyone saw that in me. "You're perfect for it. You *are* a lonely guy."

Penthouse: You *are* perfect for it. So is Chuck Grodin.

Martin: He's absolutely perfect. He told me, "This is the only role I've played where I go into the trailer and I choose my wardrobe by picking out the worst thing." But *The Lonely Guy* came about because I felt the idea of the lonely guy was touching, not only touching but really true. Everybody would go, "I know somebody like that." And always my motivation has been—even in college when I was reading poems in speech classes and things—my whole motivation was to share with somebody else some wonderful piece I'd found. Honestly. And that's the way I felt about *Pennies from Heaven*, too.

Penthouse: So, why did everyone see that you were perfect for *The Lonely Guy*? Are you really a lonely guy?

Martin: It's different for me. When I went through a period of dating, it was easier for me to meet women because they knew that first of all I wasn't going to murder them or cut their throats or something.

Penthouse: You could have some pretty weird sexual kinks, being a big celebrity and all.

Martin: Yeah, that could be. But at least they knew I wasn't going to murder them. There's also a certain pre-introduction. They already know who I am so it's not like, "Who is this creep that's talking?" I might be a creep anyway; it's just that as a celebrity it's easier to talk to people. Actually, in some ways I am a lonely guy and have always been a lonely guy. I've basically always lived alone. The premise of being a lonely guy is that you can be with somebody and still be a lonely guy. It's an attitude of, "You're always alone, somehow." I think anybody who knows me would say I'm a lonely guy.

Penthouse: Does being a lonely guy involve any loneliness?

"Look, he gave me a $20 bill! I'll never have to work again for the rest of my life!"

Martin: When I say lonely guy I don't mean that I'm lonely. I fit the characteristics: get a meal sent up, take care of the laundry. But I don't do that anymore. Now I'm just a lonely-guy flavor.

Penthouse: Why do you suppose you're like that?

Martin: As opposed to being a family guy? I suppose it goes back to youth. Also, I think I'm too selfish to have kids because I think it takes a lot of giving and attention and all that. I mean, if you've got a kid, you've got to deal with it to be a good parent.

Penthouse: But if you don't deal with it, then the child grows up to be an artist.

Martin: That's true. Or a killer.

Penthouse: Sometimes though, it gets deadly tedious being a single person.

Martin: Yeah. For a while I was going from girlfriend to girlfriend, just dating. And I was really happy. In the past I didn't know how to deal with girlfriends very well so they were always more of a problem than a pleasure. So there was this period, six months or so, where I'm going, "God, I don't have to explain anything to anybody. I don't even have to be nice to anybody." No, I don't mean it that way. You know what I got tired of? Being myself—this is with a woman—and being criticized for it. I said to myself, "God, there must be a girl somewhere who likes me the way I am and understands my jokes. Who if I make a joke that's on me or on her or on anybody doesn't take it as an insult. Who kinda laughs and goes on with it." Sometimes you get to the point where you can't say a right thing. And I was just really disgusted. Then suddenly you meet someone who makes you go, "Oh, *Jesus*!" I'm different now. I'm seeing someone and I'm very happy. But I think I've matured a bit, too.

Penthouse: Maybe we could talk more about you wanting to become more sexual in your parts.

Martin: When I say "becoming more sexual," I really don't mean doing nude scenes and screwing.

Penthouse: Oh, you don't?

Martin: No. I'm talking about becoming more of a 38-year-old man.

Penthouse: Would you do a nude scene—if it were relevant, of course.

Martin: Well, see, men have a different problem doing nude scenes from women.

Penthouse: Why?

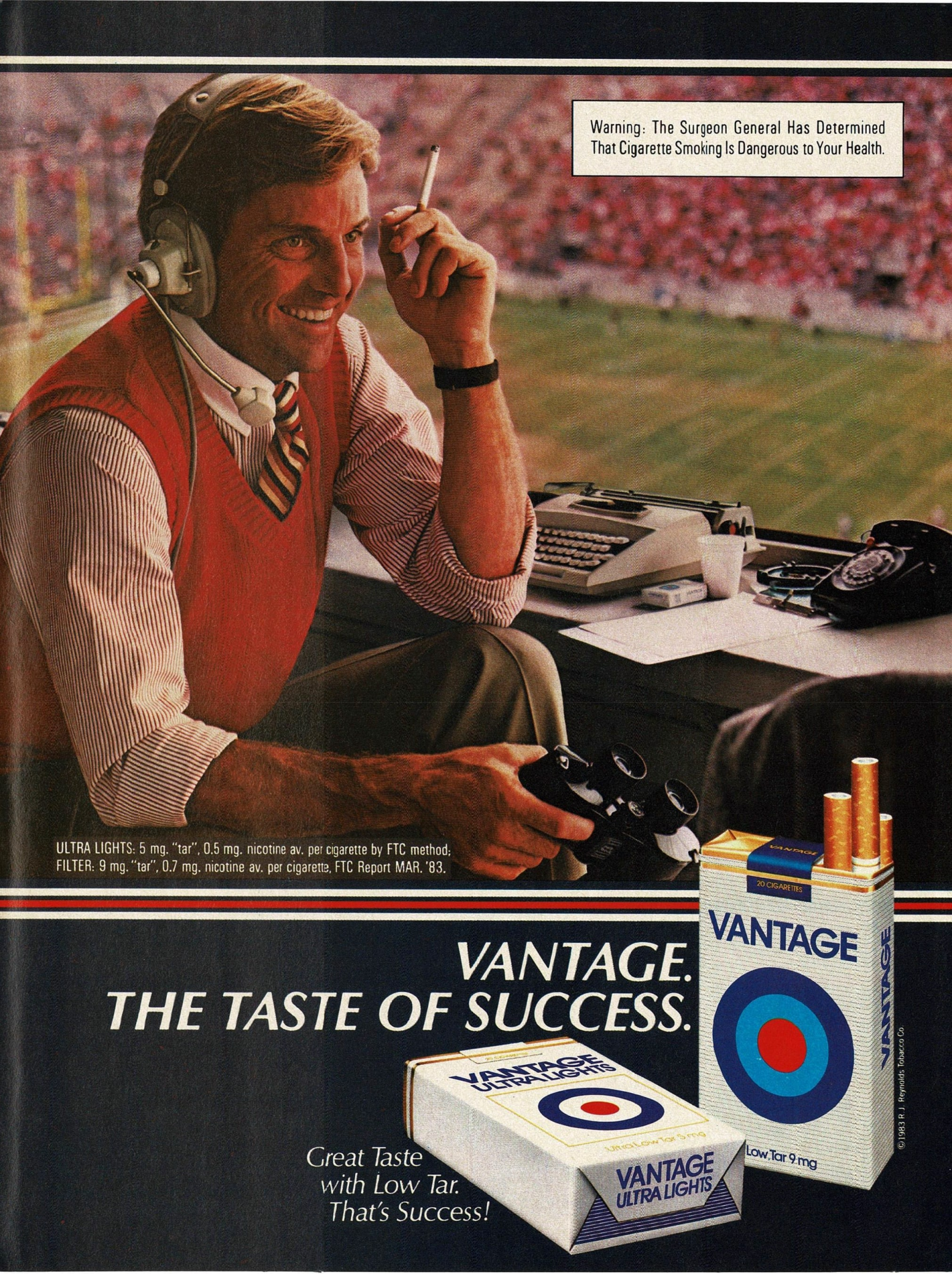
Martin: Because if you're going to do a nude scene, that means you're going to have to show your penis.

Penthouse: Is it that you'd be ashamed to do a nude scene or do you feel it's immoral?

Martin: It's the same as with most actresses. They say, "I wouldn't do it." And the question comes up, "Why?" And they say, "It's not the character taking off her clothes up there, it's the actress."

Penthouse: So we have you on record then: You'll never do a nude scene?

Martin: Where I have to show my penis? No. But I'll show my breasts.


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.
VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.
Great Taste
with Low Tar.
That's Success!
VANTAGE
20 CIGARETTES
VANTAGE
Low Tar 9 mg
VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS
VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS
©1983 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Sweet Chastity
AN ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE HAS FAILED. SWEET CHASTITY HAS ESCAPED BY DIVING FROM A CLIFFTOP INTO THE SWIFT FLOWING RIVER BELOW
DAMMIT! I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS PEARL WHITE STUFF!
AND WHAT THE HELL HAS HAPPENED TO UNCLE OTTO?
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
WHAT INDEED? OTTO, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S TWIN BROTHER, HAS GOT PROBLEMS!
HELP!
HELP!
HANG ONTO ME, MOOSE—I'VE GOT HIM!
I'VE GOTCHA, SPECS! I'VE GOTCHA!
YOU CLOWNS! YOU STUPID PAIR OF MORONIC CLOWNS!

THOSE CREEPS HAVE GOT HIM!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP AND WARN THEM AT THE CASTLE!
HEY, MAN! LOOK DOWN THERE! ISN'T THAT A WOMAN STRUGGLING THROUGH THE SWAMP?
IT SURE IS! THERE'S NOTHING IN OUR CONTRACT THAT SAYS WE'VE GOTTA GO DOWN INTO THAT STINKIN' QUAGMIRE TO HELP A TOTAL STRANGER!
BESIDES—WE'RE ONLY PASSING THROUGH THIS STRIP!

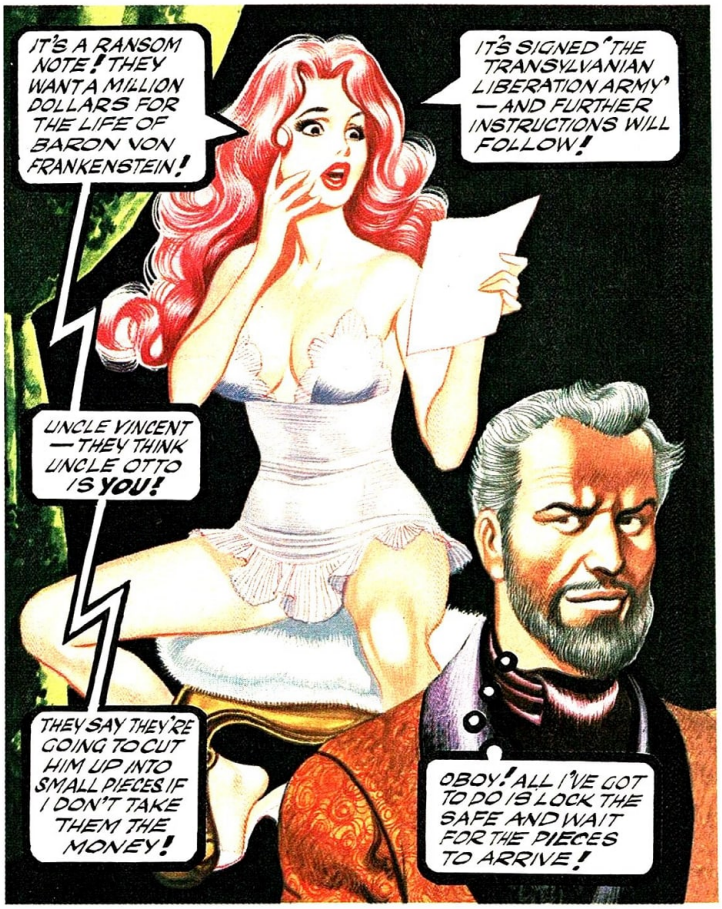
YOU MADE A RIGHT SCREW UP OF THIS CAPER!
YOU'VE KIDNAPPED THE WRONG PERSON!
IF WE'D GOT SWEET CHASTITY THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY WOULD'VE BEEN ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD!
RUSSIAN AND CUBAN ADVISERS WOULD'VE BEEN HERE TOMORROW! WHO'S GONNA PAY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS RANSOM FOR THAT IDIOT?
CRIME AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE! WHEN I THINK OF THE GOOD OL' DAYS ...HAVANA... ...MIAMI.... ...VEGAS...
...WHAT THE HELL AM I DOIN' IN TRANSYLVANIA?
ALL IS NOT LOST....
MAYBE WE CAN USE THE BARON HERE!
HOW'S THAT?
BARON?
HEY— THEY MUST THINK I'M VINCENT!
WELL, PRESUMABLY CHASTITY'S FOND OF THE OLD GUY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DEMAND A REASONABLE...
...RANSOM AND MAKE SURE SHE BRINGS IT TO US!
ER— EXCUSE ME!
SHUT UP, YOU!
THEN WE TAKE HER AS A HOSTAGE!
IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!
EXCUSE ME— BUT I'M NOT BARON....
SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERS..!
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
WE'VE GOT SOME THINKING TO DO!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WIMMEN? SHE'S ABOUT AS FEMININE AS MIKE MAZURKI!
SOME TIME LATER AT CASTLE DREER
SWEET CHASTITY!
MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED?
WE WERE AMBUSHED ON THE ROAD!
THEY'VE GOT UNCLE OTTO!

WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU, MY DEAR? TELL US ALL THE GORY DETAILS— WERE THEY BRUTAL?
THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL, AUNTIE!
NOW THAT'S ENOUGH—THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TONIGHT! DRINK THIS....
...IF IT'S A KIDNAPPING WE'LL HEAR SOON ENOUGH....
...THOUGH I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KIDNAP OTTO!

I THINK THEY WERE AFTER ME!
OF COURSE!
BUT THAT'S GREAT! WITH LUCK THEY'LL SHOOT HIM OUT OF SHEER FRUSTRATION!
NOW YOU MUST GET SOME SLEEP!
HOW VERY BORING!

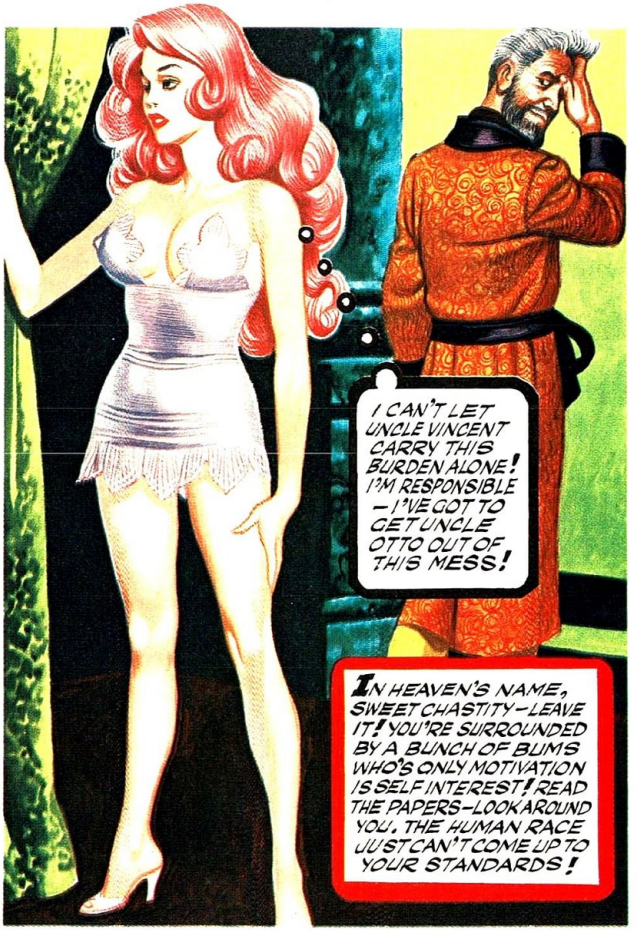
THE FOLLOWING MORNING.....
THIS COULD BE IT, CHASTITY— IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU!


IT'S A RANSOM NOTE! THEY WANT A MILLION DOLLARS FOR THE LIFE OF BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN!
IT'S SIGNED "THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY"—AND FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW!
UNCLE VINCENT—THEY THINK UNCLE OTTO IS YOU!
THEY SAY THEY'RE GOING TO CUT HIM UP INTO SMALL PIECES IF I DON'T TAKE THEM THE MONEY!
OBOY! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS LOCK THE SAFE AND WAIT FOR THE PIECES TO ARRIVE!

YOU WILL PAY, UNCLE VINCENT?
THERE IS NO WAY THAT WE CAN GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS OF TERRORISTS, MY DEAR!

EVEN ≷SNIFF≷ THOUGH THE LIFE AT STAKE IS THAT OF MY OWN DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER!
≷SOB≷ OH, CHASTITY— I WANT TO PAY! I WANT TO SAVE THE LIFE OF DEAR OTTO—BUT ONCE WE GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS OF THESE BARBARIANS.....
...ONCE WE ALLOW OURSELVES TO BE BLACKMAILED BY TERRORISTS—THE CIVILIZED WORLD IS LOST!
BUT, UNCLE VINCENT —YOU CAN'T LET HIM DIE!

EVEN IF IT MEANS SACRIFICE WE MUST NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES AND DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO CO-OPERATE WITH THEM AND BRING THESE EVIL FIENDS TO JUSTICE!
LISTEN TO THAT! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU THROW UP!
YOU ARE A NOBLE AND COURAGEOUS MAN, UNCLE VINCENT— ALWAYS THINKING OF THE WELFARE OF OTHERS!


I CAN'T LET UNCLE VINCENT CARRY THIS BURDEN ALONE! I'M RESPONSIBLE —I'VE GOT TO GET UNCLE OTTO OUT OF THIS MESS!
IN HEAVEN'S NAME, SWEET CHASTITY—LEAVE IT! YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF BUMS WHO'S ONLY MOTIVATION IS SELF INTEREST! READ THE PAPERS—LOOK AROUND YOU. THE HUMAN RACE JUST CAN'T COME UP TO YOUR STANDARDS!

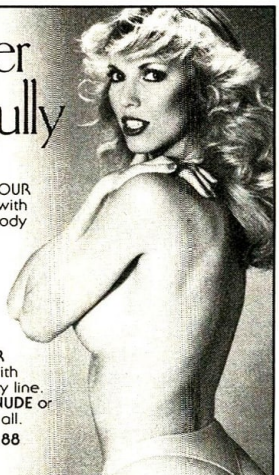
Don't make your mail come looking for you.

Notify everyone a month before you move.

U.S. MAIL

© USPS 1980

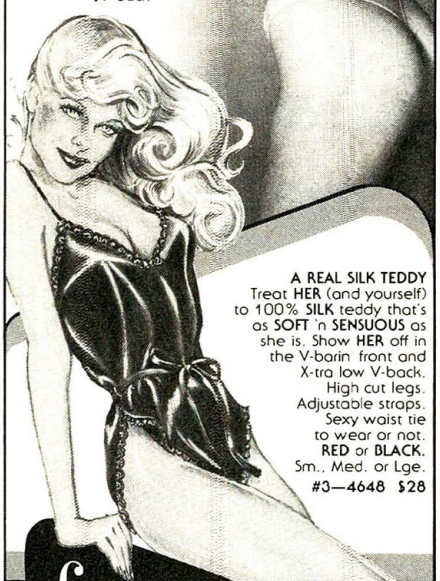
bare her beautifully



GIVE HER A GIFT OF HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR **SHE'LL** enchant you with **HER** breath-taking body . . . so beautifully **EXPOSED**, in these enticing garments.

NEXT-TO-NOTHING PANTY is elasticized with narrow rear triangle that lets **HER** derriere stand out with s-m-o-o-t-h **NO**-panty line. V-cut front. **BLACK, NUDE** or **WHITE.** One size fits all.

#3—4363 2 for $12.88
$7 each



A REAL SILK TEDDY Treat **HER** (and yourself) to 100% **SILK** teddy that's as **SOFT** 'n **SENSUOUS** as she is. Show **HER** off in the V-barin front and X-tra low V-back. High cut legs. Adjustable straps. Sexy waist tie to wear or not. **RED** or **BLACK.** Sm., Med. or Lge.

#3—4648 $28

fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD

FREE CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION when you order. OR **SEND TODAY $2 (6 Issues) $3 (12 Issues).**

Subscription prices cover the cost of postage and handling. Subscriptions only in U.S.A. **THE FREDERICK'S CATALOG** is filled with hundreds of **SEDUCTIVE** fashions designed to make **FANTASIES** come true. **WILD** lingerie, **FASCINATING** foundations, **ALLURING** dresses, sportswear and shoes. Plus **SEXY** He-man fashions too!

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD
6610 Hollywood Blvd., Dept. 3704, Hollywood, CA 90028

Style #3—4363 Qty. _____ Color _____ Size _____

Style #3—4648 Qty. _____ Color _____ Size _____

Add $1.85 shipping charge—NO C.O.D.'s
California residents add appropriate tax.

I enclose $_____ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
Not ordering right now—BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG
I enclose ☐ $2 (6 Issues); ☐ $3 (12 Issues)
Subscriptions in U.S.A. ONLY

© 1984

Name_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

PLEASE PRINT

COLOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

"Not this time. You asked, 'Today, name me a writer you admire,' and you emphasized *today*, and I thought, and I'm sure Fuller did too, that when you used that word you meant living, contemporary, not a figure from the past. Personally, I might have mentioned Shaw or I might have said Graham Greene, but I would have answered someone alive."

"Is that what you thought, Fuller?" Cheyney asked.

And then Chub went out of control, shouting, "*It doesn't matter what I thought, what I thought is on that paper you read,*" and he grabbed for his books and ripped them from the table and shoved his shoulder into the door that led outside and he ran down the stairs and out across Tappan Square and within an hour he had dropped the Cheyney, substituted a course in the Intellectual History of Europe that was supposed to be terrific, but it wasn't, or maybe it was but he wasn't in a mood for terrific, he wasn't in a mood for much until the following Wednesday afternoon when there was a thumping at his door and Kitchel's voice blasted, "Is this where young Fuller abides? Open up, you slugabed."

"Unlocked," Chub replied. He was, indeed, lying in bed when Kitchel filled the doorway.

"Your countenance was notably absent from Cheyney's," Kitchel said.

"You'll have to struggle along without me."

"You dropped the course. I suspected as much." He clomped in on his crutches and dropped into Chub's desk chair. "We share a certain mutual skill—we both flee magnificently.

"I was thinking of maybe majoring in departures in graduate school." He looked at Kitchel, who was busy scratching his red-and-black lumberjack shirt. "Thank you," Chub said then, "for coming to my defense like that with Cheyney."

Kitchel held out one hand. "You may kiss my ring." Then he went back to his scratching. "I was not coming to your defense. The oaf had phrased a question incorrectly and I was trying to help him along the way to literacy."

"Whatever," Chub said.

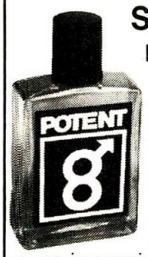
Kitchel rose now, put the crutches under his arms, moved closer. He seemed, as he stared down, almost angry. "Cheyney was wrong, pedantic and wrong, and we both know it. You have a voice, Fuller. It's there. I felt that slimy men's room and I'll tell you what else I felt—you weren't alone in there. Say I'm right."

Chub nodded.

"That was your father in there with you."

Chub stared up, stunned, because there had been no personal description in what he'd done—just the walls and the

Attract Her Instantly!



Start a spontaneous reaction in anyone you desire!

They call it Scientific Sex Appeal and Instant Charisma. You just sprinkle a few drops on, and the potent but almost imperceptible aroma goes to work subconsciously to make you appear more attractive, more impressive and even more desirable to her. She can't resist getting turned on to you!

Potent-8 contains pheromones — powerful sexual attractants whose scent can be used to arouse any woman and release her inhibitions. With Potent-8 you will approach any woman, enter any party, take command in any situation with a new and total confidence.

Scientific Proof!

The knowledge that odors and scents can attract or repel is nothing new. Perfume makers have been trying to capitalize on it for ages. Now, tests done by doctors at leading universities confirm the power of pheromones. The secret has been found!

Results are so amazing, we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for 30 days. Use it again and again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results or send back the empty bottle for a prompt refund (less p&h, of course) no questions asked. Don't delay. You will succeed or you pay nothing. Become a successful lover. Order your Potent-8, Now!

Write your name, address, city, state and zip on a plain piece of paper along with the words Potent-8. Enclose it with your check or money order for $9.95 plus $1.50 p&h (Total: $11.45. N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax) to BodyScience, Dept. MMJ410, P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

©1984 CMG, Inc.

WHY RENT WHEN YOU CAN BUY!

Video

ADULT

MOTION PICTURES

ONLY $9.95 EACH IN QUANTITY

Buy Direct & SAVE 80% Off Regular Prices! PLUS A $10 Bonus Coupon To Be Used On Your Next Catalog Order!

If you've paid $50, $60 or $99 for Video Tapes . . . you didn't buy from us! **NOW** at a price that you can afford, the most **Explicit Video Tapes** ever produced. Famous **Stars & Gorgeous New Models** perform every act, combination & variation, **Just For You!** So, why rent when you can buy at these **FANTASTIC PRICES! WHY ARE WE SELLING THESE FOR SO LITTLE?** We've acquired **Exclusive** rights to promote these new titles directly to the consumer at prices well **Below Wholesale**, so that we may quickly expand our growing list of **Satisfied Customers.**

★ **OUR GUARANTEE TO YOU** ★

Every Video is 100% Uncensored, in Full Color & Sound - No Returns, Rentals or Rejects - or Your Money Back!

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER

Simply Send $1 For Our Full COLOR CATALOG & Your $10 Bonus Coupon.

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER

VEI **Available Exclusively on Video Cassette From: VIDEO ENTERTAINMENT INTERNATIONAL P.O. BOX M-827 ★ GARY, INDIANA 46401-0827**

I Enclose **$1.00** For Your Color Brochure on Specially Selected Video's.

NAME _____

ADDRESS/APT _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE _____ E4

I certify I am at least 18 years of age and request sexually oriented material. I am not a Postal Inspector.

Enjoy Silk Cut.
The international choice in mild cigarettes.

CAREL2

IN THE APRIL FORUM

GERMAINE GREER ON MALE WITHDRAWAL

In an excerpt from her new best-seller, *Sex and Destiny,* Germaine Greer re-examines the ideology and practice of coitus interruptus—the withdrawal of the male just before climax. "Considered against the whole spectrum of human sexual polymorphousness," she observes, "the reaching of male orgasm outside the vagina is as normal as, and may indeed be more frequent than, the reaching of orgasm inside it." Noting that no scientific study of the effects of coitus interruptus either as a method of fertility regulation or as a kind of sexual release has ever been made, she observes, "Nevertheless, a firm conviction has grown up that it is ineffective as birth control and positively dangerous to the mental and physical health of both the people involved." But Greer suggests that most intelligent sex contains at least an element of coitus interruptus.

WRONG NUMBER

Patrick Devore had just settled down before the TV set when the phone rang. A seductive female voice asked for Anthony. Informed that she had dialed a wrong number, the caller hesitated to hang up. Then she asked, "What are you wearing?"—her voice getting a little lower and breathier. Patrick lied: "No underwear." But in a moment he had stripped.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SEX WITHOUT COMMITMENT?

Adult sex without strings is getting harder to come by. Lamenting the disappearance of sex without commitment, Carolyn Steel claims that male lust was an honest virtue in the pre-sex revolution days. "Even the lies men told to get inside our pants had an appealing, sincere quality about them," she argues.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

ceiling and despair.

Kitchel was bending close now, his shaggy hair inches from Chub's face. "Say I'm right."

"How did you guess that?"

Kitchel erupted. "*Guess?* A person enters and tells you a startling fact and you insult him with the word 'guess'?"

"How did you know?"

Kitchel shook his head. "Part of genius is mystery, Fuller; allow me to keep my mystery." He seemed terribly pleased with himself as he turned his body on his crutches, made his way to the doorway, stopped, looked back. "You have the gift, you chicken-shit nit, but probably not the courage to capitalize. You want to be a writer, don't you, Fuller?"

"More than anything," Chub heard himself reply.

Kitchel left on that.

Chub stared at the empty doorway, wondering why he had told the truth to someone he didn't know really at all. Probably because of what Kitchel had just said: Chub didn't know exactly what "the gift" was, but whatever it was it had to be something good and, besides that, no one had ever told him he had it before.

Now, half a year and more later, exhausted from eighteen straight hours of writing, Chub, the carbon of *The Girl(s) of My Dreams* in his hands, walked up the flight of steps from his dorm room to where Kitchel lived.

Kitchel was lying on his bed reading a copy of *Serendipity,* a semiannual class paperback that contained wonderful stories and poems. Probably, if he had his choice, Chub would have wanted to be published in *Serendipity* more than anyplace, the *New Yorker* included.

"Fuller," Kitchel said cheerily, putting the book down. "How *are* you, good to see you, have you written anything lately?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," Chub said.

"Is that it in your hands?"

"Not to shock you, but it is," and as Kitchel held out his hands, Chub gave him *The Girl(s) of My Dreams.*

Kitchel put it down on the bed beside him without a glance. "Now, what do you want me to do with it?"

"Just tell me the truth."

When he woke the next morning the first thing he did was glance toward his door because probably that was the way Kitchel would return his story, along with whatever comments he might have, and Chub was glad the story wasn't there. At least he'd given Kitchel something to think about. Maybe by that night, when he got back from the library, it would be returned.

Only it wasn't.

The fourth morning when there was nothing he began getting ticked. Shit, it was only a story, how much bad stuff could you say about it, how many pages could you fill?

He found out that night when he got back from the library and there, shoved under the door, was a manila envelope. Chub went to his desk, sat down slowly, got ready, opened it up, reached in for his story and the pages of comments. The front page said this:

RE: THE FULLER EFFORT

1) Some critics might consider the title to be smart ass. I consider most critics to be smart ass. You may keep the title.

2) Your knowledge of the Isle of Manhattan is less than encyclopedic.

3) On to the next.

Chub, nervous as hell, flipped to the next page for the rest—there wasn't any rest.

Stunned, Chub went over the whole thing page by page.

Nothing. Just that goddamned moronic note. Steaming now, he grabbed the note and took off for Kitchel's room and knocked. "Stand and unfold yourself," he heard from inside.

Chub opened the door. Kitchel was sitting on his bed rubbing dry shampoo in his incredible mass of curly hair. "I . . . I don't know what . . . don't know how to begin, really," Chub said quietly. He sat in the chair across from Kitchel. "Talk about food for thought."

Kitchel went on rubbing.

"I don't know enough words to thank you. I mean, the way you compared my use of the symbol of the swimming pool with the water images in Conrad—shit, I didn't even realize in a conscious way I was doing that."

Kitchel said nothing, concentrated on his hair.

"And the philosophical implications you pointed out in the way I chose the pizza flavor to be pepperoni instead of mushrooms and peppers, my God, my head was spinning."

"Do I detect a note of disenchantment?"

"Shit, you fuckhead, you keep me waiting a fucking fortnight, damn near, and then what do I get? *This!*" He waved the single sheet of paper with Kitchel's writing on it. " 'You may keep the title.' Of course *I* may keep the title—it's my story, I can call it anything I want. Arrogant prick. 'You may keep the title.' "

"I think you should consider seeing a psychiatrist, Fuller, to discuss your deep-seated problem with criticism."

Chub exploded, "I don't have any goddamned problem with criticism, fart. *You didn't give me any criticism!*"

Kitchel sighed. "The crucial words I wrote are the last four."

Chub looked at the page. "You mean 'On to the next'?"

Now it was Kitchel who exploded—"Yes, you churl, because that means I really want to see your next story. If I hadn't wanted to see it I would have said something like 'Thank you for letting me

PENTHOUSE READERS GET IT FREE!

That's right! If you're a Penthouse reader, you can get our brand new, 64-page free full-color catalog packed with hundreds of ways to make you a better lover. Everything from the newest movies and books to the latest creams, lotions and vibes.

But that's not all! You'll get a free chance to **win a 1984 Corvette**...America's hottest sports car. Play our Las Vegas Slot Machine where you may **win up to $20.00 worth of hot surprises** for only a postage and handling fee.

PLUS A FREE SAMPLE OF ANDROS.

The man's cologne... contains Androsten for the sweet smell of sexual success.

Sound like a great deal? It is!! Send in your coupon today!

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. FC222
P.O. Box 128, Newtown, CT 06470

Please send me my "Bedside Companion" in an unmarked envelope absolutely FREE!

Canadians! Send coupon to: TLC Marketing, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ont. L2E6V5. All orders shipped from within Canada.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY!

NAME _____

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years of age) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FREE Sex Books worth $50.00!

That's right! We'll show you how to get $50.00 worth of giant 8½" x 11" photo-graphic sex books in sizzling, red-hot color, FREE! And, you'll find out how to get another 9 FREE Bonuses including everything from a sexual comicbook; to a cologne that attracts women; to a massage lotion that gets hot when you blow on it.

Plus, you'll be able to get up to 60% discount on many more explicit sex photo books. They're all filled to the brim with beautiful people doing anything and everything to excite themselves, each other, and YOU! And, there's plenty for every taste and sexual preference.

To get complete information, red-hot sample photos, and a long list from which you can choose $50 worth of the hottest juiciest sex photo books FREE, just fill in the form below, sign the age certification, and be sure to include $1to cover p&h. That's all there is to it. Act now!

© 1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

21st Century Products. Dept. DMJ410
P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Yes! Send me the red-hot sample photos and info on how to get $50-worth of sex photo books free and all the other free items, too.

Rush it in a plain wrapper I've signed below and enclosed $1 to cover p&h.

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED! I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(101) Void outside U.S. and where prohibited by law.

see this.' But I didn't say that, did I?"

"Well, shit, why didn't you *say* you liked it?"

"Oh my God, you come on talking about wanting the truth when all you really want is praise. I shall give you praise—" He crawled across the room toward the chair, grabbed Chub's hands. "Oh, Fuller, I wept. Rarely have I had such an epiphany, not since I first studied Homer have I come across such a master of the art of narrative, not since Shakespeare has anyone understood the poetic nuances of language—"

Chub shoved him on his ass, headed for the door. "I'll be right back. I've got lots of other stuff to show you."

"I am not interested in yesterday's news."

"What the hell do you want?"

"Just what I said I wanted—*the next*. Get to work. Create something."

"I can't just create something on order, for chrissakes."

"You can *try*, you prepubescent fart." And before Chub could come up with an answer, Kitchel forced himself up into a sitting position and pointed a finger at him. "Hear me now, Fuller. Hear this and remember it! *Anyone* can be a writer. To be a *good* writer sometimes you have to put words on paper." Then he reached for his dry shampoo and went back to working on his hair, while Chub contented himself with slamming the door as he left.

"Would you enjoy," Kitchel asked a month or so later, "seeing New York?"

"More than almost anything," Chub said. It was true. It had been ever since he was about twelve and had for the first time held a copy of the Sunday *New York Times* and had turned page after page of the entertainment section, experiencing infinity. There was no doubt from then on that someday he would, when he could afford it, move there and revel. Athens was where he lived, but a mistake had been made: New York was home.

"I think you should consider a brief visit." They were walking back to their dorm. "A long weekend, perhaps, in Manhattan. Does that strike your fancy?"

Chub smiled, shook his head. "No *dinero*."

"Certainly a problem, but not necessarily insoluble. Hear me now: I do not drive, but you do. I do not own a credit card but my father possesses one. He arranges with a Hertz in Elyria. You chauffeur me home. Once there, we can find room for you, my parents won't mind, and then I will supply you with a bus ticket home which, knowing you, you will probably cash in, and hitchhike. Your fee will be precisely one hundred and twenty-five dollars and—"

"—That's a weird amount," Chub said. "Why not a flat hundred?"

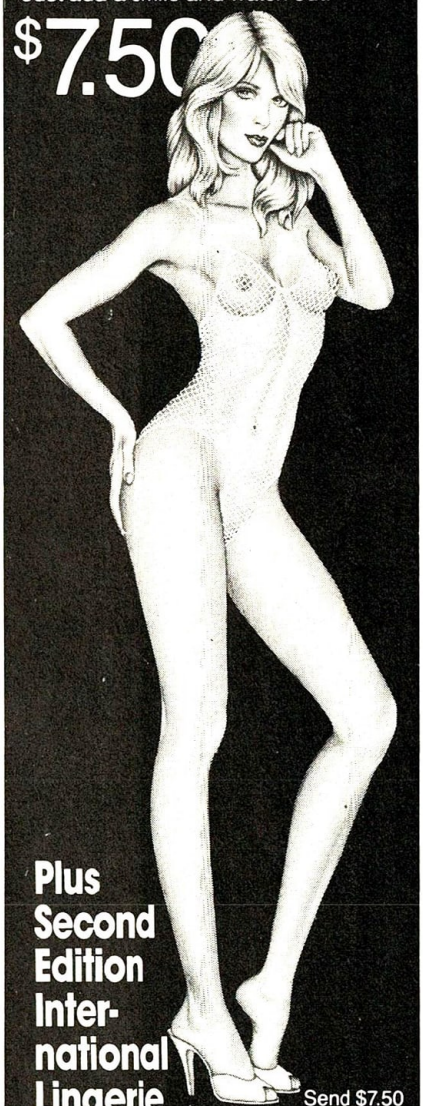
"You interrupted me; that is a no-no. Shut up till I'm done. There also may be a surprise in the city—"

"What is all this elaborate shit?" Chub

THE FASCINATING FISHNETS

The boldest bodysuit ever. In new super white. One size, woven of soft, super-stretch nylon. Just add a smile and watch out.

$7.50



Plus Second Edition International Lingerie Catalog

Brand new and a classic in the making. Scores of glamourous styles never seen in this country.

Send $7.50 plus $2 shipping & handling for bodysuit and catalog. Send $3 for catalog only. Mail check or money order to:

DEPT. PH-44
P.O. BOX 231
TENAFLY, NJ
07670

Bedroom Fantasies

FREE EROTIC FILM OR VIDEO!

Choose Any Adult Film or Video FREE When You Buy Any Other Two Films or Video from this Ad!

STARLET—The young, beautiful blonde knows that her only chance for stardom is on the "casting couch"! Her private "audition" with the over-anxious producer ends in a sizzling scene you'll never see on the silver screen! **R8 CODE 15602, S8 CODE 15610, S8S CODE 15628**

TOTAL SEX—A pretty, young Parisienne surrenders herself to one explosive bedroom encounter after another while you watch in close-up, vivid detail, every moist, magical moment! **R8 CODE 62307, S8 CODE 62315, S8S CODE 62323**

STARLET/TOTAL SEX AVAILABLE ON 1 VIDEOCASSETTE! Beta Code 15636, VHS Code 15644

MAID SERVICE—Good help is hard to find! You won't believe the full service these young beauties provide! **R8 CODE 14605, S8 CODE 14613**

ROOMS FOR RENT—The gorgeous landlady is more than willing to rent the young college student a room. She also provides the best "room service" we've ever seen! **R8 CODE 14506, S8 CODE 14514**

SEX IN THE LIBRARY—You've never seen a librarian like Veronica before and when Henry sees her on the ladder, he just can't control himself any longer! **R8 CODE 14407, S8 CODE 14415**

PERSUASIVE PLUMBER—Once you see Jack the Plumber fix the bathtub—with a beautiful housewife inside—you'll know you're in the wrong profession! **R8 CODE 14308, S8 CODE 14316**

ALL 4 OF THE ABOVE ON 1 VIDEOCASSETTE! Beta Code 14332, VHS Code 14340

DESIREE COUSTEAU & JOHN 14" HOLMES—The King and Queen of X-rated cinema show you exactly how they like it done! John's "claim-to-fame" has the luscious Desiree in complete control—and she loves every inch of it! **R8 CODE 15305, S8 CODE 15313, S8S CODE 15321, Beta CODE 70938, VHS CODE 70946**

YOUNG SEKA—Rare, authentic footage recently discovered! This incredible footage shows the young, innocent Seka before her rise to stardom. See these hot scenes of Seka in non-stop action and you'll see a collector's masterpiece! Incredible! **R8 CODE 18606, S8 CODE 18614, S8S CODE 18622, Beta CODE 18531, VHS CODE 18549**

SEKA AND THE TEXAS LONGHORN—One of our most extraordinary offers! The beautiful Platinum Princess and the incredible 18" "Ebony Longhorn" himself. When these two incredible superstars get together there is no pulling them apart. **R8 CODE 16105, S8 CODE 16113, S8S CODE 16121, Beta CODE 70433, VHS CODE 70441**

SHORE LEAVE—When the "wild & ready" sailors are unleashed upon this small dockside saloon, the barmaids just can't get enough! The action is fast and furious ending in a screaming, steaming delight! **R8 CODE 18309, S8 CODE 18317, S8S CODE 18325**

FRENCH KISS—She's blonde, beautiful and ready. He's hot, hungry and happy to oblige. An explosion of torrid scenes from beginning to end—the French way! **R8 CODE 18408, S8 CODE 18416, S8S CODE 18424**

SHORE LEAVE/FRENCH KISS ARE AVAILABLE TOGETHER ON 1 VIDEOCASSETTE! Beta Code 18341, VHS Code 18333.

Regular 8MM—$29.95.
Super 8MM—$29.95.
Super 8MM Sound—$39.95.
Beta II—$49.95. VHS—$49.95.

Valentine Products, Inc. PO Box 6400, Newtown, CT 06470 **Dept. IS158**

Please rush me the films or videos I have listed below. I have enclosed my check, money order, or charge info plus $1.95 per item to cover P&H. CT residents add sales tax.

CANADIANS! All film and video are available from: TLC Marketing, Inc., PO. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ont. L2E6V5. All film is $49.95, all video $59.95. Add $2.50 p&h per item. Ont. residents add sales tax. Products shipped from within Canada.

NAME

SIGNATURE *(I am over 18 years of age)*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

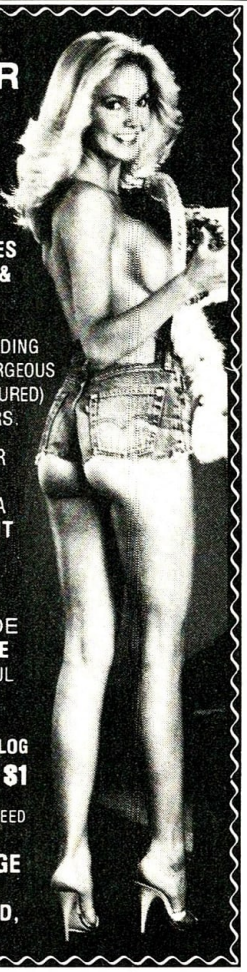
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

INTERBANK NO EXP. DATE

CODE #	FORMAT R8, S8, S8S, B or V	PRICE	P&H	TOTAL
		$	$1.95	$
		$	$1.95	$
		$	$1.95	$
		$	$1.95	$
FREE	I have ordered two items above. I would like the following item FREE! I understand it must be the same format as the two above items.			
		FREE	$1.95	$
		TOTAL ENCLOSED:		$

EROTIC GLAMOUR

PRESENTING THE WORLDS LARGEST AND FINEST SELECTION OF GLAMOUR, FIGURE & EROTIC **35MM COLOR SLIDES SUPER—8 MOVIES & PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS** FEATURING OUTSTANDING MODELS SUCH AS GORGEOUS **MISSY MORGAN** (PICTURED) AND OVER 100 OTHERS.



TO INTRODUCE OUR UNIQUE SERVICE, WE'LL SEND YOU A **3½x5 COLOR PRINT** OF THIS PHOTO *AND* A *TOTALLY AND EXPLICITLY* NUDE **35MM COLOR SLIDE** OF EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL **SUSAN BRADY** *AND* **OUR COMPLETE CATALOG ALL FOR ONLY...$1**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

THE LATENT IMAGE
BOX 2480-M
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 91602

She's Winning Her Fight For Independence

Thousands of children like Stephanie...and adults, too... get the help they need from Easter Seals to carry on their fight for an independent life.

Your help is needed, too.

Back a Fighter with Easter Seals

Easter Seals®

For people with disabilities

wondered. "They've got this new invention—it's called an airplane. I'm not sure, but I think there's an airport in Cleveland, and I'll bet if you check around you'll find there's one in New York somewhere."

Kitchel stopped, whacked Chub across the ass with a crutch, then continued. "Prepare yourself for disillusionment: I know you and the rest of the world consider me to be without flaw. Now you must know my secret—acrophobia. I hate fucking airplanes."

They left ten days later in a rented Chevy picked up from a Hertz in Elyria.

As they picked up their toll card on the Ohio Turnpike, Kitchel said, "Excellent."

"That I finally found it, you mean?"

"No. Nine A.M. Five hundred fifty miles to cover. We should make it there by suppertime." He seemed as slobby as ever, but in excellent spirits.

It was after seven before they got through the Holland Tunnel and then Kitchel said to take a left and Chub did, driving through the pelting rain, past ugly buildings and skittering pedestrians. As a staggering drunk came walking in the middle of the street dead into the oncoming traffic, Kitchel spoke again: "Welcome to Magic Town."

Chub stared at him. "This is Manhattan?"

Kitchel nodded. "Sometimes it's even prettier. This is Eighth Avenue—people from Hawaii come *here* to vacation."

Chub made a smile, but inside there was only disbelief. He remembered in *Welcome to the City* what a dump the place could be, and he'd seen *Midnight Cowboy* twice so he'd seen what a dump the place could be—he knew all that—

—He just had never believed it. Now he had no choice. Sure it was thundering and the rain was a bitch, but on the sunniest autumn day you'd still only want to get the hell out.

"Cat got your tongue?"

"I just . . . I thought there'd be more . . . I don't know what."

"Ah yes, with Fred and Ginger spinning on tabletops. It can be very beautiful here—I remember one day my junior year in high school it was very beautiful all morning."

Chub continued to drive through the uptown traffic and when Kitchel said, "Hang a right," he did, and that was the first of a series of instructions, "Go right one block, then left, then left again," and Chub, peering through the windshield wipers, felt more lost than he could ever remember. But that feeling squared once Kitchel said to stop, because once that happened a uniformed man appeared holding an umbrella for Kitchel to get out and another man slipped into the driver's seat when Chub got out and the next thing he was in an elevator with another uniformed man who pushed a button and when the elevator reached its destination Kitchel opened a door and Chub followed him into a room that was bigger than the whole downstairs of the house he grew up in, or at least it

seemed that way, and Chub looked around a moment until he realized it wasn't a room, the rooms were beyond, this gigantic marble-floored rectangle was the foyer—and to the left of the foyer was a magnificent, long winding staircase.

Chub looked at it a moment, gestured up. "Is that another apartment?" he asked.

"Ever the sophisticate," Kitchel replied, adding, "those are the bedrooms, come along," and Chub did, and at the top there was a wide corridor you could have practiced track in and Kitchel stopped and opened a door. "This is yours," he said. "I'm down the hall, I've got to freshen up, see you in the library," and he started off.

"Hey!"

Kitchel turned.

"You live here? You have to be rich to live here. How the hell can you be rich when you go around dressed like a Martian?"

"I told you there might be surprises," Kitchel replied.

Chub entered his room, studied the canopy bed, inspected the bathroom beyond, stared a moment at the terrace outside. He dropped his small bag on the floor, wondered what the hell he could do to "freshen up" beyond showering—decided not a hell of a lot, so he showered, toweled off, and dressed.

Then he wandered downstairs. He peeked into the first room he came to—it contained a pool table and a dollhouse that was lit and probably twenty feet long. Clearly not the library.

The next room was, but there weren't a lot of books.

A lovely woman fluttered into the room, forty-five or fifty; heads must have turned when she was young. "You must be Mistuh Fullah," she said, her accent heavily Southern. "We're so glad you could join us."

"Thank you very much," Chub said. She held out her hand and he shook it, but gently, because too much force seemed as if it might shatter her.

She gestured to the sofa and they sat, and then she took Chub's hands. "And how is ouah Stanley?"

"He weathered the trip just fine."

Now she dropped her voice. "Ah meant at school. He doesn't write or call as often as he might. Has he many acquaintances?"

Chub nodded.

"Ah worry so about Stanley's shyness."

Chub blinked. "I don't really think you have to fret a lot about that, Mrs. Kitchel."

"He's conquerin' it, then?"

"He's working on it very hard, yes ma'am."

"Oh, that is *excellent* news."

"He's just blossoming lately, Mrs. Kitchel," Chub said, and he was about to go on when this sartorial vision appeared in the doorway—black shoes that glistened, white trousers with a slash for a crease, a white shirt that could have been silk, a per-

NICOLE — Tightly fitting camisole top and g-string panty are beautifully made of white eyelet 100% cotton. Camisole is designed to round each breast perfectly and lies at the cleavage with soft satin bows.
Sizes: P(7-8), S(9-10), M(11-12), L(13-15). Just $18.50.

FREE PHOTO BOOK!

To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers we're making an unprecedented intoductory offer. A FREE 176-page book bursting with dozens of explicit, close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just $2.00 for postage and handling.

SEXUAL SPECIALTIES

An Adam & Eve exclusive Sexual Specialties From Around The World is a complete illustrated guidebook of sexual preferences, taboos, specialties, and unusual techniques collected from around the globe! From places such as Japan, Sweden and France you'll learn hot love secrets that turn private lives into international incidents! 160 pages with over 100 full page photos. A $5.95 value for only $3.95. (Money-back guarantee)

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Would you believe 12 variations of the Missionary Position alone? This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sexual positions ever, with new photographs never before published anywhere! 224 action packed pages in color and black and white — plus a special feature, flip-corner "movies" of a couple in action. Treat yourself and your lover to an unforgettable experience! "New Sale Price" $8.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER: Buy all 4 books and SAVE! Just $17.50!!

THE COMPLETE MANUAL OF SEXUAL POSITIONS

Brand new book of sexual positions with over 200 photos — many in blazing color — features foreplay, the P.C. muscle, threesomes and a multitude of positions for couples including anal and oral. Special section on the "G spot" tells women how to achieve intense orgasms of unbelievable power. Explicit 7"x10" paperback is the most complete picture book of sexual positions ever offered. Just $9.95.

SPECIAL CONDOMS!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives, including Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus, and NEW DOUBLE PLAY, the revolutionary new condom that stimulates both inside and outside. For men who prefer a snugger fit, we offer Slims — the condom that is 5% smaller. Choose from 33 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Sample pack of 22 condoms $5.00.

GUARANTEE — Use and enjoy your Adam & Eve sexual aids for 10 days! If you are not absolutely satisfied with your order, you may return the merchandise to us, and your money will be refunded in full — no questions asked!

FREE MYSTERY GIFT: With any order placed using the coupon below we will send a free mystery gift! Worth $3.50, this sexy gift will please the most demanding lover!

Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve — P.O. Box 900, Dept. PH-96, Carrboro, NC 27510
ADAM & EVE FGM

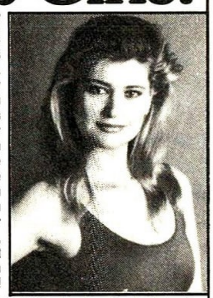
Please rush under moneyback guarantee:

☐ #9W Nicole (Size ____)	$18.50
☐ #FB2 Free Photo Book (P&H Only)	$ 2.00
☐ #H13 Sexual Specialties	$ 3.95
☐ #H4 Sexual Positions	$ 8.95
☐ #26G Complete Manual of Sexual Positions	$ 9.95
☐ #G15 All 4 Books	SAVE! $17.50
☐ #C6 Special Condom Sampler	$ 5.00
☐ #FGM Free Mystery Gift with all orders!!!	

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

OVER 900,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS!!

How to Pick Up Girls!



Now any man can do better with women with our world-famous bestsellers, **How To Pick Up Girls** and **How To Make Love To A Single Woman.** Discover: • **How to make shyness work *for* you** • **Over 100 great opening lines** • **How to look like a great lover** • **How to get women to approach you** • **Why a man doesn't have to be good looking** • **How to be sexier with women** • **How to help a woman fantasize about you** • **Dating older women, younger women, rich women** • **And much, much more!** Order now! After just one hour you'll be able to win with any woman you want — guaranteed!

Order either book by sending just $13.95 & $3 shipping. For both books send only $27.90 & $3 shipping. MC/VISA/AMEX accepted. Cardholders (only) may order by phone. **800-631-2560.** Canadians add 20%. Full money-back guarantee. Mail to **Symphony Press, Dept. PHD-84, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670**

NOW ON CASSETTE — HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

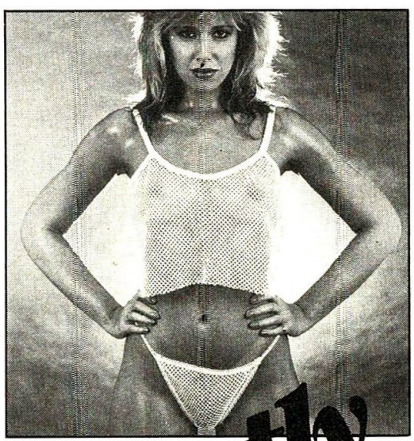
Now, for the first time ever, the full-length world-famous classic How To Pick Up Girls is **on cassette** — unabridged, uncut, every word included. Send only $13.95 & $3 postage to: **Symphony Press, Dept. PHD-84, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670.**

Make Women Laugh

Women are more attracted to a guy who can make them laugh than to a guy who's simply good-looking. And **The World's Best Dirty Jokes** is filled with the sexiest, most hilarious jokes you've ever heard. Picked by a panel of 12 experts, they're guaranteed to keep a woman laughing all night long. When women find out you're both funny **and** sexy, you'll have your pick of any good-looking woman you want! Send $12.95 & $3 shipping to: **Symphony Press, Dept. PHD-84, P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670.** MC/VISA/AMEX accepted. Credit card holders call **800-631-2560.**

Hot, New and Wild.

$10 Bare your body to best advantage in this nylon fishnet lace cami top and seductive bikini. One size fits 32-36. In white. $10 plus $2 shipping/handling. (Catalog with order. Catalog only, $2.) Send check or money order to:



secretly sexy

Dept. 121
P.O.Box 1181
Teaneck, N.J. 07666

IN THE APRIL VARIATIONS ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

FROM SHRINKING VIOLET TO WILD ROSE

A frank and forthright profile of an exhibitionistic woman whose husband has the courage and the confidence to bring his wife's repressed desires to the surface.

FANTASY CAN BE FUN

There's no turning back for this gutsy couple who decide to act out their most secret and wildest fantasies for each other's ultimate pleasure.

EROTIC SPANKING

"Bottoms up" is more than an expression for a woman who submits to her husband's penchant for punishing her delectable rump.

LESBIAN LOVING

A woman's revealing account of the sexual manners and mores in Manhattan's intriguing gay women's social circles.

FASCINATIONS OF A FOOT FETISHIST

A perceptive man traces the erotic history of his lifelong infatuation with the female foot from a sizzling afternoon in a small-town shoe store to his New York nights with barefoot beauties.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS

Passion envelops two married couples vacationing in the Caribbean when the wives confess their secret affair to their astonished husbands and then bring the men into their sensuous games.

fectly knotted red tie that *was* silk, a black blazer that must have been tailor-made.

"Good evening, all," the vision said.

"Kitchel," Chub said, stunned. "You're just . . . gorgeous."

"When am I not?" he replied, and then hugged his mother, who had risen, gone to him, opened her arms. "Good evening, Scarlett," Kitchel said.

Mrs. Kitchel looked at Chub. "That's Stanley's way of teasin' me about mah manner of speech." Then she turned back to her son. "Weeah havin' yoah favorite meal. Mistuh Kitchel won't be home till nearly nine; he works too hard."

"When does he not?"

"Shall we enjoy a little aperitif in the interim?"

Kitchel nodded, went to the fireplace, and buzzed, and a man in uniform came in carrying a tray of filled tall glasses. Chub recognized him as the one who'd driven off in the rented car.

They all talked a little longer until Mrs. Kitchel said, "There's the elevatuh, your fathuh must be home," and she fluttered into the foyer and out of sight while Chub waited, watching as Kitchel drew himself up very straight, a soldier at attention. And then his parents were in the doorway, arms around each other, and, watching his friend, Chub felt Kitchel's fear.

He felt it too, which was strange, if you looked at it logically, because Mr. Kitchel couldn't have been more than five-five. But he was broad shouldered and jut jawed, and Chub wondered if the man had smiled in the last decade or so.

"Sir," Kitchel said.

"Stanley," his father answered.

"This is my friend, Chub Fuller."

"Sir," Chub said.

Mr. Kitchel gave a perfunctory nod, said he was hungry, and when could they eat?

"Why now, of co'ose," his wife said, and they headed into the enormous dining room beyond. Mrs. Kitchel fell in step with Chub, took his arm. "Ah do hope you like salmon," she said. "Stanley adores it so."

"Love it, yes," Chub said quickly, though the reverse was true. Salmon was that hot chunky fish his mother always overcooked because she didn't serve it often, only when it was on sale.

The large table was candlelit and rectangular and there were silver bowls with flowers. Mr. Kitchel sat at one end, his wife at the other, Stanley and Chub in the center, across from each other. In front of each was a plate with something thin and pink covering it, and alongside, a smaller plate with a funny-looking fork and wedges of lemon. Chub looked at it a moment and decided he didn't know what to do with it, so he waited while the uniformed man appeared and filled one of the several empty glasses in front of each of them with white wine. Mr. Kitchel swirled the wine around, sniffed, sipped. Chub looked to Mrs. Kitchel for assistance. At last she took a lemon wedge, squeezed it gently over the cool pink whatever, took a fork and a funny-looking knife, and cut a piece.

Chub did the same, put a piece of the whatever into his mouth, and almost instantly wished his portion were ten times as big. Not only was it delicious but also he could fill up on it before the salmon came.

"William Poll does have the best salmon," Mrs. Kitchel said then.

Kitchel, halfway through his portion, nodded. "I swear I can always tell his salmon from anybody's."

Shit, Chub thought—*this* is salmon? He swirled the wine in his glass as Mr. Kitchel had done, didn't quite spill, took a good swallow. Probably he should go easy, he knew, but the wine was wonderful, too, and he didn't have to worry about faking his way through the main course, whatever it might be.

"I assume you're pleased," Mr. Kitchel said then, staring at Chub.

"Oh, yessir." Chub dabbed at his mouth with his napkin. "This isn't exactly dorm food."

"I was not," Mr. Kitchel said, "talking about food."

"He doesn't know," Kitchel said. "I thought it might be best for you to tell him."

"Tell him what?" Chub said. "I mean, tell me what?"

"*Serendipity*," Mr. Kitchel said. "*Serendipity* is publishing your story about the boy who learns to swim."

"That's right, I wrote that, yessir," Chub said, when he realized what he'd heard. "Pardon me, sir, how do you mean, 'publishing' it?"

"Stanley sent me a copy, along with a request for my opinion, and it was positive."

Chub reached for his wine, then thought, you don't need any wine, you've had enough wine, and then the words started coming—"Just one thing—I'd like to get something straight—you mean the book, when you say *Serendipity* that's what you're talking about—the book that publishes stories and poems, *that Serendipity*?

Mr. Kitchel turned to his son. "Are you sure this is the writer of the story? He's acting rather stupid."

"Father publishes *Serendipity*, Chub."

"But you said he was a businessman—"

"I *am* a businessman," Mr. Kitchel said, very loudly. "I have run Sutton Press for a quarter century, and not once have I considered myself anything but. I deal with writers and I detest them one and all. I have made many of them rich and not one has ever thanked me; they do nothing but revel in their neuroses and complain about their bank accounts. It takes a bottom-line businessman to keep them in line. Now, you will receive one hundred and twenty-five dollars for your story, not that I think it's worth that but that is the rate, and I consider this part of the conversation closed."

Chub nodded; he couldn't have talked anyway, not coherently, because Sutton

was one of the few publishing houses he'd ever heard of, along with Knopf and Random, and more than that, he was drunk now and more than that, more than anything, was the dawning that something he had done, something he had put down was going to be in print.

The rest of the meal went quickly—dessert turned out to be chocolate cake and vanilla ice cream and Chub knew instantly what it was and how to eat it, and Mrs. Kitchel, over coffee, chatted on and on about her friend Mercedes who had finally found a co-op she liked and was moving to eight ninety-five in a month and Mr. Kitchel grunted perfunctorily at the news and something about that, Chub realized, was odd, but he couldn't quite zero in on what.

After dinner the parents excused themselves, and when they were alone Kitchel became his Oberlin self.

And then Chub remembered. "At dinner," he remarked, "your mother said some friend of hers was moving and she gave a number but she didn't name a street."

Kitchel laughed. "Mercedes is her oldest friend and a Park Avenue snob. She would never live anywhere else. She's also Father's mistress, and Mother knows it—where do you think he was till nine o'clock? He probably bought her the apartment. Mother was letting him know she knew. She does it every meal. It's a fun family."

They said good night a little later and Chub, exhausted, went to bed but not to sleep. He felt the impulse then, so he went to his Journal and began taking notes about a young man who came to New York for the first time, knowing it would be his home.

Eight Ninety-Five
by
Charles Fuller

And what Chub's hero would discover was what Chub now knew: that there would never be the voice of the city saying, "Welcome." Because he had started his run too far behind the starting line to ever catch up. And not even the sudden startling glory of being published could close the gap.

For this was a world where salmon was thin and cool and lamb chops had ruffles to cover their bones; where publishers hated writers and had affairs with intimates of their wives; where slobby friends became fashion plates and stilled their tongues because if they ever spoke their anger they would blow their families apart; where street names never needed mentioning, not once you knew the code.

Chub would never master the deciphering. It was too late for that. In a way, he still loved the city, but not in any way he had imagined before. And he would come here. Someday. And live here. Somehow. But always as an alien, an immigrant from the outback of Illinois, always, alas, a stranger in this very strange land. O

Like all the finer things in life, what you get out of it depends on what you put into it.

Roll your own. It's e-z.

Yes, I want to roll my own the e-z way with Joker and e-z wider. Please send me the following item(s). I understand that you will refund my money if I am not completely satisfied. I certify that I am at least 18 years of age.

		Total
_____	e-z wider roll-your-own cigarette rolling kit(s) @ $3.50	$_____
_____	3-pack(s) e-z wider filters @ $3.00	$_____
_____	pick-a-pack 10-booklet assortment(s) e-z wider and Joker @ $5.00	$_____
	Total Order	$_____

Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I enclose _____ Check _____ Money Order

The House of Rizla

Mail to: The House of Rizla, P.O. Box 1046, W. Caldwell, N.J. 07007-0829. Offer limited to U.S. New Jersey residents please add sales tax. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

© The House of Rizla 1984

BLOOD MONEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

er's release.

Confidential reports by the Australian Federal Bureau of Narcotics showed that even before the bank's founding Michael Hand had been involved with an Air America pilot in drug shipments from Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle to an airstrip on an Australian real-estate development. Given Hand's drug-and-CIA ties and the proven links between the agency and the Asian opium trade, one can see how Nugan Hand developed two parallel and perhaps interconnecting businesses: laundering CIA funds for covert operations and profiting from Asian heroin trade.

Like other bankers who have dealt with both the CIA and organized crime, Nugan and Hand used their CIA accounts to protect their drug connections under cover of national security. The Australian Federal Bureau of Narcotics was aware of the bank's drug links, but the narcotics bureau's agents were hamstrung by their bosses' seeming indifference. One of the bureau's informants worked for the bank, and he tipped off investigators: "They [Nugan and Hand] are bigger than anything you have ever seen here in the heroin game and are said to be part of an American-security organization. If you caught these blokes, all hell would break loose."

The day after these allegations were made, the informant found the tables reversed. He himself was being tailed, rather than Nugan or Hand.

Within a year it had become apparent to investigators that Frank Nugan had direct access to narcotics-bureau information. He often obtained it within hours of its internal receipt. According to a former bureau officer, "Nugan was getting to hear about our inquiries literally before we could even update . . . them." Then, amazingly, in 1978 the bureau's director placed on file a memo suspending any further investigation into Nugan Hand.

The Australian bureau's course of action, or lack thereof, may have been influenced by the Australian Security Intelligence Organization (ASIO). This security group worked closely with the CIA and appears to have been involved in the destabilization campaign against the country's Labor government. When the Labor party was voted into power in 1972, Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam quickly antagonized Washington by pulling Australian troops out of Vietnam and condemning President Nixon for the bombing of Hanoi. But nothing so enraged the two agencies as Whitlam's repeated criticism of an important CIA base at Pine Gap, in central Australia, which directs U.S. nuclear submarines and monitors U.S. satellites watching the Soviet Union and China. Although Whitlam had privately assured the CIA that his government would renew the Pine Gap lease, publicly he threatened to scuttle the agreement unless certain terms were changed.

The threat to Pine Gap convinced Colby and others that Whitlam's government was at least as dangerous as Chile's Socialist president Salvador Allende, who was overthrown in 1973 in a CIA-supported military coup. Though such comparison was obviously exaggerated, the CIA didn't think so. As a former Australian Labor-party leader pointed out, "When the chief of the CIA lists . . a Labor government as a crisis of comparable priority to [Chile], the Yom Kippur War, coups in Cyprus and Portugal, and the unexpected entrance of India into the nuclear club, [our] concern [about CIA destabilization] looks less like paranoia."

Events were to prove him right. As a former CIA deputy director of intelligence later confirmed: a joint CIA-ASIO plan had indeed existed to destabilize the Whitlam government through misinformation and contributions to opposition politicians.

The Nugan Hand Bank played an important role in these operations. It financed CIA bugging-and-forgery operations that triggered a financial scandal, leading, in November 1975, to the fall of Whitlam's government. Frank Nugan served as the go-between for a $2.4-million CIA contribution to a Liberal-party slush fund to bring down Whitlam. The money was laundered through one of Nugan's mining companies and passed on to a Liberal-party figure with documented links to Australian mobsters.

A CIA-related firm, Commerce International, which did business with Air America veterans and self-described intelligence agents from the Middle East, was involved in the plotting. One of these was Tirath Khemlani, a Pakistani commodities trader who worked on the Whitlam "coup" for Commerce International. Khemlani had attached himself to Whitlam's minister for minerals and energy, Rex Connor, who was trying to obtain a $2-billion loan from the Arab nations to shore up Australia's sagging economy. Although Khemlani had few credentials to recommend him—his biggest commodity deal amounted to no more than $16 million—he was embarrassingly intimate with the loan negotiations, which were detailed in a pile of suspect secret cables he released to the press in the fall of 1975.

The documents implied that the energy minister and Whitlam's heir apparent and deputy prime minister, James Cairns—another party to the loan negotiations—may have lied to the Australian Parliament. When Cairns denied he had offered a brokerage fee to secure the money, a blizzard of telexes and letters surfaced to prove the contrary. Some of the most incriminating evidence "may have been fabricated," as the CIA itself admitted. Later, statements by CIA contract employee Joseph Flynn confirmed that cables about the loan negotiations had actually been manufactured by him and leaked to the press. Flynn said he was paid for his services by Michael Hand. Testimony by a cipher

"Twenty bucks if I sleep with you. Forty if I stay awake."

clerk indicated that much of the misinformation used against Whitlam's government came from traffic picked up by Pine Gap, which has the ability to monitor voice, cable, and telex communications over most of the Pacific. When it finally dawned on Australian officials that the CIA was using a military installation in Australia's own backyard to spy on them, there was a tremendous to-do. But it came too late to save Cairns, the most charismatic figure on the Australian Left, who was politically ruined.

Though beset by scandal, Whitlam's government might have weathered the crisis had it not been for Governor-General John Kerr. The British government has an ambassador to Australia, and Kerr's responsibilities were largely ceremonial. Nevertheless, Kerr resorted to a legally questionable device—he called Whitlam to his official residence and dismissed the astonished prime minister. This was in November 1975, a month before the Pine Gap lease expired. Over the Australian Parliament's protests, Kerr named the Liberal party's pro-American leader, Malcolm Fraser, as caretaker of a new government.

What was Kerr's background?

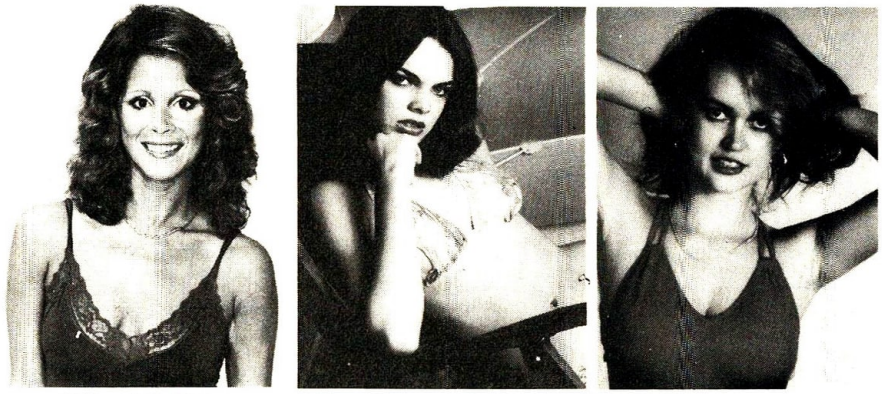
He founded an Asian law association with CIA funds, and he was active in the Congress for Cultural Freedom, another CIA-funded enterprise. The day before he sacked Whitlam, Kerr held discussions with the permanent secretary of the Australian department of defense about American discontent with Whitlam and about CIA threats to break off relations with ASIO if it did not bring Whitlam to heel.

Having served its purpose in the Whitlam affair, the Nugan Hand Bank was appointed the CIA's worldwide paymaster. A former Nugan Hand executive has alleged that Hand told him he had arranged for the bank to take care of "disbursement of funds anywhere in the world on behalf of the CIA and also for the taking of money on behalf of the CIA."

Hand apparently was able to make such claims because of his relationship with Edwin Wilson and Bernie Houghton, two key American-intelligence operatives who enjoyed the confidence of Ted Shackley, head of the CIA's Far Eastern covert operations, and one-time second in command of CIA clandestine services. Houghton was a Texan in his sixties who had spent the Vietnam War years as a businessman trading goods in the Southeast Asian war zones. A friend of Hand's, he later opened a chain of honky-tonk bars and a gambling parlor in Sydney, which were frequented by CIA officers and American military brass. A few weeks before Nugan's mysterious death, Houghton played dinner host to Representative Bob Wilson and his Armed Services Committee.

Houghton had earlier served as an undercover agent for naval intelligence, and apparently he continued the relationship in the early 1970s when the navy created a

Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes and PAY NOTHING!



My 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control will have you Scoring at work, at parties, even on the street!

It's true! *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put Psychic Mind Control to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women...the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want you. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it every time!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you use these 7 steps, you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours within 5 minutes!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* from J.M. in Madison, Conn.:

"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I have a good sense of humor. Somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the really beautiful women who turned me on.

"Your 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control *has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time.*

"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get more than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!

"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough!"

Turn Women Into Putty

The results enjoyed by J.M. can be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. I will show you how to harness just that extra bit to get that "edge," and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY woman you desire!

Just read these *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* and give it a try. After your first few conquests, women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of Psychic Mind Control you won't have to say a thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gets right to the point, giving you an easy method for getting the girls you've always wanted...no matter where they are, no matter when. So, live out your fantasies, while your friends beg you for the secret! Take your first step to scoring with beautiful women, today. Order *now*!

Let Us Take the Risk!

Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send you *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control*, NOW! Try it. Use it. Approach any woman you desire. That's right. *ANY* woman.

If for any reason you're not delighted with the results, send it back. We will return your check or money order UNCASHED! Even if you send it back later we'll still refund your purchase price. Thousands of satisfied customers make us bold enough to offer you this super guarantee!

©1983 CMG Inc., 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

Mail No-Risk Coupon Today

21st Century Products, Dept. PMJ410
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Please rush my *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* in plain wrapper. I enclose my check or money order for $10 plus $1 p&h (Total: $11.00. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return my *7 Steps* within 30 days for a prompt refund (less postage and handling, of course), no questions asked.
☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check or money order uncashed for 30 days.

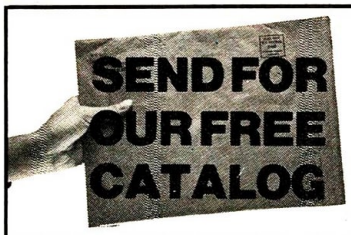
Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

277



YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR INHIBITIONS

Our new 40 page color catalog of adult books, films, cassettes, erotic sex aids, condoms, lingerie and much more arrives in our **discreet envelope.** BOOKS, LOTIONS, SEX AIDS CAN BE YOURS FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!

STAMFORD HYGIENIC CORP. Dept. PP-61
733 Canal St., P.O. Box 932 Stamford, CT 06902

☐ **Free 40 page "For Lovers Only" Catalog.**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

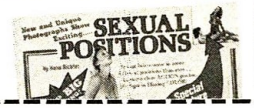
TRY OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS! FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

☐ **PERSONAL MASSAGER** $7.95 **NOW $3.95!**

☐ **BEDTIME COLLECTION** $8.50 **NOW $3.95**

A random selection of 3 sex packed thrillers filled with love, lust and passion. Guaranteed to never collect dust.

☐ **SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK** $10.95 **NOW $6.95!**



An incredible variation of positions in this 224 page book filled with explicit sections on sex.

© 1984

Going Abroad? Don't wait 'til the last minute to get your passport. Apply early, if possible between September & February, and you'll avoid the crowds.

United States Department of State
We're Working To Put Time On Your Side.

A Public Service Campaign of the U.S. Department of State.

deep-cover intelligence operation. This was called Task Force 157 and it used CIA operatives—among them Edwin Wilson, the notorious arms smuggler who was Hand's second important contact.

Task Force 157 employed 50 to 75 agents whose main function was to monitor and collect information on Soviet shipping. Wilson had his own staff at the Task Force's Washington headquarters, and among his cover contacts was the Nugan Hand Bank, through which TF 157 and the CIA laundered money. In 1977, Task Force 157 was abruptly disbanded, apparently because Wilson's boss, Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, feared that one or more of Wilson's undercover operations might end in an embarrassing scandal.

When Wilson was fired by Inman, Wilson turned his agency contacts to his own profit. These contacts included Ted Shackley and Tom Clines, director of training in CIA clandestine services until 1978. After Admiral Stansfield Turner was appointed by President Carter to get rid of the smell in the CIA that was left over from the Colby period, Shackley and Clines left the agency to join an international-trading firm called A.P.I. Distributors. According to the same Australian government report, A.P.I. was set up with $500,000 lent by none other than Ed Wilson. Also on the A.P.I. payroll was Cuban exile Chavez, who had worked for Shackley when Shackley ran the CIA's secret war against Cuba in the 1960s. A.P.I. would later be involved in a Nugan Hand Bank deal in London.

Shackley and Clines first met Bernie Houghton through Air Force Major General Richard C. Secord, a member of the military's old-boy network who had known Houghton since 1972. Secord, who recently retired as Middle East adviser to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, was suspended for three months in 1982 after the Pentagon learned of his links to Wilson. Houghton successfully dealt with Wilson and his naval task force. According to the Australian-government report, after "a number of meetings between Wilson, Houghton, and others," Wilson placed an order for some 10 million rounds of ammunition and 3,000 weapons, reportedly shipped from Boston to CIA-supported guerrillas in Angola in late 1975 or early 1976. Australian investigators discovered that the weapons were delivered to someone in Africa, reportedly Michael Hand, who then delivered them to the guerrillas.

Around the same time, according to the Australian-government report, the U.S. Navy instructed Wilson to sell an electronic spy ship, disguised as a fishing trawler, to the shah of Iran. The report suggests that Houghton used the Nugan Hand Bank for the deal.

The shah was so pleased with the deal that he later used Nugan Hand to place several billion dollars on the world financial markets through the bank's Swiss branch. The bank also hauled in upwards of $10 million from unsuspecting Americans working in Saudi Arabia. Employees of Aramco, Bechtel, and other large U.S. concerns in Saudi Arabia were solicited by Nugan Hand for savings and investments. According to investors, bank salesmen were permitted to hold meetings on company property and used company bulletin boards. According to Houghton's testimony, the Henry C. Beck Company, of Dallas, even went so far as to sponsor his entry into Saudi Arabia. Houghton carried off "bags of cash" from U.S. Air Force personnel in Saudi Arabia, all of which was lost after the bank collapsed, leaving a shortfall of more than $50 million.

Wilson, Shackley, Houghton, and Colby were not the only intelligence officers whose names were mentioned in connection with the Nugan Hand Bank. The bank employed: Guy Pauker, a CIA consultant; Dale Holmgren, flight-service manager for another CIA-run airline in the Far East, who opened Nugan Hand's Taipei branch; and Robert Jansen, former CIA station chief in Bangkok, who represented Nugan Hand in Thailand. Also linked to the bank were the CIA station chief of Australia and two CIA case officers.

From the military there were General Black, Admiral Yates, and three-star General LeRoy J. Manor, previously chief of staff for U.S. forces in the Pacific, who allegedly ran Nugan Hand's Manila office. The consulting offices of General Erle Cocke, Jr., a retired general with the U.S. National Guard, served as Nugan Hand's Washington headquarters.

In putting together the Nugan Hand puzzle, Australian investigators were confronted with a maze of leads to the U.S. intelligence and military community. Naturally they concluded they were looking at a CIA bank. The bank appeared to be an instrument of the intelligence community, but a lot of free-lance work was going on on the side. In fact, the bank was part of a large group of interests that used government connections for personal gain.

As investigators probed into Nugan Hand, it became evident that they were dealing with an old-boy network of spooks and military men. Many of its members were schooled in immorality, to paraphrase a former CIA agent, through the use of illegal methods to achieve government objectives. They used their influence in official circles to promote the myth that it didn't matter whether they were retired or active, since all were in the same game, with the same absence of rules, in the fight against communism. Only some of the "old boys" were now making a buck, too. And nobody dared blow the whistle on a former colleague; if he did, the colleague might drag out the dirty linen of the navy, army, air force, or CIA. Nugan Hand was a good example of such back scratching.

Although thousands of small investors

in the United States and Australia clamored for the return of their life savings in the wake of the bank's collapse, the bank's directors appeared unconcerned. "I don't feel guilty because some guy got swindled," General Black, the bank's Hawaii representative, told the *Wall Street Journal*. Nevertheless, the appearance of the names of Black and Yates on Nugan Hand brochures was an important factor in the decision to invest, according to at least one victim.

Yates, in an interview with *Penthouse*, agreed with this assessment. Admitting that he had no background in banking, he said, "Their reason for employing us (he and General Black) was to improve the credibility of the organization. "Of course I feel like a victim," he maintained.

Other American victims said they gave Houghton their money because companies like Beck and Aramco seemed to sponsor him. "Everybody said, 'Well, Beck, they're not going in with just any old guy,'" explained one investor whose family lost nearly $74,000. But while the companies' U.S. spokesmen disclaimed any knowledge of Houghton, and the State Department insisted there had been no official U.S. involvement in Nugan Hand, Australian investigators have unearthed enough evidence of U.S. connivance—through Wilson's task force in naval intelligence—to suggest a strong case for a class-action suit against the U.S. government. Further revelations from Australia, where the Nugan Hand investigation continues, may provide additional evidence.

Nugan Hand was also a partner in the takeover of a British bank, London Capital Securities, by Thomas Clines, Cuban exile Chavez, and Donald Beazley. Beazley was a former Federal Reserve bank examiner who in 1979 was brought in as president of Nugan Hand's worldwide operations. (Beazley subsequently became president of a Miami bank, City National, a majority interest of which is owned by Colombian wheeler-dealer Alberto Duque, charged in 1983 with defrauding U.S. banks of more than $120 million through fake coffee exports.) Beazley was the nominee for Chavez in the London bank purchase, and Chavez, according to the Australian-government report, was "quite likely" little more than a nominee for Clines. Australian-government investigators stated that Beazley helped finance the bank purchase with $300,000 in cash and travelers' checks sent by Houghton, some of which came from hapless clients in Saudi Arabia. Beazley later also approved Houghton's cashing of at least $52,000 in travelers' checks at the London bank to credit his personal account. Although Beazley claimed he had been taken in by Houghton and Chavez, Australian investigators who interviewed him found Beazley "vague and distant" about bank matters. "There appears to have been a distinct lack of formality and background knowledge, which one tends not to expect

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. P-04-84
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

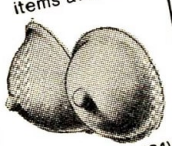
_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

MICHAEL SALEM'S EXOTICA BOUTIQUE

WHERE YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!

Send for exciting FASHION-FILLED **CATALOGS** featuring the newest erotic **Sensations** in lingerie, foundations, garter belts, wigs & shoes, **plus** hundreds of unusual items available in regular & **large** sizes.



LITTLE LIES (#104)
Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads feel *natural* to the touch. One size fits all.
1 pr. $15.00

TREASURE CHEST (#108)
New improved strap-on treasure chest. Changes your entire appearance with a soft, pliable "Real Latex" torso. Easy to put on, light, comfortable and washable. Nude. One size fits all. $99.95

(not shown)
GARTER BELT (#1101)
Red only. One size fits all.
Reg. $15. $7.00

MAIL TO:
MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. P484
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10150

For PHONE orders & in person purchases, call (212) 371-6877

VISA MasterCard

Check Catalog (s) Desired:
- ☐ Exotic Boutique Catalog Subscription ($5.00) *(deductible from first order)*
- ☐ Sexual Aids Catalog ($10.00)
- ☐ Transvestite Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Transvestite & Rubber Clothing Catalog ($15.00)
- ☐ Bondage Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Catalog of Restraints ($15.00)
- ☐ EXCITING BOOK by MICHAEL SALEM *How to Impersonate a Woman* ($40.00)

I enclose $ ____ in ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ MO
(NY Residents please add tax) U.S. Funds Only
Airmail USA add $5.00 Airmail Foreign add $15.00

Florida opening soon-call for details.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am over 21 years of age (SIGNATURE) _____

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER

KEN CHAN-THE LAUNDRY MAN
LOVE MELODY

- Sensuous and 100% explicit Japanese movies (XXX).
- Both are top sellers in Japanese underground market.
- Both were reviewed in Playboy Magazine (Japanese edition). Underground Video, Video Jack and many others.
- Original sound track (recorded LIVE!) with English subtitles.
- Available in VHS or BETA
- Satisfaction guaranteed.

Each $69 plus $4 shipping and handling in check or money order to:

ORCHIDS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. Box 1279
Monterey Park, Calif. 91754
(213) 268-6968

Along with your name, address and phone number. (Credit card customers, please indicate type of card, card number, expiration date and signature. For catalog send $2.

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

TURTLE CLUB OLDIES . . .

1. Talk.
2. Legs.
3. A submarine. The spelling *(semen, seamen)* obviously makes this gag better heard than read.
4. A dollar bill (or a $50 bill or other paper currency).
5. Firetruck.
6. Most people think of *bunt, hunt, punt,* and *runt.* What's the fifth word with female associations? *Aunt.*
7. Pants.
8. Fork.
9. Almond Joy candy bar.
10. Grit.

. . . AND NEWIES

1. His name. (Son N. Pham, Naples, Fla.)
2. Cat. (James A. DeStefano, Greenlawn, N.Y.)
3. The first thing to hang out is the DO NOT DISTURB sign. (Kathee S. Kates, Schiller Park, Ill.)
4. His ego. (Tim Harlin, Auburn, Ala.)
5. Wrinkles. (Phil Hanna, Sioux City, Iowa)
6. The pupil of the eye. (Louis Phillips, N.Y.C., and others)
7. Fred Astaire's face. (Lynn E. Bell, Iowa City, Iowa)
8. A politician. (Ed Arvizo, Bryan, Tex.)
9. Walk him and pitch to the giraffe. (Dan Kimm, Reno, Nev., and Greg Cruser, Columbus, Ind.)

A IS FOR APRIL

1. SPEEDY. The task is impossible. If the university were 30 miles away, it took an hour to get there. Now Joe wants to do the entire trip in an hour. No way, José.
2. VOLUME. A dictionary.
3. BANNER. Protocol for commemorating a death requires that the flag be taken up to full mast first, and then lowered to half-mast.
4. AGED. Fifty-nine years. There was no year zero, so there was only a one-year span between corresponding dates in 1 B.C. and A.D. 1.
5. VERBS. The past participles of all the words end in the "ought" sound: *wrought, caught, sought, bought, fought,* and *taught.*
6. JAG. The husband was deaf in his left ear. English cars have the steering wheel on the right. When driving a Jag he couldn't hear his wife's nagging.
7. RESTRICTED. It is surely illegal to bury anyone who is still living.
8. CURDLED. Thirty-six pounds. Since a cheese weighs "12 pounds plus half a cheese," it weighs 12 + 12 = 24 pounds. Add another half cheese and you're up to 36 pounds.
9. DICTIONARY. All the words are misspelled, including "mispelled."
10. CIGS. Four cigarettes. First the hobo borrows a butt from a friend. Now he can make three smokes. With the three stubs left over he makes another, then returns a butt for the one he borrowed.
11. BALL. The visiting team always bats first, and if the home team is ahead after eight and a half innings (the middle of the ninth) the game is over. Home team—32; visitors—31.
12. TRANSPORT. An elevator.
13. MONEY. The Romans didn't know he was Augustus I until there was an Augustus II.
14. After making a deposit in a sperm bank, you *lose* interest.

J. JASON, DJ, FM/AM. The 12 letters on the card correspond to the 12 months of the rock-and-roll calendar, starting with Jason's wife, June, and ending with their daughter May.

LEVITATION

It *is* a mystery but not a supernatural one.

Several theories have been proposed, but there is still no agreed-upon explanation. Holding the breath and synchronizing the lift are surely important. Some say that swinging the arms down from above may put the lifters into a more efficient posture for lifting. Others argue that the effect is due to muscles working in opposition: After the lifters have pressed down for a few seconds on *H*'s head, these muscles become tired so that the muscles for lifting have less resistance to overcome. Another factor may be that since *H* has momentarily adjusted to push up against the eight hands pushing down on his head, he has put himself into a posture that is ready to be lifted up.

Whatever the answer, no serious scientist thinks it has anything to do with mystic chants, magnetic fields, or bodily auras. But if you want to tell others that it does, who are we to stop you?

---

from conservative bank administrators."

One might say the same of Admiral Yates and General Black, who figured prominently in Nugan Hand's operations. Australia's prestigious *National Times* described Black as a top Pentagon official who had been "in charge of various paramilitary operations in Asia involving a number of unorthodox financing arrangements." (Black began his career with the CIA's forerunner, the OSS, and maintained close contacts with the agency throughout his military service.) But Yates was the more important of the two. Recruited to work for Nugan Hand by Bernie Houghton, Yates in turn put Frank Nugan together with General Black. Yates even arranged for Nugan to attend a $1,000-a-plate fund-raising dinner with President Carter, who supposedly had given orders to rid the CIA of such rogue agents as Edwin Wilson. Yates was also reported to have met with both Wilson and his missing partner, Frank Terpil, in Washington and London (which Yates has denied) to discuss several major Libyan construction projects, including Nugan Hand's financing of an airport.

Nothing better symbolized the old-boy network of interests than the recruitment of Mitch Werbell III, a Russian mercenary who has often worked with the CIA, and who was indicted for gunrunning and marijuana smuggling. Werbell had an impressive record of attempted coups in the Caribbean. He apparently was paid by Nugan Hand to get approval from "Baby Doc" Duvalier for the resettlement in Haiti of some 3,000 Meo tribesmen who had fought as CIA mercenaries in Laos and were forced to flee when the pro-Communist Pathet Lao seized power. Werbell reportedly threatened Baby Doc with a coup if he did not cooperate—but if he did, Baby wasn't impressed.

Nugan Hand then turned its attention to some small, arid islands in the Turks and Caicos groups, which are southeast of Miami, as a refuge for the tribesmen. The plan was to use the Nugan Hand offices in the Cayman Islands as a funnel for U.S. government funds to finance the Meo resettlement. It is unlikely that the islands could have supported the refugees, but, as noted by Australian-government investigators, the islands are "a significant transshipment point along lines of illicit drug traffic to the American market from the Caribbean and Central America."

It is a matter of record that the tribesmen were expert dealers in the drug trade. They were the biggest poppy growers in Asia's Golden Triangle, as well as the biggest clients of the Nugan Hand branch in Chiang Mai, located in the heart of the triangle. A former Nugan Hand executive has alleged that during six months with Nugan Hand he saw millions of drug dollars pass through the bank.

Though the resettlement scheme collapsed, it bore similarities to other shady projects proposed to Yates, such as the establishment of a $1.4-million bail fund through Nugan Hand for international dope couriers caught in the United States. The money was to have been deposited in foreign accounts for use in the United States, but Australian investigators reported that Yates rejected the idea as harmful to the bank's reputation.

As documented by the Australian police, the country's biggest drug pushers banked with Nugan Hand, including the $100 million "Mr. Asia" heroin syndicate, which arranged for the contract murders of at least three persons in Australia. Nugan Hand had equally sinister links with the U.S. underworld. Australian-government sources reported that among the bank's clients was Jimmy Chagra, one of the United States' biggest drug smugglers, now serving a 60-year sentence for his part in an international dope ring. A highly sophisticated interstate operation, the ring was exposed following a major Justice Department probe into the drugs-for-guns traffic between the United States and South America.

All money-go-rounds eventually spin out of control, but Nugan Hand's directors seemed unaware of the pending danger in late 1979, only weeks before Frank Nugan's body was found. When Michael Hand learned of Nugan's death, he rushed back to Sydney from London. He was joined by Admiral Yates, and they called the other directors to an emergency meeting at the bank. According to Stephen Hill, one of those present, the group shredded enough records to fill a small room. What they could not destroy they packed in cartons and carried that night to the back room of a butcher shop owned by a former army sergeant in Vietnam who was an associate of Houghton's. Hill said that Houghton brought along his lawyer to oversee the ransacking, and that the lawyer warned them, "I am fully aware of what has been going on. You all face jail terms of up to 16 years." Hand then broke in to say that if orders were not obeyed "terrible things" would happen: "Your wives will be cut up and returned to you in bits and pieces."

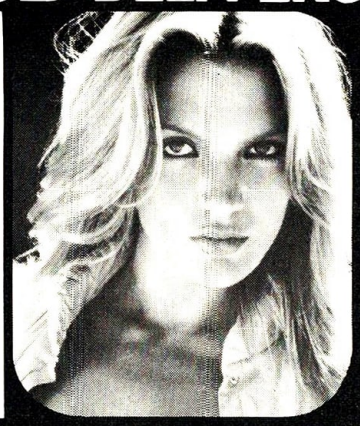
Meanwhile, in Manila, General Manor, who was helping run the bank's branch there, was trying to persuade Nugan Hand's public-relations officer to stop the wire services from reporting Nugan's death. On a secret assignment for the air force in the Philippines, Manor left in a hurry after speaking to his lawyer.

Houghton told the bank's agents in Saudi Arabia much the same; they barely escaped before angry depositors stormed the local branch. Houghton fled Australia. Hand went into hiding in the butcher shop used to store the bank's files and was smuggled out of the country with a disguise and a fake passport, aided by a former CIA operative. Hand apparently traveled to the United States, and the butcher-shop owner said that when he was visiting his brother in San Francisco in 1981 he got a call from Hand, who asked about the wife and friends he had left behind. That was the last time anyone has reported talking to Hand and probably the last time anyone will. Said one of Hand's close colleagues: "He's either dead or has gone into hiding abroad, never to return."

Those who were still around to comment claimed either to have known nothing or to have been duped by Nugan and Hand—claims that couldn't be challenged. Yet the scandal would not die. It ballooned to larger proportions in Australia, where the Labor party was returned to power in the 1983 elections. The defeated pro-U.S. government of Malcolm Fraser had managed to keep the story under wraps, but the new Labor government, itching for revenge, appointed a task force with broad powers to delve into the Nugan Hand mystery. Some prosecutions are probable on the Australian end. In the United States it's been hush-hush as usual. The U.S.-intelligence community refuses to give any information to the Australians. Why should they? No crime was committed in the United States.

VIDEOCLUB® DELIVERS

UNCENSORED VIDEO MOVIES to You in Your Own Home



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
X-RATED HIGHLIGHTS ONLY $49.69
Sixty minutes of explosive scenes from fourteen all-time winners like:
HAPPY DAYS • DEVIL IN MISS JONES
DEEP THROAT • WET RAINBOW
CAPTAIN LUST • AMERICAN SEX FANTASY

PURCHASE YOUR FAVORITE VIDEO CASSETTE FOR AS LOW AS $43.00 plus $6.00 shipping & handling.
The same titles are selling elsewhere for $99.00 and up.
(No membership fee is required for purchase.)

OR JOIN OUR HOT TRADE-IN-PLAN!
An annual membership costs only $49.69 and allows you to trade any like-new adult video cassette previously purchased from us for a low $9.69 plus $6.00 inspection fee.

IF IT'S ON VIDEO AND HOT, WE'VE GOT IT!
For our catalog and a $5.00 gift certificate send $3.00

MasterCard CALL TOLL FREE 800-458-3000 MasterCard
IN NEW JERSEY (201) 741-7800

VISA VIDEOCLUB® VISA

220 Shrewsbury Ave., Dept. PAY, Red Bank, NJ 07701
All prices subject to change without notice

$2 THIS COUPON ENTITLES BEARER TO ONE, 2-YR. $2

FREE SENSUOUS ADULT CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION

COLOR CATALOG OF CONDOMS, LINGERIE, ADULT BOOKS AND MORE.

PLUS . . .

$2 OFF FIRST ORDER

JUST FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT IN!

FROM:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

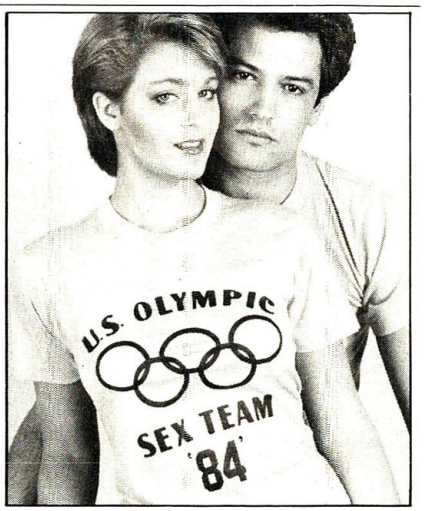
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TO: FEDERAL PHARMACAL, INC.
DEPT. PH484
6652 N. Western Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60645

Canadian Residents send to:
Transatlantic Export Agency Ltd.
315 Louis Dr.
Mississauga, ONT. L5B 1Z2

$2 $2



K.C. ENTERPRISES, INC.
2500 Spring Valley Drive
St. Charles, MO 63301

Quality 50/50 T-Shirts
Sizes: S-M-L-XL
Colors: Tan, Yellow, Light Blue
Only $9.95 each plus $1.00 postage & handling

Name: _____
Address: _____
City _____ State ___ Zip ____
Size(s) ____ Color(s) ____ Quantity ____
☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ M.C. ☐ Visa
Expires _____ Acct # _____

COMING IN THE MAY PENTHOUSE

F. APESTEGUY/LIAISON

INTERVIEW: JERRY LEWIS

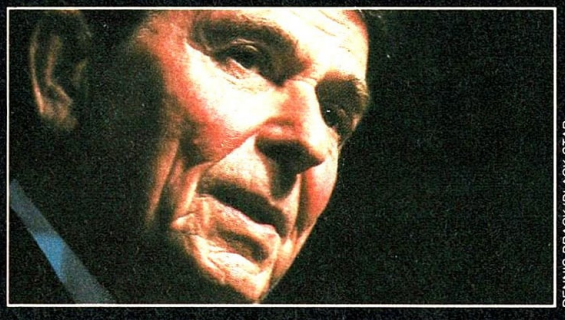
He was the most popular movie comedian of the fifties and sixties. But then, victim of a serious back injury that led to his addiction to the painkiller Percodan, his life collapsed around him. Failure, bankruptcy, and a ruined marriage drove him to the point of suicide. Today, Jerry Lewis is staging a major comeback. Starring in *The King of Comedy* and hosting *Saturday Night Live*, he is hailed once again as a major talent at the top of his form. In a brutally candid *Penthouse* interview, Lewis talks about his addiction, organized crime, his infidelities, anti-Semitism in Hollywood, and his son Gary's horrifying Vietnam experiences.

PETER CARER

KIDS WHO KILL

They are terrifying. Brutal young criminals. Pint-size stickup artists with loaded guns. And those who get caught pose a crisis to the system that must deal with them. In its helplessness and rage against juvenile crime, the public is demanding longer sentences, harsher treatment. But will the crime rate drop if more juveniles are put behind bars? Our maximum-security juvenile prisons are filled to bursting.

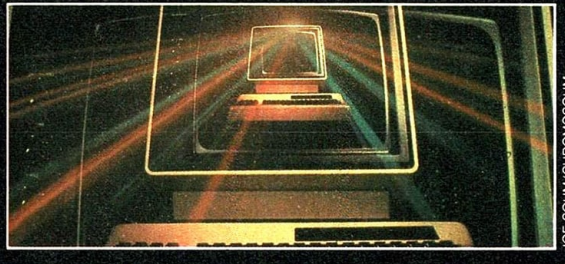
Writer Michael Disend spent nearly two months talking to jailed juveniles. He reports that even as popular sentiment swings toward harsher punishment, the fact remains: These kids will eventually return to the streets. Will they return motivated and responsible? Or as embittered predators, pariahs who care as little for society as society cares for them?



DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

WHY THE PRESS HATES REAGAN

In this election year, public perception of the candidates is all important. But, writes Roy Cohn, leading conservative lawyer, President Reagan, despite his popularity with voters, has yet to get a fair shake from the media. Reporters love to play up every possible negative event or inference while they downplay or ignore the positive results of the Reagan administration. "Their dislike for him is paranoid. He is everything they can't stand—a conservative who believes in God and country." Cohn traces this media bias back to the McCarthy days and finds that even in today's journalism schools young reporters are "totally out of tune with facts and with mainstream America."



JOE SOHM/CHROMOSOHM

IT ALL COMPUTES

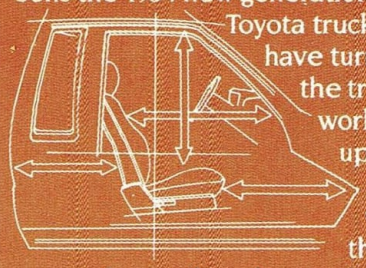
Ever dream of being a millionaire? Ever dream of being a millionaire before the age of 30? The booming computer industry has provided this opportunity for three young geniuses who have had the talent, foresight, and drive to make it big before they reached 30: Steven Jobs, whose Apple computers revolutionized the home-computer market; Todd Frye, inventor of the Pac-Man home videocassette; and Jean Yates, a computer software wizard. From the forthcoming book, *Young, Gifted and Rich* (Wallaby/Simon and Schuster), by Ralph Gardner, Jr.

U.P.I.

DEEP SIX

Losing the president is every Secret Service man's nightmare. Only this time the vice-president, a senator, and a congressman have disappeared with the chief executive from the presidential yacht. Have they been kidnapped for ransom or are they being held for another even more terrible reason? Clive Cussler, author of such best-sellers as *Night Probe* and *Raise the Titanic*, unfolds a horrifying scenario in this exclusive excerpt from his latest novel, to be published by Simon and Schuster.

© 1983 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



Xtracabs, one of the big reasons the 1984 new generation Toyota trucks have turned the truck world upside down, with the most advanced trucks ever built!

You never saw so much room inside a Toyota truck, featuring personal cargo space behind the seats with a removeable shelf over it. It'll hold anything from tool boxes to water skis. And how's this for comfort — Xtracabs have the most leg room of any small truck in America! More head and shoulder room than ever, and more room to get in and out. Plus extraordinary comfort, whether you're in the reclining bucket seats or the new, optional seven-way adjustable driver's sport seat.

You can have the Xtracab the way you want it: 5-speed manual transmission is standard, Toyota's innovative 4-speed automatic overdrive is available, and power windows and cruise control are, too. How's this for an option on the Xtracab SR5: AM/FM/MPX radio with electronic tuning, cassette and 7-band graphic equalizer.

OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

The Xtracab's exciting new aerodynamic wedge shape has flared fenders with new, flush surfaces on the larger front and side windows, making for reduced wind and road noise, and good looks.

Big Xtracabs. Typical of the big things happening in the 1984 Toyota trucks.

MOST ADVANCED TRUCKS EVER BUILT!

THE NEW TOYOTA XTRACAB TRUCK. XTRA ROOM, XTRA COMFORT, XTRA WORK SPACE. XTRA IN EVERY WAY.

Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
PALL MALL LIGHTS
9mg. tar
0.8mg. nic.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.